







# THE HEIR OF LYOLYNN.

*A Tale of Sea and Land.*

IN SEVEN PARTS.

AND LAYS OF ANCIENT TIMES, ETC.

BY

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## PART I.

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### I.

Peal upon peal the thunder rolled,  
To utter space its fury told;  
Like demons of terrific mold  
The blinding lightnings flash'd;  
Beneath the tempest fierce and cold—  
The surges reel'd and clash'd.  
With ceaseless roar upon the shore  
They ever heaved and toss'd;  
High in air o'er grim headlands hoar  
The foamy waters cross'd.  
Far out upon the raging deep,  
A league from shore, I ween—  
Careening to the storm-king's sweep  
A stately ship was seen:  
No helm nor sail could e'er avail,  
And all the art of man would fail  
In such a frightful storm—  
To save her from the awful cliffs,  
Those grim enormous peaks and rifts—  
That those high headlands form.  
Still nearer to the frowning shore,  
Where mountain surges break and roar—  
She drew with every blast;

Upon the storm her sails were borne,  
To flying shreds and atoms torn,  
And broken every mast.  
Ah, was it a stunning thunder roll,  
O'er leaping all the storm's control—  
The tempest bore away!  
Ah, no! High on that awful reef,  
Beyond all mortal men's relief  
That ship a ruin lay.  
While hard against the ghastly wreck  
The billows waged their fray,  
O'er human freight that thronged her  
deck—  
High dashed the briny spray.

## II.

Like awful shadow of a ghost—  
Night sank upon the frowning coast,  
And o'er the raging deep,  
Dreadful the shades of darkness scowl,  
While with their hoarse infernal howl  
The chilling tempests sweep,  
Still flashed o'er floods where billows dash  
The lightnings' ruddy flame,  
Still with their stunning, deafening crash  
The peals of thunder came.  
And never night more dreadful fell  
Upon a ship-wrecked crew,  
For never storms with fiercer yell  
O'er plunging billows flew;  
For never grimmer seas than those  
On rocks a vessel threw,  
Never more awful shores arose,  
Did fiercer peaks and rifts disclose  
To ship-wrecked mortals' view.

## III.

As burst o'er land and surges' roar  
The lightnings' tingeing glow—  
All grim and ghast did sea and shore  
The swollen corpses show.  
O'er roar of seas and thunder peal  
And tempests' fiercest breath,  
Was heard the dread piercing shrieks  
Of those who fought 'gainst death.  
At rock and floating corse they caught  
And madly strove for life,  
Each striving but himself to save  
In that unequal strife.  
Ah, sad and mournfully arose  
From out those waters wild—  
The farewell, parting, dying cries  
Of parent and of child!  
Oh, the bubbling, pitieous shrieks  
Of mothers in the wave,  
Who held aloft their little babes,  
But found no hand to save!  
Oh, God! the farewell, parting cry  
Of husband and of wife,  
As in their last embrace they sank—  
And rendered up their life!  
Oh, God! it deadens nerve and limb,  
And makes the senses reel and swim,  
And human blood grow cold,  
To hear such pitieous, parting shrieks,  
And such dread scenes behold!  
To hear the blending shrieks that rise  
Above the tempests' roar,  
The breaking of the vessel's planks  
And surges on the shore.

Died out the wail of agony—  
But here and there arose—  
The wild cry of some strong swimmer  
In his last dying throes.  
'Till all grew still, save the fierce howl,  
And the terrific roar  
Of relentless blasts, and surges  
Dashing on the granite shore.

## IV.

High up a tall slippery rock  
That frowned o'er floods sublime,  
Whose head lean'd o'er the waves as though  
To hear their awful chime,  
Whose iron base had worn away  
By storms and waves through time,  
Nine of that crew with bleeding hands  
Where seen to slowly climb.  
All the rest full three hundred souls  
That noble vessel bore—  
Lay lifeless midst the raging brine  
Or on the beaten shore.  
As drift-wood that in the flood time  
Floats where the torrents rove,  
That in rafts on eddyng floods  
Sweeps to a circling cove,  
And rocks with waves until by them  
It on the shore is hove,  
So by those seas the dead were borne,  
Up on the shore were drove.  
While some sank in the dread abyss  
Where did roaring eddies flow,  
Where horrid sharks and serpents vast  
Siezed them as they went below.

Such the Sovereign will of Heaven,  
The fiat of their God,  
At whose will seas and tempests roar,  
The mountains quake and nod,  
His mighty spirit trod the flood,  
And rode the storm sublime,  
And bade the warring elements  
Knell their funeral chime.

## V.

But who were those nine bleeding forms  
That climbed the frowning rock,  
Which to its deep foundation shook  
Beneath each billows' shock?  
The foremost was a swartly man  
With features sharp and long,  
With form thick set, compact and broad  
Sinewy limbs and strong.  
His piercing eyes were black as sloes,  
Or coals of anthracite,  
Black as wood when charred by flame,  
But sheen as Labradorite.  
And in their keen vindictive glance  
Lurked deepest craft and guile,  
His shaggy brows waved dark above  
His features stamped with wile.  
His nose projected o'er his mouth  
All like an eagle's bill,  
And on his thin, curving lips were seen  
The proofs of stubborn will.  
His sable curls waved heavy round  
A forehead bold and high.  
His bearings all revealed a mortal  
Of blackest, deepest dye.

And such, was Omar De Vaux  
The foremost of that throng  
Who toil'd up the slippery rocks  
With nerves and sinews strong.  
And on his back a child he bore  
Whose face was pale and thin,  
Whose heavy, golden curls fell o'er  
A neck of snowy skin.  
A little girl twelve summers old, with  
Rosy mouth and dimpled chin,  
A child all beautiful and bright,  
The heir of Lyolynn.  
Poor child, she'd seen her parents go  
Locked in one close embrace—  
Beneath the ocean's stormy flow  
And end their earthly race.  
And she with them beneath the wave  
Had found a roaring, angry grave,  
Sank like the reed that in the cave  
Of ocean sinks forlorn—  
Had Omar's arm not come to save,  
And on the rock with courage brave  
Her slender frame had borne.

## VI.

The next who up that steep rock strode  
Was one of giant height,  
His close curled hair and sable skin  
Like ebon cloud of night.  
Black, blacker far than coke or tar,  
Than gome or soot or jet,  
Black as the floods when at black night  
They 'neath no tempests fret.

He was one of Afric's children,  
Darkest hued of all that race,  
No blacker skin e'er shone upon  
An Etheopean face.  
Seamed o'er were his high massy cheeks  
With horrid gash and scar'  
Where knives in days gone by had past  
Midst drunken broil and jar.  
One eye was gone, the other roll'd  
With never ceasing blink,  
Bobbing like some huge ball of white  
In seas of blackest ink.  
His receding forehead, at least  
Where forehead should have been—  
Seemed though an axe had passed that way  
And hewed it clear and clean,  
For from his brows unto his crown  
Sloped with a mighty lean.  
No flatter nose, no wider mouth  
On Kangaroo was seen,  
But two huge tuskes were left to gleam  
His massy lips between.  
As some grim monster of the sea  
Up the steep rock he crept,  
With his long coiling snake-like limbs  
His hold with safety kept.  
De Vaux's trusty slave was he,  
His guard both night and day,  
Where e'er the master chose to go  
The slave was sure to stray.  
One more suited to the other  
Chanced never to befall,  
And Bayard was this footman called  
By master and by all.

## VII.

As up the rock he struggled hard  
De Vaux's wife he bore,  
Whose raven tresses hung in folds  
His sable shoulders o'er.  
O'er her form that all was graceful  
Though rather tall and lean,  
Full twenty years had ta'en their flight  
To look at her, you'd ween.  
Her eyes were bright as diamond's light,  
And black as thunder cloud,  
Her face was pale as snow-white sail,  
Or corpse in sable shroud,  
Her curved lips could scarce eclipse  
The pearls that 'neath them crowd,  
Her stately tread and queenly head  
That never bent nor bowed—  
Her forehead high and flashing eye  
Bespake her spirit proud.  
Fell on the ear like music rare  
Her voice though deep and loud;  
Her skin that beamed too snowy seemed  
For one so sable browed.  
Though all her face did features trace  
Queens had left their crowns to own,  
Yet over all like heavy pall  
A tell-tale sign was thrown—  
And showed you one whose love anon  
Could wither where it grew,  
Let there fell hate as fixed as fate  
Dethrone all love she knew.

## VIII.

The rest I could in order limn  
As there they were with mornful brow,  
And features haggared, gaunt and grim,  
But I needs must pass them now.  
If e'er the muse should seek their aid  
Trust to her she'll find them soon,  
Let them room in eternal shade,  
In midnight, morn, or glowing noon.  
No depth so deep no height so tall  
To which she cannot dive or bound,  
And swift they 'll gather at her call  
When e'er she peals the summon's sound.  
But ere we pass them lightly by,  
Those haggared men, those wretched five,  
Who climbed the rock so steep and high—  
Though bleeding, faint and scarce alive;  
We'll paint their portraits one by one,  
Hold them fast within our mind,  
So when they come to us anon  
No utter strangers we shall find.  
Hunyadi was the next who climbed,  
Ballad rhyming formed his trade,  
And by his muse that sweetly chimed  
The glowing wine he loved he made.  
Fair was his form though brawny spread,  
His sinews nobly grooved and laired,  
His high broad brow and stately head  
With yellow wavy locks were haired.  
Ever in dreamy mood he seemed,  
As though his thoughts were far away,  
The soul that in him flashed and beamed  
Loved from its mortal part to stray.

His was the arm that from the wave  
To the rock Omar's wife had borne,  
Whence Bayard stretched his arm to save,  
Who first upon the rock had gone.  
And others long he strove to save,  
Nor vainly, vainly did he strive,  
'Till hurled there was he by rolling wave,  
Torn, bleeding, sore and scarce alive.  
The other four who struggled o'er  
That frowning rock so tall and steep—  
Hunyadi's hand had brought to land  
From out the plunging billows' sweep.  
The next that came was Roger Lea,  
Amongst that tempest beaten crowd,  
An aged hoary man was he  
With body feeble, bent and bowed.  
His wrinkled face displayed no trace  
Of kindly thought for human kind,  
Nought but insatiate greed and gain  
Filled his whole heart and soul and mind.  
His hoards by millions he could count,  
Yet ever, ever craved he more,  
Though as a never ceasing fount  
Bright gold did in his coffers pour.  
Woe to the luckless sons of man  
Who owed to him and could not pay.  
Right soon that toothless mouth o'er ran  
Those bloodless lips with spittly spray;  
And no excuse that they could plan  
Would save them from the Sheriff's prey.  
His face no smile was seen to span,  
Nor on his wrinkled visage play,  
Save when some fool he chanced to scan  
Whom he could cheat of hoard away.

## IX.

Guy Harold was the next we scann'd  
On that high rock by tempests fann'd,  
And roaring billows laved ;  
A tar of tall and brawny form,  
A nurseling of the waves and storm,  
He'd all their terrors braved.  
His soul was just as wild and free  
As wave that rose upon the sea,  
And with the tempest raved.  
On ocean he'd been born and rear'd  
To manhood's sturdy prime,  
And bred 'mongst men who little fear'd  
To peril deeds sublime,  
In his keen gray, unquailing eye  
There lurked a mystic spell,  
And beamed his glances proud and high  
That challenged where they fell.  
Little he cared for that grim wreck  
That there was round him strown,  
For since he'd trod on vessel's deck  
Full many he had known.  
Far off his piercing glances gazed  
O'er ocean's rise and fall,  
To where a reeling light-house blazed  
Midst surges grim and tall.  
And as the pharos downward passed  
'Neath ocean's stormy flow,  
A dirge he poured upon the blast  
All freighted wild with woe.  
At length with husky voice he said,  
Within that light-house dwelt  
The one for whom my soul has most  
The germ of friendship felt.

Whose image never shall depart  
Through all revolving time,  
But graven on this filial heart  
Until eternity shall start  
To hear her death notes chime.  
For his strong love for me did last  
Through all my weal and woe.  
When clouds were grimmest round me cast  
With all their fiery glow,  
Yes, perils terrible and ghast,  
When ten-fold was my foe,  
And me all other aid fled fast  
His love did warmest flow.  
Together oft on stormy flood  
Amidst the battle's wreck,  
Terrific scenes of death and blood,  
We twain have trod the deck.  
'Twas he who taught my tottering feet  
When but a babe to move.  
Who ever tempered cold and heat  
So they'd to my comfort prove.  
Who through all day-time me caressed,  
And when the day was done—  
At night lay down with me to rest,  
Yes, I his only son.  
Who has aye been foremost in my soul  
In peace or calm or wreck,  
When tempests bade the billows roll,  
And surges washed the deck.  
Who in yon light-house 'neath the sea  
This instant met his death,  
With whom I shall in reunion be  
When fails this vital breath.

Yes, death shall another mating bring  
Beyond the portals of the tomb,  
Nor shall e'er we assunder be  
As was here on earth our doom.  
A stately ship will shortly come  
I'll see it through the densest gloom,  
With sails all spread from topmost mast  
To furthest shrouds and boom.  
I shall hear the waters splash  
As she bears me to that solemn shore  
Where shall reunited be in peace  
The sire and son for ever more,  
He ceased but still kept his vision fixed  
On ocean's stormy flow,  
At times with the howling tempest mixed  
A dirge of wildest woe.

## x.

Next on that craggy steep incline  
Close lying side by side supine  
Bracklin and O'Conna lay,  
And sighing gazed upon the brine  
That o'er them dashed its spray.  
Poor wretches they had husbands been  
And fathers yesterday,  
But in those roaring floods they'd seen  
Their idols washed away.  
Oh, who could paint their looks of woe,  
Their faces haggard, wild,  
As there they lay and sorrowed low  
For perished wife and child?  
Theirs was a blow a shock that makes  
The senses rock and reel,  
A grief that takes the soul and breaks  
It on a burning wheel,

Grief for which earth can no balm bestow,  
 Nor time can ever heal,  
 That grim wild woe no words can show,  
 Nor limner e'er reveal.  
 The pale, writhed and quivering lip,  
 Loosed nerve and reeling brain,  
 The trembling hand, the quaking grip—  
 Palsied through mental pain—  
 The form convulsed with agony  
 Wracked with its tortured soul—  
 The red and fixed and glaring eye—  
 Whose scoothing fount of tears is dry—  
 Or froze and cannot roll—  
 The pleading and imploring look  
 On features ashen'd by despair—  
 Which tell the form no more can brook  
 The throes that through its spirit tear—  
 Are awful pictures to behold,  
 Most ghastly, dread and strange and drear,  
 But such signs as these the anguish told  
 Of those two mortals lying there.  
 Still seemed to come from out the wave  
 The bubbling shriek, the drowning cry,  
 Of those dear ones they could not save  
 And seen amidst the waters die.  
 But grief through time will reach its goal  
 Past which it cannot range  
 And it will nature soon control,  
 It to some thing else will change.

## XI.

Such were those wrecked and mournful  
     nine  
 Who from that rocky steep incline—  
 Looked on vast roaring floods of brine

That 'neath them heaved and rolled ;  
Which through the ebon shades of night—  
As plunging on the frowning height—  
That shook beneath their swelling might—  
Their awful fury told.  
Oh, 'twas a sad and sickning sight  
To gaze on each poor ship-wrecked wight—  
Whose features all were grim with fright—  
Or sorrow's manifold—  
Watching — longing for Aurora bright  
To turn the darkness into light—  
And tinge the east with gold !  
No words within the human sway—  
Their wild, deep longing can portray,  
Nor can mortal verses mold.

## XII.

As over land and sea at times  
Swift shot the lightnings keen  
The features of that mournful throng  
A moment's space were seen.  
And round the heir of Lyolynn  
De Vaux's arms were thrown,  
Close to his breast the child was pressed,  
By him as tenderly caressed  
As she were all his own.  
As loving parent strives to soothe  
The sorrows of his child—  
So in her ear his words he poured  
In accents bland and mild.  
She's all now mine, thus thought De Vaux  
And such shall ever be,  
Nor craft nor force of man and fiend  
Shall sunder her from me.

She is the heir to castles fair  
As yet on earth were rear'd.  
To hills and plains and rich domains  
As ever mortal heir'd.  
If to womanhood she lives she'll be  
Of beauty's throng the flower,  
And he who wins her for his bride  
Will have a matchless dower.  
But for long time I'll hide the child  
Far from her kith and kin,  
And they shall all be taught to think  
The heir of Lyolynn  
Is resting in her dreamless sleep;  
I'll swear I saw her go—  
With her loved parents side by side  
Beneath the ocean's flow.  
And there'll be none that can refute  
The tidings that I spread,  
For all who her and parents knew  
Save me and mine are dead.  
And they'll be bound by love or fear  
To aid me in my plot,  
Yes, they'll ne'er turn from me, how e'er  
Desperate be my lot.  
Oh, how the whole accursed clan  
Of Mosman's would rejoice—  
To hear John Lockhart and his wife  
Had died amidst the billow's strife  
And o'er this their only child, the surge  
Had bellowed forth its fearful dirge—  
Yes, stilled for aye her voice!  
Within the whole creation round  
No gayer mortals could be found—  
Than that accursed race.

Oh, how the halls of Lyolynn—  
If once within their grasp they win—  
They'll stride with lordly pace!  
Once heirs unto those wide domains,  
Their grassy hills and fertile plains  
There 'd be no prouder name,  
And none throughout the county wide  
Would show more arrogance and pride,  
Without a blush of shame.  
And I shall raise their pride to heaven  
But to dash it down to hell,  
For none among the sons of Fate  
I have a juster cause to hate  
And treat with vengeance fell.  
Yes, when I've raised their hopes on high,  
And broad dominions seem to lie  
Within their very grasp,  
To their deep horror and chagrin  
The rightful heir of Lyolynn  
Shall tear them from their clasp.  
Yes, they shall be my sport and prey,  
I'll treat them in the self same way.  
Prey is treated by the asp,  
That draws it by its fatal charm  
It vainly striveth to disarm—  
Close within its power,  
That plays and frolics with it long,  
When it little dreams of harm and wrong—  
Has ceased to quail and cower—  
Then feels it charmer round it bring  
The coil from which it cannot spring,  
And through it feels the fearful sting,  
While crushing jaws still closer cling  
Preparing to devour.  
With pleasure to its very brim

I'll fill their sparkling cup,  
But dash it into fragments grim  
Just as they lift it up.  
The ties of blood that do exist  
Between their race and mine—  
Shall be an ample cloak I wist  
To hide each dark design ;  
They'll serve as clouds of morning mist  
That round the mountains twine—  
And though by laughing suns they're  
    kissed  
Still hide each tall incline—  
Down which unseen avalanches tear,  
And hidden torrents flow,  
Whelming each startled mountaineer  
Within the gulfs below.  
Yes, for long time my hate I've nursed  
Against the Mosman line,  
T was them who at the very first  
The holy tie asunder burst  
That made our lives divine,  
I curse them and they shall be curst,  
'Gainst them I'll do my bitterest worst,  
As they've done to me and mine ;  
Me from all I loved they thrust,  
All I sacred deemed and dear,  
Crushed all my hopes within the dust,  
And trampled on them there.  
For that fell hate towards them I keep  
Within my spirit warm,  
And all the crimson tides that leap  
In currents through my form,  
Though still as clouds where lightnings  
    sleep  
That nurse the growing storm.

## XIII.

So thought De Vaux, while in his arms  
That poor, frail, trembling child he held,  
And by fond caress and accents mild  
With sleep her many sorrows quelled.  
Poor child she little dreamed that he  
Who gently held her sleeping there, \\\nWho'd saved her from the plunging sea,  
And for he showed such tender care,  
Upon her built the brightest hope  
His bold and savage soul e'er knew,  
With which with foes he sought to cope,  
And deal on them the vengeance due.  
In thought he met them charge to charge;  
Saw them from him downward broken roll,  
His spirit ne'er felt so grand and large—  
For they seem'd crushed 'neath his control;  
And never o'er so broad a marge  
In triumph swept his savage soul.  
Yes, he thought, she'll be my sword and  
targe  
With which to work them endless dole;  
For this I saved her when yon barge  
Crushing on granite found its goal.

## XIV.

Aurora dawn'd upon the sea,  
The thunder and the storm were hushed,  
And the broad floods all tranquilly  
Unto the beams of morning blushed,  
Like murderers that trembling stand  
Before their stern accusers eye—  
From whence they cannot, dare not fly,  
Who show the blood upon their hand,

And o'er their form the crimson dye ;  
Which stains to hide they vainly try,  
So 'neath the sun all bright and grand,  
Abashed the waters seem'd to lie  
Around that corpse encumbered strand  
Of frowning granite steep and high.

## XV.

'Twas a long line of craggy rocks  
The morning's light revealed,  
Upon the peaks were croaking flocks  
Of gulls that lay concealed.  
And where the screaming Albatross  
Rose and soar'd o'er ocean's field.  
Nor tree nor shrub nor grass nor moss—  
Did those wild head-lands yield,  
Not even a brier or goss  
Did atom of those rocks emboss,  
Nor vestige of a plant,  
All bear of these as molten dross,  
Or channel of a roaring fosse,  
Stood gleaming with a dark brown gloss  
Those cliffs of adamant.  
Some stood recumbent o'er the deep,  
As though to bear the billows sweep—  
Around their curving base.  
Or see when storms are lulled to sleep,  
The little wavelets laughing leap,  
And wrinkle ocean's face.  
Some rose abrupt and steep and high  
As though they did the floods defy  
With stern disdainful frown,  
Or as if they strove to reach the sky—  
And catch the levin bolts that fly  
When clouds are thick and tempests cry

Around their lofty crown ;  
Some gently slanted from the sea—  
As though the waves through time—  
Had made them sloping, easy, free,  
For ship-wrecked men to climb.  
Such was the kind it chanced those nine  
Had in the darkness found,  
Or to where tossing floods of brine  
Had borne them in its bound.

## xvi.

'Twas noon and the bright summer sun  
Poured down its piercing rays,  
On sparkling seas and head-land dun  
It beam'd in one unclouded blaze.  
The tide was low, and deep below  
That vessel's shattered deck—  
Guy Harold and Hunyadi were  
Trophies seeking 'midst the wreck.  
From out the waters chill and brine  
Unto the craggy shore—  
Full many a cask of bread and wine  
These hardy mortals bore ;  
'Till food for all the ship-wrecked nine  
They'd piled an ample store.  
And huge, long planks of oak and pine  
From out the wreck they tore,  
And brought them up the steep incline  
To the head-land's summits hoar,  
Where at night 'neath the pale moon shine  
They made a beacon roar,  
Where by the hand of human line  
Flame was never lit before,  
So passing seamen might divine—  
There, aid was needed sore.

And for treasure too of different kind  
Harold and Hunyadi sought,  
At each trunk or chest that they could find  
With eager hands they caught,,  
And silver bright and gold refined  
From many a chest they brought.  
Rings set thick with stones of starry light,  
And goblets rough with 'gold,  
And urns of massy silver bright—  
Wrought in the choicest mold  
Reward all their dangerous toil;  
As 'neath their load of shining spoil  
They leave the ghastly wreck—  
Hunyadi a labled package lifts  
While to the rising tide it drifts  
Beneath the shattered deck.  
"Title — deeds of Lyolynn,  
And Lockhart pedigree,"  
Was written on that package thin  
In letters bold and free.  
And by Guy Harold all unseen  
He hid it in his breast,  
And lifting to the sky serene  
A face in smiles all drest,  
With joy he whispers in his mind,  
I thank Thee Lord of all  
That Thou hast been to me so kind,  
For what I sought for, did I find,  
And 'twill save the orphan's fall.  
Now let the demons plot and plan,  
Their craft shall all be foiled,  
Yes, let them work, do all they can,  
They'll find me armed and in the van,  
Nor shall by wile of fiend nor man  
That orphan be despoiled.

Thus to himself Hunyadi thought,  
As from the wreck his spoils he brought,  
Following the dangerous road—  
On which his friend Guy Harold strode,  
Who groan'd beneath his golden load.

## XVII.

Night's drapery had shrouded all;  
Like a dark, sad funeral pall  
Upon a lifeless breast—  
It wrapt the rocks and silent seas,  
For not a single breath of breeze  
Disturbed their perfect rest,  
All nature lay as in a swoon,  
Or with a trance oppressed,  
The pale, dim, waning, cheerless moon  
Was hiding in the West.  
Just as she seem'd upon the verge  
Of the horizon dim,  
Just as it seem'd she did submerge  
Beneath the water's brim,  
An object passed her disk before  
And there it seem'd to stand,  
An object small, in size nomore  
Than some frail human hand.  
And as the moon went down from sight,  
That object kept its place,  
Resting like a spirit of the night  
Upon the ocean's face.  
All save two stood gazing there in awe,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
As they some dreadful phantom saw  
From out the depths of ocean rise.

## XVIII.

The moon beneath the waters sank,  
And where she beam'd but darkness grew,  
Amidst the night air chill and dank  
From sight the distant object drew :  
And all those faces pale and blank  
Put on a darker, drearer hue,  
Yet stood they gazing from that bank  
Where nought but waters could they view.  
Nor from their fixed and stony stare  
They o'er the wastes of ocean kept  
They moved 'till like a trumpet's blare—  
A mighty trumpet shrill and clear—  
O'er seas the voice of Harold swept.  
Who on that head-land's top-most height  
Stirring a crackling fire stood,  
That pour'd a crimson tingeing light  
Far o'er the ocean's silent flood,  
Like that tall, grim shadowy form,  
Seen near dread Etna's blazing cone—  
When rise at night her flames enorm—  
And to the sky their glare is thrown—  
So near that beacon's roaring flame  
Upon the far off dizzy height  
Towers that seaman's giant frame.  
Through the waving shades of night ;  
The leaping flames his shadow throw  
O'er ocean far as eye could view,  
The blazing glow his features show,  
All in a strange unearthly hue—  
Haggared his features seem'd to glow—  
To those who on the rocks below  
Looked up, wondering what he meant,  
For with yell on yell the air he rent,  
As he stirred the bickering flame,

Shrouded in storms of sparks his frame—  
As some tall spirit of fire sent  
Shouting 'midst his roaring element  
On some drear reef all stately piled,  
To rouse the night with terrors wild,  
So on the height that seaman's form  
Midst storms of flying sparks they view,  
While louder than the breath of storm  
His clarion voice o'er ocean flew.  
Soon, distant far across the sea  
A sudden flame flashed broad and free  
And cannon's deafening peal they heard;  
Loud as though huge volcano roar'd—  
The tingeing flame and thunder pour'd,  
And ocean's solemn stillness stirr'd.

## XIX.

Then with a voice all free of woe  
The hardy seaman call'd—  
To those who on the rocks below  
Stood gaping and appall'd.  
Now let your hearts to Him give praise  
Who guards His children ever,  
Though He smiles or frowns upon their  
ways  
He will desert them never.  
That little speck ye trembling saw  
Upon the ocean's breast,  
That filled your spirits so with awe,  
Your souls with fear oppressed—  
Though all surpassing human law—  
In grimmest terrors drest—  
Some ghoul was seen within whose maw  
In shreds your forms should rest—  
A stately ship shall greet your sight

When morning streaks the East with light  
Her crew have seen my beacon bright,  
And for this was yonder cannon's might  
Sent roaring o'er the brine,  
But hold ye no such blind belief,  
She will near this dangerous reef  
'Till morning's beams shall shine.  
Oh, oft at night on rocks like these,  
When toss'd from out the raging seas  
I've been a ship-wrecked man,  
I've let the midnight blast and breeze  
My glowing beacon fan.  
And bade it send its waving glare  
To hail some distant bark,  
Let it be seen through leagues of air,  
However dense and dark.  
And ere shall many hours throng  
Upon the face of time,  
We shall be safely borne along  
O'er floods within some vessel strong,  
Far from this rocky clime.  
So let's pass the night with mirth and song,  
Nor doleful look as men of crime,  
Who feel the hangman's tightning thong,  
And die in life's full ruddy prime.  
Though our friends lie yon wreck among,  
And we hear nomore their voices chime,  
By slaying them God meant us no wrong;  
Though His ways are hidden and sublime—  
He would not the meanest plant that blows  
Needlessly overwhelm with rime,  
If such mercy e'en for plants He shows,  
Much more must be the love that glows,  
For us who in His own image rose

Beneath His plastic hand, we, the heirs  
 Of all the cycles of the years,  
 Of all eternity and time.  
 A love for Him beyond control  
 I feel through all my being roll,  
 Which effervescing keeps my soul  
 As water filled with slaking lime!  
 Now I'll quaff deep of ruddy wine,  
 Though my father sleeps beneath the brine  
 I'll wake the night with song,  
 O'er seeming ills I cannot pine,  
 Nor think the ways of God are wrong.  
 I'll tell a tale of ages old,  
 A tale of dole and woe,  
 'Tis styled The Phantoms of the wold,  
 My father sang it long ago.  
 Then quaffing deep of ruddy wine,  
 Still standing on the steep incline  
 Beside his beacon's glow,  
 On yielding air o'er rock and brine  
 These words began to flow.

## XX.

The Phantoms on the wold.  
 A castle stands on craggy lands  
 Hard by the flowing sea,  
 A castle grand as e'er was plann'd,  
 As ever chanced to be,  
 As e'er was reared by human hand  
 On mountain, moor or lea.  
 And in those stately towers dwelt  
 In distant years of yore  
 A maid as fair as ever knelt  
 The shrine of saint before.

As fair as e'er till then was seen—  
Or ever has been since,  
As fair as e'er became a queen,  
Or won the loving hearts I ween  
Of peasant, knight or prince.  
Though her did matchless beauty bless.  
Her mind her looks belied,  
Her soul was a den of selfishness,  
Her heart a throne of pride.  
Many a knight renown'd in fight,  
Many a haughty peer.  
And baron bold as e'er of old  
Had ever couched a spear.  
And many a king in listed ring  
For those transcendent charms—  
To be their lord had drawn the sword,  
And singly all victorious warred  
Against a mighty martial horde,  
Or welcomed death in arms.  
But king and peer of knightly strain  
Vainly came to woo and win,  
All met alike but cold disdain  
From this heir of Lyolynn.  
From a far distant rocky isle,  
Laved by a stormy sea,  
There came a king to win her smile,  
A mighty warrior he.  
Before this shrine he humbly bowed,  
In homage bent the knee,  
But still her heart was cold and proud,  
No love for him showed she.  
Her face looked placid as the moon,  
And pride flashed in her eye,  
E'er move her heart he might as soon  
Have sought to touch the sky.

## XXI.

On the towers of Lyolynn  
The star of evening shone,  
And vainly that warrior strove to win  
That barren heart of stone.  
Edith of Lyolynn he said,  
I from o'er the ocean came—  
Brought hither by what rumor spread  
Of thy beauty's deathless fame,  
And ages yet unborn shall hear  
Of thy transcendent charms,  
Long as to the heart of man is dear  
A maid with lips like roses fair,  
With sparkling eyes as star-beams clear,  
Ruddy cheek, long brown wavy hair,  
And soft, round, snowy arms —  
To win from thee one loving smile  
I've journed here alone,  
For thee I left my distant isle—  
Yes, periled life and throne.  
And never shall I homeward go  
Back o'er the ocean's stormy flow—  
Without thee as my queen;  
If I can't win thy heart with words,  
If they can't move its subtle chords,  
I'll win thee with the clash of swords  
And lances strong and keen.  
I'll prove my love for thee fair maid  
Where starkest blows are plied,  
In strife my spear and trusty blade  
Shall win thee as my bride,  
Or I shall in the dust be laid—  
Earth with my blood be dyed.

## XXII.

Sir king, the haughty maiden said,  
While on his shoulder brawny spread  
She lightly dropped her stately head  
Whose face with blushes rosy red  
Was sweetly mantled o'er,  
Think not through saint or fiend's command  
Shall Edith yield her heart and hand—  
To any king of sea or land—  
Though true, he should the bravest stand—  
Who e'er in battle drew a brand—  
Or ever crown yet wore  
'Till he his love for her had proved  
On field of death and gore—  
Midst scenes as wild as ever moved  
On carnage covered moor.  
Sir king, upon to-morrow morn  
Three thousand knights and five,  
Haughty and stern as e'er were born—  
The bravest knights alive,  
At one small blast from this frail horn  
In tourney lists shall strive,  
Men, who to free my name of scorn  
Straight unto death would drive.  
And thou amongst the lists may move,  
And there they knightly prowess prove  
Before my judging eyes,  
For only he who victor stands  
Transcendent o'er those martial bands  
Shall win the peerless prize.  
Yes, he who shall as victor ride  
Amidst the fierce and bloody tide—  
Where blows are most terrific plied—  
And knight-hood shall be fullest tried—

Only he, shall win me as his bride.  
The prize, that victor knight shall win  
Is me, the heir of Lyolynn—  
With all my lands and towers ;  
Yes, all my broad dominions fair,  
And every stately castle here  
That o'er the ocean lowers.  
Thou valiant warrior bold and true,  
A deed of daring thou mayst do  
Ere skies with morn be red ;  
A knight there is, I hear his mail  
Loud clanging now in yonder vale  
I hear his charger's tread,  
Never a stronger knight than him  
Has ever rein'd a horse,  
For all my chieftains huge and grim,  
Strong as towers in form and limb  
Have sank beneath his force,  
At night he comes all cased in mail—  
From yon deep wood o'er shadowed vale  
On steed as fleet as mountain gale,  
Just as the moon beams o'er the dale,  
And loudly doth mine ears assail  
With language harsh and gross,  
And oh, it makes me quake and quail  
To hear his voice morose !  
If thou wouldst now thy knight-hood prove,  
And thy just sworn and proffered love,  
Do then from this fair castle move  
Upon thy coal-black steed,  
And lay yon out-law wild and rude  
Who comes with such fell speed  
Prone in the dust with blood bedew'd,  
Nor let him thus on me intrude,  
I'll thank thee for the deed.

But ere thou goest, thou valiant knight,  
 I'll tie this strip of ribbon white,  
 Just here around thy helmet bright,  
 In triumph let it wave  
 Above thy foeman stark and dead,  
 And when thou hast his heart's blood shed,  
 Stain it with his life-blood brave,  
 Yes, bring it to me gory red,  
 No other boon I crave.  
 She said, and round his helmet bright  
 With hatred beaming frown—  
 She tied the strip of spotless white,  
 And laced his visor down.

## XXIII.

Up to the very castle wall  
 Rode that steel-clad rider tall—  
 On steed as white as frost,  
 And with a voice all weird and low,  
 As winds that seem to wail with woo  
 Through blasted pines the deserts show  
 He did the maid accost.  
 Edith, heart of stone, and soul of pride,  
 Thou heir of Lyolynn,  
 I come again though oft denied,  
 Has not my prowess oft been tried?  
 Am I not meet for such a bride?  
 I swear to woo and win.  
 I won thee in the listed ring  
 When broke was saddle, rein and girth,  
 When horse and rider I did bring  
 Prone on the bloody earth.  
 For thee I did each rider fling,  
 Each baron, knight and lord,  
 Who, did withstand the fearful swing

Of this my conquering sword?  
Come forth, thou art my well earned bride,  
And ere I thee forgo—  
I'll crush thy heart of stately pride,  
Thy towers shall fall, thy realm be dyed  
With a reeking crimson glow,  
If I'm longer of my prize denied  
'T will bring thy people woe.

## XXIV.

The castle gate was open swung,  
As ringing sledge on anvil flung—  
Its ponderous bars of iron rung  
As dashed 'gainst walls in speed,  
Forth through the rocky arch-way sprung  
Upon the coal-black steed—  
Him from the stormy sea bound isle,  
Who to win that maiden's rosy smile—  
Periled the daring deed.  
All sheathed was he from head to heel  
In armor flashing bright,  
In glorious panoply of steel  
As ever clanged in fight.  
But he on the steed as white as snow  
Soon as he saw the coming foe  
Swift couched his spear in rest,  
And strong as torrent in its flow  
When summer suns on mountains glow—  
And snows to rushing waters go  
That swell its roaring breast,  
So swift and strong that fearless knight  
Upon the charger huge and white  
To meet his coming foe in fight  
Onward thundering pressed.

## XXV.

Now haughty knight, the maiden cried,  
As she the meeting chiefs espied,  
Prepare to face thy death,  
For never a stronger knight than he—  
Who now for me opposes thee  
Has ever drawn a breath.  
My castle gate shall open be  
'Till morning's light shall tinge the sea,  
And he who shall as victor ride—  
From out the fierce and bloody fray,  
For sure, I ween 'twill be no play,  
Shall then come in the chosen lord  
Of these dominions fair and broad,  
And shall I be his bride.

## XXVI.

They met upon the frosty wold,  
Those huge champions strong and bold—  
On chargers black and white,  
The winds were rising brisk and cold,  
The moon gave forth her light,  
A sable cloud that moment roll'd  
From off her features bright—  
Whose dense and sluggish, murky fold  
Had hid her long in night;  
The hour of one the bell had told  
From topmost turret's height,  
With spears in rest and visors down  
They met in fell career,  
They met for fortune, fame, renown,  
Broad lands and maiden fair,  
Their spears though huge and long as masts  
Seen in some stately ship,  
Flew on air in splintery blasts

Up to the very grip.  
Prone on the bare and frosty wold—  
Stopped sudden in their flight—  
Both steeds and riders backward roll'd,  
The chargers black and white.  
Oh, ne'er 'till then had mortal men  
Of such stupendous force—  
E'er breathed the air or couched a spear,  
Or yet bestrode a horse.  
And never trod on rock or sod  
Since nature's birth began—  
Such steeds enorm in limb and form,  
Nor strength of such a span.

## XXVII.

Up sprung from earth each hero proud,  
And drew his mighty sword,  
As lightning darting from its cloud  
Far flashed the falchions broad.  
As upon towers tall and grim  
From heaven comes down the flame—  
So upon head and trunk and limb  
The gleaming broad-swords came.  
On adamantine steel they rung  
The air was rife with sound,  
O'er Lyolynn the echos sprung  
Unto its furthest bound.  
The crush of breaking steel rung loud  
Upon the frosty air,  
And arms that did those chiefs enshroud—  
On earth were broken there,  
The breast of either hero proud  
Was swelling broad and bare.  
But still their helms and visors gleam'd  
Uninjured by their blows,

Through night the polished helmets beam'd  
As either fell or rose.  
Oh, had they but a moment slid  
From manly features that they hid,  
Or by a blow been cleft,  
And reveal'd to either hero's stare,  
Who, but his brother warring there,  
No tale like this with sorrow drear—  
Had been told in long after year,  
Nor to mankind been left!  
Deep in the bosom of each knight  
Was sent each falchion keen and bright  
Up to the glowing hilt;  
The crimson tide their bodies dyed,  
And on the wold was spilt.  
And then as fall two columns tall  
Beneath the heaven's flame,  
So side by side those chiefs of pride  
On earth together came.  
But he who sail'd from o'er the sea,  
The king of many isles—  
Just as he falls upon the lea  
In wakeless slumber smiles.  
The ribbon of all spotless white  
He for the maiden wore  
Waved sadly in the breeze of night  
Besprinkled with his gore.  
But when the maid beheld him there  
Dead on the bloody ground,  
She tore her hair in grim despair,  
And drawing near she filled the air  
With cries of mournful sound.  
Alas, she said, a knight more fair  
Shall ne'er on earth be found,  
Nor king more to his people dear,

Whether in peace or battle gear  
Shall ne'er again be crown'd.

## XXVIII.

Then faintly spoke the bleeding knight  
Who rode upon the charger white,  
Come doff this hero's helm,  
For never have I found in fight  
One so hard to overwhelm,  
No stronger man in battle van  
E'er fought for life or realm.  
And though stark dead the warrior be,  
All fain would I his features see,  
So when I meet him on that shore  
Where only spirits dwell,  
That is, if there, for ever more  
They bear the forms that here they bore,  
Or features wear as here they wore,  
Then I shall know him well;  
As I view him there I'll proudly say,  
That ne'er on earth by night or day  
Braver hero fought and fell.  
The features of the dead she bared,  
Doff'd helm and visor all,  
Full on the face that there appear'd  
Did the pale moon-beams fall.  
As on the features cold and white  
The wounded warrior gazed—  
Fell sorrow wrapped his soul in night,  
Grief sat his spirit crazed.  
At length he said in solemn dole,  
Oh, Rafno, brother of my soul,  
And art thou lowly laid!  
And by thy friend, thy brother's hand,  
And with wile and treachery plann'd

By this accursed maid,  
Whose soul ne'er gladdens and delights  
Save in grimmest, grisliest sights  
The clang of arms, the death of knights,  
And flowing of their blood,  
Whose heart is barren as the heights  
Of rock near ocean's flood.  
Though mankind search the world around  
Inch by inch o'er every rood  
So ruthless heart shall ne'er be found,  
Nor maid of such a mood.  
For pride and cruelty thy fame  
Shall o'er the world rebound,  
Men yet unborn shall hear thy name,  
And shudder at the sound.  
As Edith of the Cruel Heart,  
Mankind shall speak of thee :  
And at thy history shall start  
As if they felt a poisoned dart  
The fibers of their spirit part—  
All races yet to be.  
As some dread meteor of woe,  
Of long, dim centuries ago  
That on earth poured death and pain,  
And pestilence as clouds the rain,  
And whelm'd mankind with fears,  
So wrapped in everlasting prime  
Thy name and fame shall stand sublime,  
The brightest on the peak of crime  
Through all the night of years.  
Thy heart is hard and harsh as hell,  
It caused this bloody deed,  
Through thee the noblest hero fell  
That ever rode on steed.  
And oh, that human tongue should tell

This thy worst and grimmest crime,  
That while we fought thou knewst full well  
Yes, knew all the bitter time—  
That Rafno king of stormy isles  
Was brother unto me.  
Yet, kept the secret in thy heart of wiles  
Till pierced and slain was he!  
Ay thou harsh she—fiend dark and fierce,  
Through thy infernal wiles—  
Did I my valiant brother pierce,  
The king of many isles.  
Alas, I never dream'd 'twas him,  
I thought him far away,  
Oh, God, what evil foul and grim,  
Brother, brother thus to slay!  
Oh, God, the night is drear and long,  
But the longer night is near,  
I hear Death chant his doleful song,  
His knell is in mine ear!  
But maid accursed, dark and fell,  
Yet, ere I cease to breathe—  
All, all the grimmest fiends of hell  
Shall thee with horrors wreath.  
Then swift as though he had no wound  
Up from the earth he sprung,  
Not swifter e'er did eagle bound  
To guard her callow young.  
And as on rose in summer storm  
Bursts down the levin flame—  
So through her head and all her form  
His mighty broad-sword came.  
Clean split in twain on earth she lay,  
As tree by lightning's blast,  
Then on his brother's lifeless clay  
Just as the East with morn grew gray  
That hero sobbed his last.

## XXIX.

On the towers of Lyolynn  
The beams of morning broke,  
And long and dreary was the din  
Of dole that there awoke.  
The many knights who on that morn  
Were in the lists to ride—  
Who at the blast of that small horn  
Were all to rush in pride—  
'Till all were bleeding, crushed or torn—  
And with grim slaughter dyed—  
The prize a heart of hate and scorn,  
A fair, though ruthless bride,  
All joined within the wail forlorn—  
Till all was sorrow far and wide!  
O'er all the lands of Lyolynn  
Was only sorrow seen,  
But far less for that maid of sin—  
And temper hard and keen —  
Arose the wail and doleful din—  
Than for the brother kings, I ween,  
When years had sped for those brave dead  
The anguish still was green.

## XXX.

Since that dread night 'till now have past  
A thousand years and nine,  
Yet does this mournful story last  
Amongst the human line,  
And as revolving suns bring round  
The month, the time, the night,  
As the hour of one doth sound  
From topmost turret's height—  
The peasants see upon the wold  
Beneath the pale moon-shine—

Hard by a tower hoar and old  
Built on a steep incline—  
Two grim steel-clad champions ride  
On chargers black and white,  
With morions casting far and wide  
A waving, fitful light.  
Their dazzling armors gleam like flame  
Across the frosty wold,  
At times is heard a wild acclaim  
Rise on the breezes cold.  
The clang of breaking steel is heard  
And shakes the frozen ground  
As if a mighty earthquake stirred  
And filled the air with sound.  
And o'er them in the liquid air  
Another sight they see,  
A woman's body hovers there  
Cleft through head and form is she.  
And as the halves would aye unite  
To form a whole again,  
There sweeps a falchion broad and bright  
And severs them amain.  
Lily and rose her cheeks disclose,  
The red with white divinely glows  
In mingled glory there,  
The sweetest hues the rain-bow shows  
Still e'en in death they wear,  
With beauty rife such as in life  
Her features still appear,  
As when blared the fife and roar'd the strife  
And for her heros pressed the bier.  
Her eyes of light, still, still are bright  
With all their lifelike sheen,  
Her long dark hair still floats in air  
Her parted form between.

And though the night be dark with storm,  
The whirlwinds be abroad,  
Yet are seen those chiefs and steeds enorm,  
As when they were alive and warm,  
And warred with peer and lord.  
And still is seen that cleft phantom form,  
Through it gleams a flaming sword.  
Only when the years the peasants tell  
Have to five thousand run,  
Shall her cleft form united dwell,  
And rest her soul from terrors fell  
For those dread murders done!  
Nor till then for those two kings as well  
Shall be forgiveness won.

## XXXI.

Here ceased his melancholy lay,  
O'er rocks the echos died away,  
No longer stirr'd the air with sound, ,  
O'er ocean utter silence frown'd,  
Sweet sleep the singer's voice had still'd,  
Yet still through Omar's bosom thrill'd  
The doleful tale that seaman sang,  
Still in his ear its accents rang,  
And fill'd his fiery heart with pang,  
As though it felt an adder's fang.  
The while he heard that seaman's tale—  
His visage gaunt and grim and pale,  
When came the name of Lyolynn—  
Changed from frowns to a savage grin.  
Against rocks that lean'd o'er ocean's flood,  
With beating pulse and bounding blood  
With none save Bayard near he stood,  
His thought I ween but little good  
For human kind the while did brood.

At length he spoke in sullen mood,  
Where e'er I turn, where e'er I go,  
Midst summer's shine or winter's snow,  
No height so tall, no depth so low.  
But mong mankind I meet a foe,  
They follow me through weal and woe,  
When waters run or breezes blow.  
E'en on this reef so drear and lone—  
They boldly make their presence known,  
Even that seaman gaunt and grim,  
I see I have a foe in him ;  
Ne'er had he sang that doleful rhyme,  
And laid such stress on Edith's crime,  
And shouted so with stormy din  
The ancient name of Lyolynn,  
Had he not known the secret all  
On which I build my rise or fall,  
I'll swear by body and by soul  
He knows my secrets, knows the whole,  
Else never had he sung that rhyme  
At such a place, at such a time,  
Nor made Lyolynn so often chime  
With Edith's pride and Edith's crime.  
Then, thus did Bayard make reply,  
The while he spake his huge white eye  
Roll'd like drunken moon in sable sky,  
Fiend like grins did from this visage glare,  
All hell seem'd centered in his stare,  
My noble master wherefore fret ?  
Thou hast thy trusty Bayard yet ?  
He, as thou wilt, can sell or let,  
Collect for thee, or pay thy debt.  
And ever ready is my knife,  
At thy command to wage the strife.  
All save yon and I are sleeping now

I'll climb me to the head-land's brow  
Where sleeps yon seaman, drunk, I trow,  
And soon he'll end his earthly life  
Who fill'd thee so with anguish rife.  
He said, and keener breath he drew—  
As from its sheath his dagger flew.  
Stop, Bayard stop, the master said,  
This night we must not lay him dead.  
'Twould be no use to slay him now,  
And more of him I yet would trow.  
But go, my trusty Bayard go,  
Soon as the morning's beams shall glow,  
The tide will at that time be low,  
And all within yon wreck will show,  
See if thou findst a trace there in  
Of Lockhart or of Lyolynn,  
Some papers mongst that wreck are strown,  
I'd give one half the world to own.  
While seeking for the dead, take thy ease  
And keep a sharp look out for these.  
Here ceased their words, for on their ear  
Came sounds of something moving near;  
Scarcely half a rood from them they found  
Hunyadi stretched upon the ground;  
To them he seem'd as fast asleep,  
As though he lay in slumbers deep.  
Then Omar spoke, the bard sleeps sound,  
He has with wine his troubles drown'd.  
Just look how pleasing seems his brow,  
It were a shame to wake him now.  
I've heard, 'tis while poets take their rest  
They breed their noblest thoughts and best,  
So speaking, but keeping him in view  
From the seeming sleeping bard they drew.  
And thus they did their speech renew.

Bayard, think you yon poet sleeps,  
Or on us twain a vigil keeps?  
Think you, he our speech has heard?  
I could almost swear but now he stirr'd.  
No, said Bayard. Not a single word  
Has fallen on that poet's ear.  
Where he awake and lying there,  
From what I saw him drink, I'd swear  
He is too drunk to see or hear.  
They ceased, then silent stood awhile,  
And eyed each other with a smile.

## XXXII.

Little they dream'd that every word  
They'd breathed had by the bard been  
heard.  
When something moving reach'd their ear,  
The bard had stirr'd upon his lair.  
For when of papers Omar spoke—  
A sudden flash like lightning stroke  
Across his drowsy spirit broke,  
And it to instant action woke,  
Then 'mongst his clothing torn and wet,  
He placed his hand to see if yet—  
Those papers lay within his vest,  
Gave them a squeeze, then lay at rest,  
As though with heavy sleep oppress'd.

\* \* \*

## PART II.

## I.

Gray, feeble streaks of coming dawn  
Along the Eastern sky were drawn,  
Those tints which on the verge of morn  
Faintly the horizon's sphere adorn,  
Wrought by the sun which far below,  
Causing his flaming beams to flow  
In long waving lines of feeble glow'  
O'er skies as night begins to go,  
But moves her lazy shadows slow.  
While straight a dim reflection throw,  
All the particles dense and rare  
Which float within the atmosphere;  
Or the material atoms there,  
Which make, compose and form the air.  
And oh, how glorious they seem  
When night sinks in the arms of morn,  
And splendors of the day-god's beam  
Those atoms with full light adorn!

## II.

'Twas the first, faint tint of dawn, I said,  
Long ere the horizon colors red,  
When just enough of light is shed  
O'er sky and sea and mountain head,  
The joyous tidings can be spread—  
The day is born, the night is dead.  
And o'er the ocean's tranquil breast  
Did the keen eyes of Harold rest.

Calm to the skies' o'er arching span  
The ocean stretched its boundless van,  
And all the sky that met its view  
Was mirror'd in the waters blue.  
No flying mist through either swept,  
Nor in the air a vapor left  
Before the morning zephyrs warm,  
Nor cloud 'tween sky and ocean slept,  
But the placid, limning waters kept  
A perfect image of its form.  
The screaming sea-gull as it flew  
Above that stirless field of blue,  
Could flap its wings and look below  
And bird with flapping wings 'twould show,  
Which ever way its flight it wield,  
Let it arise, dart forth or fall,  
There its perfect image was reveal'd,  
Its form, its size and movements all,  
Each streak of light the heaven wore,  
Image of the streak the ocean bore,  
Yes, every tint and shade and hue,  
Was mirror'd in the waters blue  
As perfect as the sky put on.  
As brighter grew the horizon,  
Same lustres did the ocean don.  
To tell the morn's increasing glow  
He need not look on reddening skies  
But cast his eyes on floods below  
And there see all its glories rise.  
But not on morn's increasing glow  
Alone o'er seas did Harold gaze,  
Nor mark the flaming sun-beams flow  
To set both sea and sky ablaze.  
One small black spot on ocean's face  
Far off as human eye could scan,

Did his keen eyes delighted trace  
Across the waters breathless span.  
And as it plainer grew to sight  
Across the ocean's tranquil brow,  
As nearer drew broad sails of white  
Above a vessel's sable prow,—  
All the wild joy that fill'd his soul,  
And, sparkled in his beaming eyes,  
Joy's ebb and flow that there did roll  
With never ceasing fall and rise,  
By those alone can best be told,  
Yes, only truly they can limn  
O'er whose wrecked bark the floods have  
roll'd,  
And cast them on a head-land grim  
Who see some vessel drawing near  
To bear them from those reefs away;  
When flapping of the sails they hear,  
Who, their wild rapture can portray?

## III.

While Harold gazes o'er the flood  
With throbbing pulse and bounding blood,  
And spirit glowing breast;  
Among the shelving rocks below,  
Amidst that wreck and scenes of woe  
Were roaming all the rest,  
Save Ellenore, De Vaux's wife,  
Who with Ianthe Lockhart stood  
By Harold's side, the beauty rife  
That glow'd within Ianthe's hood—  
Beam'd on the seaman's dazzled eyes  
With blushes like the tints of morn,  
When its full glory decks the skies  
And rosy hues doth all adorn.

In silence on the child he gazed  
As one all wrapped in dumb surprise,  
As one with doubt or joy amazed,  
And cannot from the stupor rise.  
And as he eyes each charm that crowns  
That infant's face with ruddy glow,  
The while alternate smiles and frowns  
O'er his sun-browned visage flow.  
'Tis strange indeed, at length he said,  
But while last night I slumbered here,  
I dream'd I saw just such a head,  
And such a face as blushes there,  
Yes, just such face and head and brow,  
Robed in just such crimson hood,  
Such long brown wavy hair, I vow,  
Bound with just such a yellow snood,  
A girl dress'd complete as she is now  
In my dream before me stood.  
Yes, clad in just such purple gown,  
And hood with just such crimson glow,  
A girl with tresses long and brown  
The same as o'er her shoulders flow;  
A form like her's from feet to crown  
More perfect could no limner show.  
Yes, teeth with just such pearly gloss,  
Lips sweet as ever smiled on man,  
And cheeks with just such downy floss  
As on a full ripe peach we scan,  
With swan-like neck, and hands and arms  
All formed in nature's choicest plan.  
Like her's nomore transcendent charms  
Did waters lave, or breezes fan.  
Well, hear what pass'd within my dream,  
Me thought in some strange land I trod  
Near the marge of a mountain stream,

Lily and rose bedeck'd the sod.  
'Twas noon, and warm the sun did beam  
O'er teeming grass and barren clod,  
Fagged at last by this sultry gleam  
Me thought I towards a grove did plod ;  
For pines and oaks of giant girth  
Towered in mighty forests there,  
It seem'd all trees that grow on earth,  
There, sent their branches in the air.  
But all was utter silence round  
Not e'en a bird I saw nor heard,  
Of bird nor beast no single sound  
The stillness of those forests stirr'd.  
But serpents speckled, huge and grim,  
Of every shade and hue I found,  
Each tree I saw, on every limb  
It seem'd a grisly coil was wound.  
At times their hiss, and only this,  
Disturbed the silence all profound.  
Where e'er I turned mine eyes discerned  
They cumbered all the trees and ground.  
Back from the grove I turn'd in haste  
For through it all the coils seem'd curl'd,  
No foot, I thought, these lands have traced  
Save mine, since God had made the world.

## IV.

Back, back with hasty feet I strode  
To where the mountain river flowed,  
And while upon its bank I stood,  
Me thought I heard a fearful scream,  
And lo — a girl with crimson hood,  
With purple dress and yellow snood  
Came flying from the snake wreathed wood,  
To where I was beside the stream.

And at her heels, while swift she sped,  
Me thought I saw a serpent dread,  
Come gliding, hissing, tearing on  
With never ceasing bound,  
As came the scream, the hiss anon  
Would strive to drown the sound.  
On earth she sank with fearful yell  
A yard from where I stood,  
While straight the serpent huge and fell,  
With tongue that seem'd a flaming hell,  
Tore at her crimson hood,  
Then as a thunder bolt more swift  
Or sands that on the tempests drift  
Within my hand a club I caught  
One massy, huge and long,  
Down on his horrid head I brought  
The weapon swift and strong.  
Then from the ground with sudden bound  
He coil'd around my form,  
Right in my face his head he brought,  
His throat within my hand I caught,  
As there I felt his breathing warm.  
Tighter, tighter with ceaseless toil  
I around his throat did grasp,  
I felt him loose his cursed coil  
Yes, every fold unclasp.  
I held him by his grisly throat  
Till ceased his tongue to flame,  
'Till I nomore could see or note  
A breath from out him came.  
Then afar with a sudden twirl  
His lifeless form I threw,  
And from the earth the frighten'd girl  
Within my arms I drew.  
And on my breast I held the child

'Till all her terror flew,  
A girl with just such features mild,  
Where Beauty all her charms had piled,  
Like those that now I view.

## V.

Again a horrid hiss we heard—  
That fill'd the air with sound,  
And something 'mongst the lilies stirr'd  
That sweetly deck'd the ground;  
I look'd, and lo, both far and near,  
'Mongst all those beds of lilies fair,  
I saw the eyes of serpents glare—  
On us with never ceasing stare,  
As flamed their tongues with forked flare  
Loud rong the dread infernal blare  
Of never ending hiss,  
Nought else disturbed the stagnant air,  
But terrible was this,  
All else was still as dumb despair  
Wrapped in the tomb's abyss.  
On, on, still on, they hissing drew,  
But as they rose right full in view,  
And seem'd in act to spring,  
From the heavens rushed down a cloud,  
That peal'd with thunders long and loud  
Wrapp'd them in a fiery shroud,  
And instant death to all did bring.  
Then swift the cloud enormous grew,  
And on the snake wreathed groves it flew  
In one terrific sheet of flame.  
All was wrapped in fiery glow;  
We saw a mighty whirlwind blow,  
And broader still the glow became.  
And fearful ever and anon,

As the storm of fire swept on,  
A voice we heard, a voice sublime,  
Loud as the thunder of all time,  
Gathered in one terrific roar,  
And rocking earth from shore to shore,  
Saying these words: Ye sons of crime  
My wrath shall blast ye in your prime,  
Of this I warn'd ye in full time,  
Told ye, that orphan was my care,  
To guard her I would aye be near,  
And that my vengeance fell and dread,  
Should fall on those who ever dare  
To harm one ringlet of her head,  
But, no, ye would not deign to hear,  
My warnings all unheeded were,  
So take my vengeance dread and drear,  
My vengeance dire and severe,  
Not one I pity or shall spare,  
And through all hell should round her flare,  
Still to shield that orphan, I'll be there.

## VI.

While thus the awful voice roll'd on,  
Grimmer terrors did the fires don,  
Far broader, broader flashed the flame,  
And louder still its roaring came.  
Such din in polar seas I've heard,  
When leagues immense of ice and snow  
Are into sudden motion stirr'd,  
By thawing suns that o'er them glow.  
When bursting oceans through them flow  
And down the floes immense are hurl'd.  
O'er heights in headlong overthrow,  
Yes, clashing, roaring, thundering go,  
Down mounts that jar in floods below.

Mounts, which though only ice they show,  
Are huge as any in the world.  
No bursting rocks 'neath earthquake  
shocks,  
Nor huge volcano's fiercest throes,  
Could equal half the din and roar,  
That from the polar oceans pour,  
When headlong pitch the mountain floes.  
Yet from that storm of rushing flame  
Still louder shocks and roaring came  
Than e'er from polar oceans rose.  
Yet o'er all din that there in stirr'd,  
That awful voice was ever heard,  
Loud and distinct was every word.  
On my breast this girl hid her face,  
Though she had no cause to fear.  
And o'er my eyes a little space,  
To shield them I my hand did place—  
For they could not stand the glare.

## VII.

Soon hushed the voice and roar of flame,  
A universal silence came  
And brooded over all.  
O'er all the fields was stillness dread,  
Though all there on was smitten dead,  
And on the mountains tall.  
Yes, we no sound nor stir could hear  
Save our hearts that beat with fear,  
We heard their rise and fall.  
Then o'er the lands my gaze I cast,  
Where stood the snake wreathed forests  
vast,  
And where had roared the flame.  
To my deep wonder and surprise

Tall, stately forests met mine eyes,  
Where ever my vision came.  
Though all, the blazing storm had fringed,  
And on them in full blast impinged,  
Yet not a single leaf was tinged,  
Nor scorch'd beneath the glow.  
All where late the fire had been,  
Still blushed in universal green :  
Lovely as when they first were seen  
Such hues they still did show.  
Violet, rose and lily bloom'd  
In all their glory there,  
And ev'ry plant around assumed  
A loveliness all rare.  
With fragrance was the air perfumed,  
Nor atom there look'd sear.  
But there through all the forests round,  
O'er all the bare or grassy ground,  
No sign of serpent could be found,  
Nor could a hiss be heard.  
All, all had vanished it did seem  
With that tempest's fiery gleam,  
Like the dim phantoms of a dream  
When from slumber we are stirr'd.  
Gone like the shadows of some tree  
That long ago 'neath axemen fell,  
Left the earth to the sun-shine free,  
Where never more its shadows dwell.  
Soon the air seem'd rife with sweetest sound  
With songs the woods did all redound,  
For they were filled with happy birds.  
O'er meads with thyme and clover crown'd,  
Skipping lambs and kids were seen to bound  
And far and wide stretched grazing herds.

## VIII.

A sudden change flew o'er my dream  
Like some swift cloud across a stream.  
Far to the right o'er hill and plain  
Slowly moved a funeral train  
In never ending file.  
I heard their low and solemn dirge,  
Doleful as winds that ride the surge  
That plunges to some darksome gurge,  
Neath grim volcanic isle.  
Or a wail like the nightly moans  
Of spirits in some desert land,  
That gather round their bleaching bones  
That lie unburied on the sand.  
Though gloom wrapped that funeral train—  
Like mists that gather for the rain,  
And spread their vail o'er hill and plain  
We saw it all, and heard each sound.  
Like a river that seeks the main—  
They pour'd unto a burial ground,  
With them coffin after coffin seem'd,  
Bier on bier in unceasing row;  
Yes, coffin after coffin stream'd,  
A doleful, grisly, sickening show.  
And as the church-yard met my view,  
That seem'd a waste of fresh dug graves,  
These screaming sea-gulls o'er me flew,  
Night's phantoms from my sight withdrew,  
I woke to find t'was all untrue,  
Saw only skies lit with morning's hue,  
These rocks and yonder sleeping waves.

## IX.

Had Harold as his dream he told,  
But only once his vision roll'd

Upon the face of Ellenore,  
That seaman's piercing eyes, I ween,  
Had seen the rancor and the spleen,  
That lit her eyes so dark and sheen,  
And frowns of hate her visage wore,  
When e'er he praised Ianthe's mien,  
Or the transcendent charms she bore.  
But ere his tale of horror closed,  
Told of an all protecting arm,  
How some unseen power opposed  
All those who sought to work her harm,  
Swiftly from her face the color fled,  
And horror through her spirit thrill'd,  
Features were death-like pallor spread  
A cold and clammy dew distill'd.  
As one who from a nightmare wakes,  
And yet, still feels it load his breast,  
So from her horrid fears she breaks,  
Yet void of fear she cannot rest.  
At length with trembling voice she said,  
And words all doleful in their tone,  
For still fell terror through her sped,  
And thrill'd her, marrow, nerve and bone;  
I've often heard that seamen place  
Strong faith in omens and in dreams,  
And they great import aye can trace—  
In what to others of the human race  
Mere empty nothing seems.

## X.

Say, seaman is this really so,  
Say, have I heard aright,  
Or can you any import show  
Out of your dream last night?  
Madame, he with a smile return'd,

If I've aright my dream discern'd,  
This little girl that here we see,  
For ought I know thy child may be,  
Mongst fearful dangers shall be thrown  
As e'er to mortal child were known.  
But she shall safely pass through all,  
And she will ride in triumph grand  
O'er those who strive to work her fall,  
For God shall shield her with His hand.  
And the hour will come I see,  
Although it may be years ahead,  
That I shall some assistance be,  
Yes, aid her o'er her foes to tread.  
For while I dream'd it ever seem'd,  
Though shadows fell on all around,  
For clouds across the sun's disk stream'd,  
And darkness o'er the landscape frown'd,  
Yet, ever in a bright sun-shine,  
Yes, midst its ceaseless glow we stood;  
And child, her face was all like thine,  
The form, the dress and crimson hood,  
The mien complete from head to feet.  
The self same yellow snood.

## XI.

Here Harold paused, and Ellenore  
No single word in answer said,  
While all her face a pallor wore,  
Such as might well besuit the dead.  
A sudden tremor through her pass'd,  
That quivered both her soul and form,  
Like aspen bough beneath the blast  
Of some all silent, unseen storm.  
It shot like light through limbs and frame  
And quivered on her ashen lips,

And o'er her eyes that beam'd like flame  
There came an instant's strange eclipse.  
The seaman marked her altered look,  
She scarce her feelings could control,  
As though some deep emotion shook  
The inmost fibers of her soul.  
That it seem'd rack'd on some dread wheel  
Of grimmest, wildest torturings,  
And wriggled like the writhing eel  
The angler from the water brings.  
But all uncouscious of the cause  
Harold pitying eyed her there,  
And after a suspended pause  
Thus gently broke the silence drear.  
"The air is dank and chill, I see  
It makes you shiver and turn pale,  
So here, take you this cloak from me,  
'Twill make you feel more warm and hale."  
With that from off his burly form  
His heavy seaman's cloak he flung,  
And straight the mantle huge and warm  
Around De Vaux's wife was swung.

## XII.

As some poor bird that trembling lies,  
Spell-bound beneath a serpent's eyes,  
And from its charmer cannot fly,  
But ever nearer and more nigh  
Sees that its dread enchanter draws,  
With glaring fangs and open jaws;  
Then sees the coil around it roll'd,  
And quakes within the awful fold.  
But ere of life 'tis wholly shorn,  
The huntsman moves amongst the thorn,  
And wakes with sound the breeze of morn

And brings his tread all unawares  
On the unseen hideous coil,  
And bursts the charm that there ensnares  
The bird and frees it from the toil.  
So sudden when that seaman spoke,  
And round the woman drew his cloak,  
So swift her tremor wild and dread,  
And pallor from her features fled.  
Swift, straight a lively, ruddy red,  
Was o'er her queenly visage spread,  
Her eyes their wonted lustre shed,  
Like diamonds flashed in crystal bed.  
Erect she rear'd her haughty head,  
And firmer grew her stately tread.  
A sprightly air she straight did don,  
And warm, sweet smiles her face put on.  
As one transform'd by magic charm,  
That slumbered in some wizard's arm  
Or some all potent spell.  
That instant lulls the dread alarm  
That secret dealt its dole and harm,  
And wracked the spirit fell ;  
So sudden from that tremor's stroke  
The spirit of that woman broke,  
And unto spriteliness awoke,  
The instant that the seaman spoke,  
And kindly round her drew his cloak,  
With a smile upon his lips.  
As flames that 'sunder burst the smoke  
That long did them eclipse,  
And round it form a blazing rim,  
O'er all its murky body skim,  
Disperse with light the darkness grim,  
All through it send a ruddy glim,  
Where erst was only vapor dim,

So she from the tremor broke,  
As there her eyes she fix'd on him  
Who then so kindly spoke,  
Though he was strong in form and limb  
As bole and branch of giant oak,  
All full of daring thought and whim,  
From head to heel a seaman trim,  
In tears his eyes were seen to swim,  
And even o'er their sockets brim,  
For as with cloak he did her don,  
With kindly speech he still kept on.

## XIII.

Lady, you, and yon child, I ween,  
Never before have ship-wreck seen,  
Nor e'er 'midst such wild scenes have been,  
But I, alas, have oft been thrown  
On head-lands wild and drear,  
Seen wreck and corpses round me strown,  
Just as we see them here.  
But what has ever, always torn—  
My soul with anguish most,  
Yes, made my spirit feel forlorn,  
And sear as this drear coast;  
Has been when 'midst the dangers wild,  
The wreck, the wave or storm,  
I've seen some little babe or child,  
Or yet a woman's form.  
I never reck'd a single straw,  
And never shall, I trow,  
When e'er a seaman's form I saw  
Beneath the surges bow;  
I saved him if I could, if not,  
Let him with the billows go,  
For thus to die is seaman's lot,.

And well their fate they know.  
Thorough seamen, born and bred, greet  
The ocean as their grave,  
The floods their home, their winding-sheet  
And tomb the trackless wave.  
But oh, when 'midst the dangers wild,  
On reef or ocean's flow,  
I've seen a woman, babe or child,  
My soul 's been stirr'd with woe.

## XIV.

Me thinks I can recall a scene,  
That happened long ago.  
The blasts were blowing stark and keen,  
And made the billows flow,  
Though all the stars in happy sheen  
Looked on the floods below,  
And not a cloud of storm, I ween  
That night the skies could show.  
I stood the while beside the helm  
Where I was wont to be,  
And steer'd the vessel o'er that realm  
Of never ending sea.  
Across the vast unfathomed wong  
Right gallantly we flew,  
Charm'd by the breezes stirring song,  
That fill'd the canvas tight and strong,  
And on it ceaseless blew.  
I remember my thoughts were bent,  
As they were wont to be,  
On him who with yon light-house went  
Beneath the stormy sea.  
Yes, no matter where my feelings flow'd,  
Whatever scene they trod,  
He was the foremost thing they show'd,

In business, or with God.  
For the same hour I was born,  
Ere scarce I'd breathed this air,  
Of life, my mother, she was shorn  
I never knew her care.  
And none save him in all this earth  
E'er seem'd to feel for me.  
'Twas him who rear'd me from my birth,  
Reared him who now yon see.  
Yes, from infancy to manhood,  
I was ever at his side,  
And in her place to me he stood,  
Who had in travail died.  
'Twas only when to manhood's prime  
His only child had grown,  
And o'er his head a crown of rime  
Five and eighty years had thrown.  
That came the cruel, bitter time,  
Each would gladly ne'er have known—  
For us who loved with love sublime,  
The parting knell was blown.  
The grief of that trying hour  
Which severed him from me,  
Neither time nor change had power  
My bosom yet to free.  
There it still blooms like some flower  
That knoweth no decay,  
That blows in some lonely bower,  
Whence all else has pass'd away.  
Where e'er I've sail'd, what ever deck  
I've roam'd, or stormy main,  
'Midst calm, 'midst hurricane or wreck,  
'Midst sunshine or 'midst rain,  
Round him my soul has ever lagg'd  
In all its joy or pain,

And as I roam'd it seem'd I dragg'd  
An ever length'ning chain.  
And when I have homeward steer'd,  
After long and weary voyage,  
When my chosen land appear'd,  
And we pass'd the line of buoyage;  
And in those waters for a while  
With joy the anchors cast,  
Thanked our Maker with a smile  
That we were home at last;  
While others rushed with rapture rife  
To seek their mother, sister, wife,  
Or the future angel of their life,  
To give their hard earn'd hoard  
What they had won 'midst billows' strife  
And 'midst dangers stored,  
I sought one lonely gray hair'd man,  
Who was too old to toil,  
And while joy our heart o'er ran,  
I round him cast my spoil.  
Now he has gone, who's heart will burn  
With grief or love for me  
When I go forth or I return,  
From out the bounding sea?  
Now he is gone within my soul  
Is left a yawning void,  
Each hope that held it in control  
Is utterly destroyed.  
When I go forth or I return  
No kindly words I'll hear,  
Nor see an eye with rapture burn,  
Or flood with sorrow's tear.  
Alas, alas, that hoary man  
All bent with toil and age,  
No more my flame of joy shall fan,

Nor sorrow shall assuage!  
Just here the seaman's voice grew hoarse,  
His hand was seen to rise,  
And hide some drops that found their source  
Within his large gray eyes.  
A mighty tremor through him pass'd,  
That shook his giant form,  
And heaved his breast like waters vast  
When troubled by a storm.  
Seem'd a cold shiver through him ran  
And quivered on his lips,  
And blanched his cheeks all ghastly wan,  
As frost that rose-bud nips.  
Loud beat his heart against its wall—  
As though it had not room to throb,  
And his throat seem'd all too small  
To vent the mighty sob.

## XV.

Lady, he thus resumed as pass'd  
His throe of grief away,  
My mind has wandered far and vast  
From what I mean't to say.  
Well, 'twas on that night while full and tight  
The breezes fill'd the sails,  
And o'er head we heard it tightning hard  
The shrouds and stays and brails.  
Through rattlings, gommets and earings  
It sang as sweet a tone  
As yet from Æolian harps  
On human ear was blown.  
Far o'er the vessel's stern we saw  
Her never ending wake,  
And ceaseless at her prow we heard  
The waters dash and break.

No clouds were seen, but all the stars  
Shone o'er the ocean's roar,  
As sheen that night as e'er were seen  
By any seaman's gloar.  
On, on we flew with nought in view  
But never ending foam,  
And cloudless skies that o'er us spread  
An ever starry dome.  
Suddenly near the mizzen-mast—  
On its topmost yard I saw,  
The form and visage of a child,  
That made me pant with awe.  
Arrayed was she in spotless white,  
Snowy wreath her forehead bound,  
And a zone of glittering light  
Encircled her around.  
Oh, God the ghastly, haggard face,  
Features horrid with despair,  
The sunken cheeks, the sunken eyes  
With bright yet awful glare,  
The frail, emaciated form,  
That seem'd as thin as air,  
The hand and arm so wasted all  
That met my vision there,  
Will ever in my mind be fix'd,  
And ceaseless haunt my soul,  
As there she seem'd, in me she's limned  
With all her look of dole!

## XVI.

The breezes blew and on we flew  
In never ending chase,  
And still where it first came in view  
The phantom kept its place.  
The light around it brighter grew,

And o'er its sunken features threw  
An all sepulchral, death-like hue,  
O'er form as well as face,  
Then waned the light from red to blue,  
And smaller grew its space,  
Then all at once from sight withdrew,  
Left not a single trace.  
And vanished straight the phantom form,  
Like flash of light in midnight storm  
That dies away exactly where  
Grew and flashed it dreadful glare:  
So on the spot it met my stare,  
The phantom seem'd to melt in air.  
So strange it came so dread it seemed  
Had I been all alone,  
I would have thought that I had dream'd,  
And let it so have gone.  
But by twelve other men 'twas seen,  
They saw the same as I,  
And they'll before the world, I ween,  
Attest it is no lie.  
When we saw the form and light depart,  
With terror quaking grasp,  
And bounding pulse and throbbing heart,  
We did each other clasp.  
And not 'till each man then had felt  
His comrade's stalwart grip  
And made three journeys round the deck  
Of that huge, stately ship,  
Would he believe he had not dream'd,  
And was thoroughly awake,  
And that he the dread phantom saw,  
As reality would take.

## XVII.

The breezes blew and on we flew  
Three hours more, I ween,  
And leagues on leagues o'er seas we drew  
Beneath the starlight sheen,  
Then all at once the breeze died down  
And ocean ceased to flow,  
All in an utter calm we lay  
Beneath the starlight's glow.  
A silence dread as of the grave  
Lay on the floods around,  
Nor 'mongst the loosen'd sails was there  
An utter stir nor sound;  
They hung in silence from the spars,  
Quiet as the glittering stars  
That beam'd o'er floods profound.  
A long dread hour had pass'd  
And still becalmed we lay  
Not e'en a zephyr's faintest breath  
Did with the canvas play.  
Grave as a priest each seaman looked,  
And eyed his brother-man,  
For through each breast one only thought,  
One only feeling ran,  
The vision came to warn them all  
Of coming wreck and death—  
Each seaman prophesied with  
Beating heart and panting breath.  
Oh, it was a solemn scene, one,  
I never shall forget—  
With parted lips, and ashen hue  
All o'er their features set—  
And trembling forms and glaring eyes  
They gazed around the deck,

Stood fix'd in awe as if they saw  
Already death and wreck.

## XVIII.

A thrill of music fill'd the air  
'Twas soft and sweet and low,  
Delicious dream-like harmonies  
As rising zephyrs blow—  
On sultry eve o'er thymy fields  
Where the blown rose its fragrance yields  
Violets and lilies grow.  
O'er the waters rose the music,  
O'er the waters far away,  
Straight upon the ocean's face .  
The gaze of every seaman lay.  
The stars that o'er its silence beam'd  
Were mirror'd everywhere,  
I watched a star that brighter seem'd  
Than all the others there.  
And while I view'd the glowing beam  
'Neath the waters twinkling bright,  
A gloomy object o'er it pass'd  
And hid it from my sight.  
I looked on high to see if there  
A cloud or vapor sail'd in air,  
But all was clear and sheen,  
I looked upon the water's face,  
And still that object kept its place,  
That star no longer seen.  
And here the music died away  
With one loud joyous thrill,  
Yet o'er the mirror'd starbeam lay  
The gloomy object still.

## XIX.

Down on the water's placid breast  
The Life-boat swift we bore.

And soon five men, the ablest, best,  
That vessel's crew could score.  
Brave men who aye with ready zest  
When dangers frown'd before—  
Straight forward to the peril press'd  
'Midst storm or ocean's roar,  
And flout at dangers that they test  
Though grimpest shapes they wore.  
We broke the ocean's grave like rest  
With splashing of the oar.  
On, on, with steady pull we row'd,  
A half a mile and more,  
And then a raft the ocean show'd  
Strown with dead, and stain'd with gore.  
To the raft we moor'd the boat,  
And trod the corpse encumber'd float,  
Where not a sound disturbed the air;  
Oh, what a ghastly sight was there!  
From end to end from side to side  
Of that huge raft so long and wide,  
Were nought but dead, with slaughter dyed.  
Children, men and woman, old and young,  
Were 'midst that pile of carnage flung.  
Cleft heads, cut throats and severed limbs,  
Were scattered thick and dread;  
A horrid stench most foul and dense  
Upon the air was spread.  
Apart from the fiercest scene of all  
A murdered woman lay,  
Still gleam'd her eyes in death unclosed  
With pure bright starry ray.  
And fairer form and nobler face,  
More pearl-like teeth, I ween,  
Since first began the human race  
In mortal shape was seen.

To her cold-snowy, milkless breast  
A little babe she still caressed;  
I stooped, and took the babe away  
From those cold, stiff arms that round it lay,  
But as I turned its face to me,  
The very likeness I did see—  
Of that same vision robed in light,  
That at the mast-head stood that night,  
Yes, there, there was the haggard face,  
There every feature I could trace  
The ghastly vision bore.  
But instead of snow-white robes  
Such as the phantom wore,  
This lifeless babe was wrapped all round  
In clothing dark and warm,  
Such as an eight-year boy might wear,  
Enwrapped its tiny form.  
Close where the babe and mother lay;  
A little boy we found,  
'Twas him who had his garments doff'd  
And wrapt that infant round.  
Yes, he had bared his tender form,  
To keep his little sister warm,  
And 'midst the cold all naked lay  
As still and white and chill as clay  
And he was the sole living thing  
We from the ghastly float did bring  
Or on the raft could find,  
And all so pale he seem'd, and grim,  
So cold and stiff in form and limb,  
A corpse you would have fancied him,  
Not living human kind.

## XX.

Day dawn'd upon the tranquil flood,  
Shone on that raft of death and blood,

That seem'd to groan beneath the weight  
Of its all horrid, ghastly freight;  
Never a grimmer sight, I ween,  
On any battle-field was seen;  
Nor 'midst ruins of a plundered town,  
Where king with hatred beaming frown,  
Heart ruthless as his iron crown,  
Had rain'd his fearful vengeance down;  
Like him who's styled the scourge of God,  
Who dyed with blood the streams and sod,  
And swore, where once his charger trod,  
No vintage more should deck the clod.  
Yes, save that boy, and only him,  
That raft one sole material bore,  
And this was corpses gashed and grim,  
Yes, deep and horrid wounds they wore,  
Some were shorn of head and every limb,  
And thickly clothed with clotted gore.  
One man of burly form we found,  
His matted gory beard and hair,  
So bushy did his face surround,  
They hid the savage features there.  
Upon the arm we read his name  
'Twas tattooed there in letters plain,  
Hugh De Vaux, on his breast the same  
Was visible in tattoo stain.  
Deep through his chest a dagger stood,  
The hilt yet in his grasp he held,  
Down through his breast, e'en in the wood  
Beneath, the blade he had impelled.  
'Twas him who had that slaughter piled,  
There pour'd out human blood like rain,  
Yes, butchered woman, man and child,  
And then himself had fiercely slain.  
For we 'mongst all that gory mass

No other blade nor knife discerned,  
And this was how it came to pass  
From the boy in after time we learned.

## XXI.

A vessel sail'd from England's shore,  
Known by the name of Labrador  
And full three hundred souls she bore,  
Bound for Australia's coast was she,  
But when far out on seas she came,  
While winds were blowing fresh and free,  
Some how the vessel caught on flame.  
To drown the blaze, vain was the toil,  
The flame did all their efforts foil,  
And broader still the fire grew,  
And from each hatch in fierce turmoil  
As though fiends did all their fury roil  
The waves of hissing fire flew;  
For full a hundred casks of oil  
That illfated vessel bore;  
Round these the flames had fix'd their coil,  
And fiercely grasped their willing spoil,  
From casks that there did burst and boil  
Flames rushed with one infernal roar.  
All, all the boats were launched in haste,  
And human freight in them was placed,  
Fill'd, loaded down was every craft,  
'Till to its edge the waters came,  
The rest found succor on the raft  
From the all devouring flame.

## XXII.

Dense murky shades of night swept down  
Upon a restless sea,  
Through all that dark and dreary night  
The whistling winds blew free.

When morning flashed upon the flood  
The winds no longer stirr'd,  
But no where o'er the silent seas  
The boats were seen or heard.  
Whether beneath the seas that night  
The mournful crews were lost,  
Or all alive and well upon  
Some unknown isle were toss'd—  
It ne'er yet came unto our ken,  
And never will, I ween,  
For since that time 'till now the years  
Have numbered seventeen.

## XXIII.

For two long weeks that raft did ride  
At mercy of the floods and gale,  
But not once her starving crew espied  
A sign of land, nor ship, nor sail.  
By hunger terrible, extreme,  
Her crew were on the verge of death,  
Starvation in each eye did gleam,  
And came on every panting breath.  
The time arrived that lots were cast  
Amongst that haggard, frantic throng,  
To see who should make the dread repast,  
And ease the gnaws of hunger strong.  
A wretch there was amongst that crew,  
As base and foul and sordid soul,  
As yet a breath of life e'er drew,  
Or ever sank 'neath death's control.  
One whose brute feelings never rose  
To think of others joy or weal,  
No more pity there for human woes  
Than's found within a bar of steel.  
Beyond what his brute thoughts desired,

And these were basest of the low,  
Nought else his filthy spirit fired,  
Nor slightest atom else could show,  
Nor in his abject nature grew,  
'Twas he who'd murdered all that crew—  
That there upon the raft we view'd,  
And their dead bodies hacked and hew'd,  
Pour'd out their crimson blood like rain,  
The raft all o'er with slaughter stain'd,  
And when no victim more remain'd,  
In frantic mood himself had slain!  
'Twas him who had the awful deed  
Proposed of drawing lots for food,  
To see who in their dreadful need  
Should quell their comrades' hungry mood,  
And 'twas by him the lots were made,  
The papers torn, the names arrayed,  
The slips folded, press'd his teeth betwixt  
Then shaken in a pile and mix'd,  
While all mute the rest the deed surveyed,  
And stood with horrid awe transfixed.  
With ashen cheeks, and parted lips,  
And eyes that from their sockets strain'd,  
Each drew from the pile of folded slips,  
While o'er all an awful silence reign'd.  
With quivering forms and palsied hands,  
And features where terror stood confess'd,  
Each with his strip of paper stands,  
Till each and all their slip had pressed.  
Then all at once they opened were  
By each poor wretch's quivering hand,  
On each slip was fixed his owner's stare,  
In awful silence each is scann'd,  
On his slip each one gazes there,  
As though he could not understand

If he the awful fate should fare,  
And die to feed that hungry band,  
Or of the horrid doom were clear.  
On him, who the grisly deed had plann'd  
And eagerly did it prepare.  
Yes, made the lots with his own hand,  
It chanced the lot upon him fell,  
Doom'd him to be the dread repast,  
When this he saw with one fierce yell  
His dagger from its sheath he cast  
And grim as demon just from hell  
Rushed on the crew that stood aghast.  
And all of life that fiend bereft,  
Babe as well as man he did destroy,  
By him not one was living left  
But that poor noble hearted boy.  
Then like a dog the fiend began  
To feast on human flesh amain,  
And drink the warm blood as it ran  
From each quivering victim's vein.  
He like a fierce hyena tore  
And gnaw'd the flesh unto the bone,  
Glutted himself with brain and gore,  
Though he ne'er feast so choice had known.  
Then raging mad he went, blasphemed,  
And in convulsions foam'd forth blood,  
Roll'd, grinn'd, laughed, tore his hair and  
scream'd,  
Quaff'd deep the ocean's briny flood.  
His knife from hand to hand he passed  
A while, then brandished it in both,  
Then in his breast the blade he cast,  
And died with one terrific oath.  
Good men and brave may be forgot,  
Oblivion hide their fame and worth,

E'en mighty kingdoms fall and rot  
Nor leave one vestige on the earth.  
But while on earth there breathes a man  
He'll hear of Hugh De Vaux's name,  
For no fiercer deeds since earth began  
Was wrought by one of human frame.

## XXIV.

Years have flown by on lightning wings,  
The boy to manhood came,  
And there he moves on yon rock below,  
Hunyadi is his name.  
The boy who doff'd his garments warm,  
And wrapped them round his sister's form,  
And lay down amidst the cold damp air,  
Nigh naked on his dismal lair,  
That little babe his only care.  
Though he could live until his years  
Should to a thousand run,  
A nobler deed he could not do  
Than what on the raft was done;  
Nobler sacrifice he could not make  
Though all the world he won.  
When we found him 'midst the clotted gore  
Near frightened unto death,  
And frozen 'midst the bitter frore,  
While scarce a rag his body bore,  
All taken save the shirt he wore,  
And closely laid that infant o'er,  
To shield her from the night-frost hoar,  
And breezes icy breath;  
Pierced to the core was every heart  
With love for that brave boy;  
You should have seen the tears of pity start,  
Tears of pity mix'd with joy;

From every weather beaten man—  
 And their sun-brown'd cheek's bewet  
 Who there the noble act did scan :  
 I will ne'er the scene forget.

## XXV.

Seventeen years have pass'd away  
 Since that sad time 'till now,  
 But stranger scene I never view'd,  
 And never shall, I trow.  
 And ne'er shall I forget the sight  
 While life my heart doth warm—  
 That at the mast-head stood that night  
 That ghastly phantom's form.  
 And never shall I cease to think  
 That God that boy designs—  
 For some great deed amongst mankind  
 That in the future shines.  
 His rescue was no work of chance,  
 'Twas God performed the whole ;  
 God bade the breezes blow that night  
 And led me to the goal.  
 That God made me His instrument,  
 To carry out this strange event,  
 Shall ever glad my soul.

## XXVI.

Here Harold paused, and Ellenore  
 Feigning a smile began.  
 I've heard just such tale before,  
 But say, was not this man  
 That you say was Hugh De Vaux  
 Who the raft with murder piled  
 Long accused of some other deed  
 Of murder grim and wild?  
 Ay, madam, Harold straight replied,

A bark once sail'd from Spain,  
With all the Lyolynns save one  
Who ne'er return'd again.  
Some ten months from the time they sail'd  
The bark was found at sea,  
Without a living soul on board,  
All were dead as dead could be;  
Nought but fleshless skeletons  
Which numbered twenty nine  
This gloomy floating coffin held  
When found upon the brine.  
Now it was known that thirty four  
Women and men had sail'd,  
What had become of the other five  
A mystery prevail'd.  
But 'twas long thought—that they had died,  
And in the sea been thrown,  
Nor was it 'till three years had past,  
The fearful truth was known.  
It chanced one time a murderer  
On the day that he was hung,  
To the jailor while in prison  
Unbridled thus his tongue.

## XXVII.

Don't think I to the gallows go  
For one sole murder done,  
For I've been a murderer  
Ever since my life begun.  
Once in a bark from Spain I shipped  
To England she was bound,  
But, but the port for which she sail'd  
I ween, she never found.  
Hugh De Vaux was captain of the bark—  
A seaman tried was he,

And I was steward for the voyage  
Across the bounding sea.  
On the third night from when we sail'd  
De Vaux thus spoke to me.  
Ribero, with greater wealth than this  
No ship was ever stored—  
And if you work a deed for me  
You shall have half the hoard.  
To-morrow when to lunch we go  
Just as the clock strikes ten,  
I'll tell all the Lyolynns  
And all their maids and men  
It is the anniversary  
Of the day that I was born,  
And bid them take a glass of wine  
To celebrate that morn.  
You know the wine that they like best,  
So take this package now—  
Mix its contents, a powder fine,  
And white as frost, I trow—  
Within a dozen flasks of wine.  
And when the time arrives—  
Fix it so we all together drink,  
The men and all their wives.  
And mine as usual will be  
A brimming horn of gin.  
So see none of the fell poison gets  
That kind of liquor in.  
I did as our captain bid,  
Upon the time he fix'd—  
I gave to all a glass of wine  
With that fell poison mix'd.  
And every cup at once was raised  
To quaff that captain's health  
They wished him length of days, all crown'd

With peace and joy and wealth.  
Each cup was drain'd, some fill'd again,  
But ere an hour past,  
All, all in horrid agonies  
Had foaming breathed their last.  
Yes, all within that bark lay dead  
Save Hugh De Vaux and I,  
And three more of the chosen men  
He had not doom'd to die.  
The golden hoard that was aboard  
The captain nobly shared  
He launched his gig and there he stored  
As much as king has heired.  
Now, hark, my men, the captain said,  
The best of friends must part,  
We must therefore do the same,  
I'll be the first to start.  
But one tale alike we all must tell  
So get your story perfect, well,  
And I will now the story frame;  
All swear the vessel caught on flame,  
And when wrapped in fiery glow  
The Lyolynns themselves did stow,  
And all the wealth that they could show  
Within a boat and off they went,  
Upon the watery element,  
And never more by us were seen.  
And this will be believed, I ween,  
And then we five left the burning float,  
Saved our lives within a boat.  
None otherwise on earth will know  
Save us five, who in weal or woe,  
This tale must tell where e'er we go,  
Just as I've told you, tell it so.  
Now Ribero, these two men here

Will go to help me row and steer.  
You, and that man I leave you there.  
Haste and get down another boat  
But ere you leave yon ghastly float  
The drifting coffin set on fire  
So flames may hide her cargo dire.  
He said, ropes from the bark were veered,  
Then o'er the flood they swiftly steered,  
And soon beyond our sight appeared,  
Nor have I seen them since, nor heard  
Of their fates a single word.  
Soon we from the bark retired,  
But by us she was not fired.  
We left her floating on the seas—  
To mercy of the waves and breeze.  
Ten days within a boat we twain,  
Went drifting o'er the boundless main,  
Midst calm and shine and hurricane,  
Burnt with suns, drenched with spray and  
rain,  
Then, then the shore of Spain we found,  
And landed here alive and sound.  
But all the hoard that we brought here  
Was spent and wasted ere a year;  
To burglary again we turned,  
Men we slew, houses robb'd and burned.  
A year ago my friend was caught and tried,  
Convicted and on the gallows died.  
I then robb'd a man, cleft his head,  
And laid his home in embers red.  
In this last action I was caught,  
And to this cursed dungeon brought.  
Then tried was I, and doom'd at last  
To follow where my comrade past.  
So let them hang me when they will,

I dread not all its pain and ill ;  
And happy as you find me here,  
You'll find me on the gallows there.  
I've hated man and hate him still,  
But of murder I have had my fill.

## XXVIII.

'T was by this fierce fiend in human mold  
The tidings of that bark were told.  
The fates, save for this fiend alone—  
Of Lyolynns had ne'er been known :  
For De Vaux and the other two,  
Ne'er more the sight of land did view,  
They roam'd the seas a month and more,  
Then were found by the Labrador.  
In horrid plight as e'er before  
Men were found 'midst the billows' roar ;  
The boat no sign of victuals bore,  
They'd eaten all their scanty store :  
And horrid hues their faces wore,  
From hunger keen and scurvy sore.  
And scarcely ere a week went round  
Died the two that with De Vaux were found ;  
And ere another week had pass'd,  
The Labrador in flames was cast,  
That reached from deck to topmost mast,  
Strown in ashes o'er the waters vast.  
By boats and raft the crew were saved,  
From flames that o'er her rushed and raved,  
But all who there the perils braved,  
Were lifeless midst the waters laved,  
Save Hunyadi, and only he,  
And 'twas him who told this all to me.

## XXIX.

While Harold told this sickening tale,  
From white to red, from red to pale—

Now white as foam, now red as gore,  
Alternate changed the face of Ellenore.  
One moment a lively hue it bore,  
The next a death-like pallor wore.  
And while he told his story grim,  
Not once she moved her eyes from him.  
Alas, she thought where e'er I range,  
Along this world of ceaseless change,  
Whether midst perils I've been thrown,  
Or pleasures been around me strown,  
Since first Omar De Vaux I've known  
Or since he claim'd me as his own.  
Of some grim deed like this I've heard,  
In which him or his kin have stirr'd.  
It seems I ne'er shall hear the last  
Of horrors terrible and ghastr,  
And murders horrible and vast,  
Through which he and his race have pass'd.  
And ever since his wife I've been,  
Nought, nought in him I've ever seen,  
But feelings dark and low and mean,  
And nought else I'll e'er see, I ween.  
Alas, alas! how oft for him,  
Have I been forced to lie and nim,  
And forced when e'er he's ta'en the whim—  
To aid him work some action grim.  
It makes my blood grow cold in every limb,  
And makes my senses reel and swim,  
Makes this poor vision dull and dim,  
As though huge tears did o'er it brim,  
When e'er amidst the gloomy past  
Memories their wanderings cast,  
And spectre-like as from the tomb  
All the past scenes around me loom;  
Alas, alas! in grim review,

All, all past deeds rise up anew !  
In awful retrospect they roll  
Through all the senses of my soul !  
How oft upon my bended knee,  
On land as well as flowing sea,  
At eve and morn I've prayed to God,  
To turn him from the path he trod.  
To make religion light his soul,  
And burst the devil's fierce control—  
That's ever swayed his heart and mind,  
And kept him to the base inclined.  
Oft when he plann'd some action dread,  
My thoughts to God that instant sped,  
And long in secret I have prayed—  
My husband from the deed be swayed.  
At midnight, while at my side he slept,  
Oft I have o'er him prayed and wept,  
Lean'd o'er the still slumbering breast,  
Of him, who all my love possess'd ;  
Whose very shadow that he threw,  
I loved with passion wild and true,  
Beyond all else on earth I knew,  
Except the form from whence it grew.  
Him who I ever loved and bless'd ;  
Him who had ruin'd all my rest ;  
Had crushed my brightest hopes to earth,  
And wrapt my soul in gloom and dearth ;  
Him who had taught mine eyes to weep  
Their scalding tears while he could sleep ;  
While I watched my slumbering lord,  
Whom I far more than God adored,  
I've wept and prayed, and prayed and wept  
Craved that he from every ill be kept,  
That God would turn his steps aright,  
And fill his soul with holy light,

But tears and prayers have all been vain,  
Although I poured them forth like rain,  
It's seem'd that God in mute disdain  
Has ever hurl'd them back again,  
As doth the rock the raging main  
Whose waters there no hold retain.

## XXX.

Because this seaman sang last night,  
(As any other mortal might)  
A legend of the days of yore,  
That's known on every sea and shore,  
"Cause the name of Lyolynn was there,  
His souls been fill'd with hate and fear  
For this poor sun-brown'd seaman here,  
Who little dreams to me 'tis clear,  
He aught of hate or anguish stirr'd  
In those who there the legend heard.  
And Omar sends me here to see  
His grounds of fear well founded be,  
Whether this seaman knows at all  
On what he plans his rise or fall.  
But I can judge, and judge aright,  
This man has not the least insight—  
To any thing that he has plann'd,  
Of cheating heirs of wealth and land,  
Nor does he dream at his right hand—  
The heir of Lyolynn doth stand.  
Nor does he dream to me 'tis clear—  
That Hugh De Vaux's brother 's here.  
Nor doth he dream that Roger Lea,  
Doth dead Ribero's father be.  
And though he did as clear as day,  
I, I would not the news convey  
To Omar, nor to Roger Lea,

For all the wealth in yonder sea.  
Omar must cease his deeds of crime,  
Or lose me through all coming time.  
I'll not aid him now, nor ever more—  
To rob, nor shed one drop of gore;  
For if he follows on his path  
He'll be o'er taken with God's wrath;  
This seaman's murder he has plann'd,  
And deems I'll aid him heart and hand,  
But from crime he must wrench his heart.  
Or he and I for ever part.  
He'll find that those who love him true,  
Can learn to loathe and hate him too,  
Though they should ever mourn and rue  
The time they from his friendship drew.  
One word from me but noised abroad  
Would give him to the hangman's cord.  
But this shall never be, though fate  
Should turn my love to deadly hate.  
No, no in me he'll ever find  
A heart to all his failing kind,  
And were they thousand fold more vast,  
I would adore him to the last;  
And let him lead me all astray  
Though grimmest hell were on the way.

## XXXI.

Oh! oh, that in some humble glen,  
Far from abodes of sinful men,  
A shepherd he'd been born and rear'd,  
And I his humble lot had shared.  
His cot however small, I ween  
To me a paradise had been:  
Content with him however poor,  
I would have toil'd o'er dale and moor,

And craved no greater bliss on earth,  
 Than to have shared his woes and mirth,  
 Yes, through all his peril, woe or pain,  
 Though poured in never ending train,  
 I had aye his comforter remaind,  
 And king he, o'er my heart had reign'd,  
 Nor ought my growing love restraind,  
 Nor for me his love had ever waned.  
 Yea, howe'er poor his lot in life—  
 I had contented been his wife.  
 Oh, God, look kindly from above!  
 I love, and who is he I love?  
 A murderer, a thief, a man,  
 As fell as e'er since earth began—  
 Has ever from the gallows swung,  
 Or ever fill'd the grave unhung!  
 And yet I love him, yes, I do,  
 With love as warm and pure and true  
 As ever glow'd in human breast,  
 And fill'd it with a grand unrest.

## XXXII.

Thank God ere on yon ship we came  
 He to John Snowden changed his name,  
 And here upon these headlands lone,  
 He by no other name is known,  
 Save to Bayard, me and Roger Lea,  
 Who his proved friends and partners be,  
 And who be ever at his beck,  
 To rush to fortune or to wreck.  
 And should e'er Lea, De Vaux undo,  
 'Twould send him to the gallows too.  
 In murder, burglary and crime,  
 The twain have ever spent their time,  
 Thus their whole lives have been employed

But it was Lea who first decoyed  
My Omar on the road to crime,  
Ere he had grown to boyhood's prime.  
Yes, Lea all crimes to him had taught  
Ere Omar was to boyhood brought :  
Together crime on crime they wrought,  
For only after these they sought.  
Now one by other must be buoy'd,  
Or both are ruin'd and destroy'd.  
If e'er the laws should one undo,  
Shortly the other'll follow too.  
E'en this poor girl now standing there,  
Whom Lea says is of broad land the heir,  
Should hear but once De Vaux's name—  
Would blanch in horror at the same.  
Little she dreams her death is plann'd—  
Already parcelled is her land—  
To Omar and to Roger Lea,  
And the Mosmans, but who these be—  
What their race, title or degree,  
They keep a mystery to me.  
And this secrecy, I like it not,  
I used to be in every plot,  
In every scheme that e'er was plann'd,  
I always had an equal hand,  
But now to my chagrin, surprise  
They keep a something in disguise,  
And I cannot in the least devise,  
Why aught is hidden from mine eyes.  
But let them scheme and plot and plan,  
And secret keep it if they can,  
I'll only closer watch each man,  
And keener all their deeds will scan.  
Though their wild schemes in bulk should  
stand—

Huge as the mountains of the land,  
I, yet as through the clearest glass,  
And free as winds that stir the grass,  
Penetrate and see through all the mass,  
Though cased all o'er with folds of brass.  
And never shall it come to pass—  
That this poor child now standing here,  
Shall fall in any trap nor snare—  
That either of those fiends prepare.  
I'll make this orphan my sole care.  
And if 'tis true to wealth she's heir,  
As I have heard old Lea declare,  
If I chance now to be her friend,  
If e'er 'neath want and woe I bend,  
She to me helping hand will lend,  
To all my sorrows, needs, attend.  
This rosy maiden I shall woo,  
And I'll teach her to love me too.  
For as adown this world we range—  
Men grow fickle, false, often change,  
And Omar has of late been strange.  
He wriggled like a dog with mange—  
When Roger spoke of Mosman's grange!  
A week ago just yesternight,  
I saw his cheeks turn'd deathly white  
And tremor pass through all his frame,  
When Roger named some maiden's name,  
Who did within that grange reside  
Who was shortly to become a bride.  
Some lovely maiden rich and young;  
But, said old Roger in a tongue,  
They thought I did not understand,  
She is yours my boy both heart and hand,  
She told me but a month ago  
She'd love you through all weal and woe.

And though forced against her mind  
By parents selfish, harsh, unkind,  
To wed with one she could not love  
Omar should be prized him far above.  
At this he grasped old Roger's hand,  
And whispered words in accent bland,  
But his speech I did not understand,  
'Twas in the tongue of some strange land.  
But still to him my loves remain  
Bound with an adamant chain,  
If Omar dare to break its link,  
I care not if we swim or sink.  
If Omar's love doth stronger be  
For some other one than for me,  
The fearful truth I fain would know,  
Although I died beneath the blow.

## XXXIII.

Through Ellenore these feelings ran,  
Whilest listening to that brawny man,  
And when the cloak he round her threw,  
Unto Ianthe close she drew—  
And also wrapped the child-like form—  
With hers within the garment warm :  
For chilly was the morning air,  
That lay around those headlands there.  
The child's face she kiss'd again, again,  
When theseaman ceased his mournful strain.  
Awhile they stood without a word,  
Not e'en a whisper 'mongst them stirr'd,  
For on the sea all eyes were cast,  
To watch amidst its waters vast—  
That sail which they had seen before,  
Still drawing closer to the shore.  
It chanced the silence soon was broke,

And it was Ellenore who spoke,  
Her voice was soft and sweet and clear,  
As though 'twas angel speaking there.  
From theme to theme she lightly pass'd,  
While in his speech the seaman cast,  
And oft the heir of Lyolynn  
Would now and then a word put in.  
They talked as though they three had been  
Old tried friends for many a year,  
Who had not for months each other seen—  
Which made their meeting doubly dear.

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## PART III.

## I.

By this the sun had mounted high,  
And clothed with light the sea and sky;  
The red glow the horizon bore—  
Had gone like things that are no more,  
A sober light all nature wore,  
The sea, the sky and barren shore.  
And the chill morning's rising breeze  
Rippled afar the boundless seas.  
Marked o'er with streaks of snowy foam,  
Stretched the dread leviathan's home,  
Whose solemn never ending voice,  
Seem'd with its monsters to rejoice,  
For, far and wide all o'er its face,  
Grim mighty monsters they could trace,  
That in air at times their forms disclose.  
Then swiftly plunge to whence they rose,  
Those seas whose never ending face,  
Seem'd the whole heavens to embrace,  
And laugh as there it view'd its race—  
Upon the emptiness of space.  
Those seas across whose boundless clime  
There rests no wear of fleeting time,  
Nor marks of age, nor grim decay,  
As in all else 'neath nature's sway;  
Those seas which aye in calm or storm  
How e'er they stretch their awful form,

Fill the beholder's soul with awe,  
If it is ruled by nature's law,  
And he believes there is a God,  
Omnipotent, beneath whose nod—  
Or in whose all conceiving mind,  
The universe was all designed  
Or working of whose plastic hand—  
This world was fashion'd made and plann'd,  
And all those starry worlds around—  
That through all endless space abound,  
Who made yon sun and its bright beam  
That makes this world with vintage teem.  
Gave to it the solvent power  
To raise mists and bring the shower,  
Scatter life to grass and flower,  
Which trees with seeming joy devour.  
I say, to one of human race,  
In whose soul such belief has place,  
Who as he looks o'er nature's face,  
Can everywhere its maker trace.  
Not think as he views the vast expanse,  
That every thing has sprung from chance.  
Let him go gaze on ocean's breast,  
In its bright calm or wild unrest,  
He'll trace upon its awful brow  
The workings of a God, I trow.  
See everywhere his eye shall rest,  
The majesty of God express'd.  
See it written there in letters grand  
That God it fashioned, made and plann'd,  
And he who can the scene behold,  
Think from the hands of chance it roll'd,  
What form'd him ere it reached its mold,  
Must have become diseased and cold.  
If such a one there really be,

In human guise on land or sea,  
Or 'neath yon bright o'er arching sky—  
Amongst us mortals born to die.  
I would that such a one were here,  
And I his gloomy soul could cheer,  
Dispell the clouds that wrap his mind,  
And keep him to his Maker blind;  
Pour in a ray of glowing light,  
Where all was idiotic night:  
The work of God I'd make him trace  
O'er all yon ocean's boundless face;

## II.

Thus to himself Hunyadi thought,  
As his vision the glories caught,  
That morn to sky and ocean brought,  
And all the world with splendor fraught;  
Scenes that were there before him wrought,  
Show'd him plainer God than language  
taught.

He watched 'till he saw the splendors fade,  
One by one in paler light arrayed,  
For sublimer scene he ne'er surveyed—  
Than what that glowing morning made.  
Nor from his reverie he woke—  
'Till Omar close beside him spoke;  
'Twas to Roger Lea, Omar spake,  
Of him no heed they seem'd to take,  
In fact a rock rose up between,  
Perhaps by them he was not seen.  
And even if they had him spied,  
Or he been standing at her side,  
I doubt if they had stayed their speech.  
For that bard was deem'd by all and each—  
Who in that fated vessel sail'd,

To be a man whose senses fail'd—  
To heed what ever round him pass'd,  
Who ever in a dream seem'd cast.  
Who to all things on earth was lost,  
Save dreams in which he aye was toss'd.  
But Omar deem'd the bard as one—  
Whose wit and senses all were gone;  
Considered him a worthless oaf,  
Who knew nought but to drink and loaf,  
With brain as dull and little good  
As yet in human skull e'er stood.  
As void of wit as block of wood,  
Or any woman's greasy hood,  
A fool all void of common sense,  
In whom there was not the least pretense  
To aught of politeness nor offense;  
In whom he could no wish divine,  
But to be ever drunk with wine.  
Little he dream'd that sleepy bard,  
Was ever on his watch and guard,  
To catch each syllable that fell  
From his own lips and Lea's as well;  
Knew of their past deeds foul as hell,  
And all about their lives could tell;  
Had watched their every sign and beck,  
Long ere yon vessel went to wreck.  
And only waited for the time,  
To crush them with their acts of crime.  
See them to utter ruin hurl'd,  
Their beings rooted from the world.  
Yes, he whose keen poetic eye—  
And feeling pure, sublime and high,  
That soar'd far such mankind above,  
Their trails of musing, hate and love,  
Who could for hours sit and gaze,

Upon the morning's faintest rays ;  
The brightest or the palest tints,  
Aurora o'er the heavens prints.  
Or view the smallest thing that breathed,  
That ever yet with life was wreathed,  
Or yet the mind of God conceived,  
And that God made it so believed :  
And as its structure he explored,  
Yea, every atom in it stored,  
Saw there the work of that high lord—  
Whom his soul worshiped and adored.  
Yes, he who could the seas explore,  
Midst brightest calm or wildest roar,  
And see where e'er his eye could rest  
The majesty of God confest ;  
Yea, view all nature's meanest, best,  
With adoration in his breast.  
Who could the tide of song send forth,  
Strong as the tempest of the north,  
Freight it with love and passions warm,  
Keen as the lightning of the storm,  
With sublime figures make it swarm,  
All perfect limned from nature's form :  
Could also listen to the speech,  
When e'er it came within his reach  
Of men like these, and unto each  
A lasting, awful lesson teach,  
When came his chances to impeach.  
And all their schemes to atoms dash,  
Make quail like hounds beneath the lash,  
Or like writhing adders when they feel  
The stalwart plowman's crushing heel.  
But all unmindful lest he hear,  
Soon fell their words upon his ear.  
Among the stercopses round them strown,

That waves upon the rocks had thrown,  
Seeking for those that they had known,  
To the bard's eye the twain were shown.  
For when the tide was very low,  
As such the morning chanced to show,  
And ocean lay as still as death,  
Not ruffled by the tempest's breath,  
Along that headland's rocky base,  
With boulders scattered o'er its face  
Was seen a broad and level space,  
Where corpse could find a resting place,  
O'er whose surface, when the tides are high,  
Near fathom deep of waters lie.  
Here with a boulder just between,  
Which form'd so dense and high a screen,  
He could not by those twain be seen,  
Still as if he a corpse had been,  
Or as if he sound sleeping were,  
Amongst those bloated corpses there,  
With ear intent and eye awake,  
He caught these words as Omar spake.  
He just an old man's corpse had found,  
For which they had searched those rocks  
around,  
It was the lord of Lyolynn,  
The last of all his race and kin,  
And whose death straight John Lockhart  
reared,  
Sole heir to land that he had heired.  
But who too, now was also cast,  
Amongst those corpses grim and ghast,  
Which left Ianthe, his sole child  
Heir to those broad lands with castles piled.  
When Omar the dead body found,  
Its face was resting on the ground.

Swift with his foot the corpse he spurned,  
And on its back the body turned.  
With foot still on old Lyolynn,  
Thus spake he with a savage grin.

## III.

By heavens, Roger I have cast  
Mine eyes upon the goal at last,  
Sure enough I've found him now,  
Come, look upon his lifeless brow,  
He'll no more search for us, I vow,  
Nor offer huge rewards, I trow—  
For the arrest of you and I,  
Because we lit the midnight sky  
With his old castle by the shore  
And robb'd it of its golden store.  
In faith he was a surly boor,  
As ever moved on dale and moor,  
With scarce the wit if he'd been poor,  
To find the way to alms-house door.  
I'll give him now a kick or two,  
For what he's done to me and you;  
I wish in life we had been thrown  
Together in some valley lone,  
I would have mashed him every bone,  
And left him lifeless as a stone.  
Damn him, I loathed him while he lived,  
And would his shredded form have sieved  
Through meshes fine enough for flour,  
If we had been alone an hour:  
And I hate him now he's dead,  
And ever from my pathway sped;  
I gladly on his carcass tread,  
And kick him on the face and head  
'Tis a good thing for me and you,

That neither one of us he knew,  
Except by name and noted fame,  
Or else when on yon ship we came—  
He might have had us fix'd amain  
With ball and lock and clanking chain,  
And put us to no little pain—  
To have freed ourselves again.  
Death is a noble thing indeed,  
When by him we see we are freed  
Of those who did not love us well,  
And would have sent us to a cell,  
Or made us risk both life and limb—  
Upon the gallows tall and grim.  
Oh, I ne'er thought that I should live—  
To deal such kicks as now I give!  
To kick him, I cannot refrain,  
I feel life kicking out his brain,  
Like kicking him again, again,  
And only wish I gave him pain.  
As Omar speaks, he kicks the head—  
And all the body of the dead.  
Drives on the pale still brow his heel,  
That brow that stirs not, cannot feel.  
Treads on the lifeless form and limb,  
Of one who never injured him.  
One whose castle he had robb'd and burn'd,  
Yea, to a pile of ashes turn'd,  
But who had forgiven long ago—  
This action of his unknown foe.  
For never words had passed between  
Lyolynn and this brute obscene,  
Who such fell hate to him had shown,  
To Lyolynn 'twas never known;  
And though the law had sought him long  
Whose hand had done the grievous wrong,

The felou it had captured not,  
And Lyolynn the wrong forgot.  
But still with heart as hard as steel,  
Upon the brow that cannot feel,  
Fell Omar drove his iron heel,  
While thus he did his thought reveal.

## IV.

Roger, now that this man is dead,  
And Lockhart his existence shed,  
The next chief heir that now remains,  
To what to Lyolynn pertains,—  
Is Ianthe Lockhart, the child  
We have here with us on the wild.  
Imagine, what an easy thing 'twould be  
To hurl her lifeless in this sea.  
In fact three or four times of late  
I've felt like making her that fate.  
For if she were dead, you must know  
No others in the world could show  
The faintest shadow of a claim  
Like could my kin George Mosman frame,  
Yes, yes, if she were dead, I ween.  
There would not be an heir between,  
And George could straight his right make  
plain—  
To all the Lyolynn domain.  
Here on his speech old Lea broke in,  
Omar, although you be his kin,  
As true as fish e'er had a fin,  
Or Saturn urges man to sin,  
It would to you not profit win,  
If George should heir all Lyolynn.  
No not a dime to you he'd give,  
So better let yon infant live.

I know too well your kinsman George,  
He can lie, sneak, cheat, steal and forge,  
Better, I ween, than you or I,  
Who're in that business schooled so high !  
I'd sooner trust an open sieve,  
To hold drink on which I had to live,  
Yea, more reliance to it give—  
Than think he a single dime would share  
With you, though it was proven clear  
He did through you those castles heir :  
And he knew it 'twas by your hand—  
He heir became unto the land.  
Yes, and if his power and might  
Was carried to so grand a height,  
I tell you true as white is white—  
He'd not have you in his sight.  
And if you much about him clung—  
He'd have you either jailed or hung.  
A harder heart and harsher soul  
No human form did e'er control,  
If you on gallows found your goal,  
You need not e'er your heart cajole,  
He'd in the least with you condole,  
To save you, not a straw he'd roll,  
Nor dime to your relief he'd troll,  
No man living from pole to pole—  
That ever ate, or quaff'd from bowl  
Would hang you with a look more droll.  
Far better make that child a friend,  
And teach her how to give and lend ;  
Tree will grow as the twig we bend,  
And only will the arrow wend—  
Upon the course the bow doth send.  
If we to her little wants attend—  
And ever treat her mild and kind,

We shall win her heart, soul and mind.  
In her, I promise, we shall find—  
One to our wishes aye inclined—  
Let our actions be unto the child  
Ever the mildest of the mild.  
Sweets have hundred fold the power  
Flies to catch, than what is sour.  
Let us to her through ease or toil,  
Be sweet as honey, soft as oil,  
And never e'er her anger roil,  
But win her love and win her spoil,  
Yea, let's make the child our friend,  
And teach her how to give and lend,  
Now Omar to my words attend,  
They'll be the wisest in the end.

## v.

You told me, Omar quick replied,  
When last you did with George abide,  
He ever spoke right kind of me,  
And would all glad his kinsman see.  
And that my Alice swore to you—  
Her love for me should aye be true,  
And though by parents' harsh decree—  
She was aye severed wide from me,  
And though she should another wed,  
Her first, last love she ne'er would shed.  
And bitterly to you complain'd—  
How her stern parent me disdain'd.  
Though to another she be bound  
With links as strong as e'er were found  
In any anchor's clanking chain,  
Her heart will still with me remain.  
That she would sooner be my bride  
Than own the whole creation wide?

Now Lea, no matter what betide,  
The facts you must not from me hide,  
Give me the truth, I will not chide,  
Spake you the truth, or have you lied?  
The while he spake his eagle eye  
Did full upon old Roger lie :  
But in the man's clean shaven face,  
Not least emotion could he trace ;  
His thin pale lips were tightly closed—  
Calm o'er his toothless mouth reposed.  
The same pale hue his visage wore—  
That through all weal or woe it bore.  
And in his eye that Omar's met,  
Full there its gaze unceasing set,  
There lurked no sign of hate nor love,  
Like his huge hoary brows above  
Whose growth his forehead all absorbs,  
Whose shagging folds half hid his orbs,  
His eyes were just as void of fire,  
Of fear or hope or yet of ire.  
O'er Omar's face the bushy hair—  
So luxuriant flourished there,  
So thick it lay o'er cheeks and lips  
And did all trace of mouth eclipse,  
It all obscured from Roger's stare  
A visage rigid with despair.  
But on the tip of his huge nose  
Where aye a florid color rose  
A death-like pallor there disclosed  
As though 'twas snow-ball there reposed.  
His sable beard that round it grew  
Gave it perhaps this milk-white hue.  
But in his eyes that flashed and glowed,  
And black as brows that o'er them flowed,  
And swelling of his bosom bare,

It only wore a growth of hair,  
Old Roger's sluggish eyes could scan—  
The secret feelings of the man.  
And putting on a smile most grim,  
He quickly thus replied to him.

## VI.

A war-horse must not chafe nor fret,  
Nor in the least excitement get—  
If he would bear his rider through  
And let him win the glory due ;  
He must not prance at sound of fife  
That only tells of coming strife,  
But all unheeding let it bray,  
And save his vigor for the fray :  
When meet the host in grim array,  
And round him flies the bloody spray,  
When swords and bullets round him play,  
And dust to midnight turns the day,  
And wild and horrid grows his way,  
When all around is wild dismay,  
Then let him forth his vigor lay,  
No need to hold it then at bay.  
Then is the proper place and time  
To show his powers all sublime.  
And Omar, I'm the battle-steed  
That bears you to each gallant deed.  
And never will I chafe and fret—  
'Till hosts have in the battle met.  
And when the proper time comes round  
You'll find my mind and muscle sound,  
You'll see, I always have the vim,  
To carry out what e'er I whim ;  
Nor am I driven from my stance  
No matter how the foes advance.

You'll see, that I can ply my glave,  
As well as any mortal knave,  
Or yet, the bravest of the brave.  
What I told you, yea, every word,  
Is what I saw, and what I heard.  
But leave your business all to me,  
And I will make the Mosmans see,  
You're the fittest man that they can find  
In wedlock with that maid to bind.  
I told them so when I was there.  
And of this fact they're all aware.  
But for a while your feelings tame,  
And wait 'till you shall see your flame.  
Enough of this my boy 'till then :  
In the meanwhile let's act like men :  
Just always do as I propose,  
With us it has gone well 'till now,  
And so you'll find at the close—  
By all the deathless saints, I vow.  
But we came here to see if there  
Where any papers to be found,  
And not to talk of maidens fair,  
Like youths whose minds are hardly sound.  
Instead of kicking this old lout,  
Waste no more time but search his clothes,  
Turn all his pockets inside out,  
In them some prizes may repose.  
An easy task to do it now,  
He'd scarcely let us if alive,  
For when he got mix'd in a row,  
He could like the very devil strive.  
'Twas once upon a time, and I  
Remember very well the day,  
I saw nine of my comrades fly  
All knocked and bruised by him in fray

'Twas thus it happened ; in those days  
I used to preach the gospel truths,  
In market-houses and high-ways,—  
To women and to idle youths,  
In fact to all both great and small  
I forth my views of gospel flung ;  
I had a fluent flow of tongue,  
And often round vast crowds were found,  
Of rich and poor both old and young,  
I had a dozen men and more,  
Who could pick pockets o'er and o'er,  
And never let their victim feel—  
The hand that did their wallets steal.  
Men very skillful in this way,  
They always robb'd while I did pray,  
And always when I'd sung three psalms  
I'd beg the crowd around for alms,  
Then swift their purses forth they drew,  
And unto me some trifle threw :  
E'en little boys to me would foin,  
Their precious mites of shining coin.  
Then watched my men with eyes intent—  
In which pockets back the purses went,  
They always took a keen survey,  
And knew just where the purses lay.  
After this was done, I'd shout and sing,  
And forth my gospel theories fling,  
Unto my lips the foam I'd bring,  
And up and down I'd fall and spring,  
And while these crowds around me stood—  
To hear my theories sound and good—  
Gaping at me with looks aghast,  
My men their clothes were searching fast,  
If they had aught away it pass'd,  
And soon amidst my hoard was cast.

Well this old gentleman one day,  
Stood listening to me preach and pray,  
And I think, Moses was my text,  
How he got with the people vext,  
And dashed his rod against a rock,  
And straight for all his thirsty flock  
The waters gushed beneath the shock,  
Yea, did their hidden springs unlock.  
It happened this old mortal then,  
Began with me to shout, amen.  
And scarcely had it cleared his throat,  
Ere from the pocket of his coat  
His wallet had been plucked away,  
It chanced he did the act survey,  
And felt the hand about him stray,  
And straight his mighty anger rose,  
And he began to deal his blows;  
Swift off he threw his coat and hat,  
And knocked nine of my colleagues flat.  
Down from my pulpit swift I ran,  
And begg'd his mercy for each man.  
I being man of gospel truths,  
For me he spared the erring youths.  
He made me go with him that day—  
A game or two at quoits to play;  
But he could hurl the largest coit—  
Further than I could cast a doit.  
And each throw ring the hub adroit,  
But ere had past that merry day,  
I drank him drunk, stole his purse away.  
I fled his neighbourhood that night,  
A decade of years had ta'en their flight  
Ere I again came in his sight,  
But me he had forgotten quite.

## VII.

While thus they spoke, they searched the  
dead,  
Turn'd all his clothes from heel to head,  
On the gray corpse they found some coin,  
Which they did with a laugh purloin,  
As Omar 'gan the spoil disjoin  
Lea thus commenced to frown and groin.  
If thus grudgingly my share you dole,  
You had better take and keep the whole.  
Two thirds at least should be my share,  
Give me this, then will we be square,  
For if you remember aright,  
I did not get a single mite—  
Out of the pile that Bayard stole  
From our captain on the night,  
Before yon vessel found its goal.  
Poor devil he seem'd to take it hard,  
Grieved o'er the loss both day and night,  
His eyes grew red as any sard  
When held between you and the light.  
He brought me into his saloon,  
Dealt me some purest juice of grape,  
We drank, he fell to weeping soon,  
Like some young widow wrapt in crape  
Who just had lost her darling mate,  
Left in the world without a dime ;  
I watched him weep and heard his prate,  
But felt like laughing all the time.  
Nigh every one that was on board  
Except your august self and me,  
He thought had robb'd him of his hoard ;  
But said he, I do swear friend Lea,  
Long ere we quit the open sea,  
There must a thorough searching be ;

I swear I will not lose it so—  
Though I make all aboard my foe.  
Captain, I said with ready wit,  
I know just where the nail to hit,  
Captain if I aright divine,  
The scamp that caused this loss of thine  
To find will not be very hard,  
For I believe it is the bard.  
Just at these words he grasped my wrist,  
And on the table thumped his fist.  
You're right my friend, I'll have him  
searched,  
If it be proven on the bard,  
Three whole long days shall he be pearched  
For mark of scorn on topmost yard,  
But much more prate of this same kind  
Between me and the captain pass'd,  
When I left his saloon, his mind  
Far less with grief was over cast.  
One bent had all my talk with him,  
That was, to keep him in the dark;  
Though you never, you rascal trim,  
Did of the deed to me remark,  
I knew full well soon as I heard—  
The captain had been largely robb'd,  
'Twas you or Bayard it had stirr'd,  
And for you both my bosom throbb'd.  
You need not blush, come tell me now,  
No use the truth from me to hide,  
His wallet was well fill'd, I trow,  
Or else to me has Bayard lied.

## VIII.

'Twas pretty good, Omar replied,  
But nothing extra after all,

The night that old Peddler died,  
Did greater spoil to us befall.  
Him we killed 'gainst the tower's quoin,  
A year ago last Christmas eve,  
Yes, he had far more notes and coin,  
You need not laugh, I don't deceive;  
And that from you I would purloin,  
You need not now, nor e'er believe.  
I meant that spoil with you to share,  
But have not had a chance as yet,  
I would with you divide it here,  
For you square half of it shall get,  
But I left it all with Ellenore,  
'Tis safely mongst her garments sewn,—  
Soon as we leave this barren shore,  
Then you one half of it shall own.  
But what we on this corpse have found,  
You shall be welcome to it all,  
For if we search these bodies round  
Far greater spoil to us will fall.

## IX.

He said and into Roger's hold  
Were poured the coins of shining gold ;  
The old man's wrinkled face the while  
Show'd neither trace of frown nor smile.  
But, all so tightly did he grasp,  
The coin within his bony clasp,  
So long he held it, and so fast  
His fingers round the spoil were cast,  
The old man's griping, bony clasp  
Grew rigid as an iron hasp ;  
When to his pocket he conveyed  
The hand in which the specie laid,  
He could not then unclasp his hold,

His hand seem'd palsied, dead and cold,  
Nor till Omar long had chafed the hand,  
Would it ope nor shut to Lea's command.

## X.

Who's this old man that here we find?  
This abject wretch of human kind?  
So mean of soul, so base in mind,  
To every virtue lost and blind?  
And though full four score years and ten,  
Is more active than far younger men?  
Full five and fifty years ago,  
A certain city then could show,  
A youthful lawyer of renown,  
Nor lawyer ever won a crown  
Of higher nor of grander fame,  
The rich, the poor, the halt, the lame,  
The ruffians with the burly frame,  
Whom no stern laws could quell nor tame  
Nor for their grim marauding shame  
All, all his clients straight became.  
And never for their weal and good,  
A wiser on the forum stood :  
No matter how forlorn their cause,  
He always cleared them of the laws.  
By trickery, magical, sublime,  
And wit that was his at all time,  
No matter what his client's crime—  
He made them innocent appear,  
And of the law he brought them clear.  
Though they had robb'd, or blood had spilt  
He always proved them void of guilt.  
All witnesses against his side,  
He so strange with cross-questions plied,  
So their memories racked and tried,

And scattered so their senses wide,  
And what they said so oft denied,  
Both judge and jury thought they lied.  
All languages that e'er were known  
He spake as fluent as his own.  
And readily could plead the case  
Of any creed or hue or race.  
In civil suits well as those of crime,  
He was successful at all time.  
If maiden thought herself agrieved,  
And by some fickle youth deceived,  
Though him she only once had seen,  
And scarcely word had passed between,  
To William Stewart straight she came,  
For Lea had there assumed that name,  
And her case by him was ably wrought,  
And suit for breach of promise brought.  
And ere the case to trial went  
To marry was the youth content.  
Or else he won her ample hoard,  
Did well her slighted love reward,  
Made him who proffered love disdain'd,  
Pay well for pangs her heart sustained.  
And if some sly old tricky crone,  
Who vainly on some wealthy drone,  
Had her bewithing glances thrown,  
Whose hoards she sought to make her own;  
To William Stewart she applied,  
And soon her case by him was tried.  
He won her wealth what e'er befell,  
And though defendants pleaded well.

## XI.

Around his office on the wall,  
Were seen where e'er the eye may fall

Maxims like these firm posted there,  
Written in letters bold and clear.  
Remember, truth is a gem of light,  
That gives the weakest power and might,  
So stick to it both day and night ;  
Don't covet other's wealth nor fame ;  
Respect the old and halt and lame ;  
Be aye content with what you own ;  
Ne'er 'gainst another cast a stone ;  
Live so that through all coming time  
Your name shall be exempt from crime,  
And be to every race and clime—  
A light on virtue's cliffs sublime :  
And men your character will take  
As an example for glory's sake.  
Speaking harsh words I deem a crime,  
They are like hail in summer time,  
That crushing fall on plant and flower,  
Making wounds no shine nor shower—  
Can ever wholly heal again,  
So ever from harsh words refrain.  
Kind words will quell the fiercest wrath,  
And lead the lost to virtue's path.  
One drop of oil in anger's hour  
Is worth whole hogsheads of what's sour.  
Lawyers should be like knights of old,  
Champions courteous, brave and bold,  
And ready aye themselves should hold—  
To shield the weak, the halt and old.  
Be ready aye in armor drest  
Day and night to place their spears in rest,  
And do their noblest and their best—  
For those who wrongly are oppress'd.  
Virtue's the only road to God,  
So let no other path be trod ;

Deal ever so with foe and friend,  
That both shall love you in the end;  
Do to mankind where e'er thou be,  
As thou wouldst have them do to thee:  
Keep thy soul pure, thy conscience clear,  
So if men could it see and hear,  
They nothing there could hear nor scan  
That thou wouldst blush 'twas known to  
man.

Pity the needy and the poor,  
Nor turn them hungry from your door.  
In secret be your God adored,  
Nor wear your phylacteries too broad;  
Ne'er seek a strife by day or night,  
But when in bravely show thy might;  
Nor ever dream of fear nor flight,  
Press on and nobly win the fight.  
Clear conscience makes us strong of limb;  
Fear and love God — and only Him.

## XII.

These I've cull'd at random from his wall,  
'Twould take a huge book to hold them all.  
It seem'd he all his maxims kept,  
Ne'er from their sphere of meaning stept.  
For all who ever dealt with him—  
Declared he was a christian trim.  
Ne'er was he known to do a wrong  
To any of the human throng,  
Nor keep what to client did belong.  
In church he ever took his place—  
Devotion limned upon his face,  
Their preacher who was old and stout,  
And suffered very much with gout;  
When he could not from bed get out,

Stewart would straight the pulpit tread—  
And preach salvation in his stead,  
And those who heard him preach declared,  
His sermons better far appeared—  
And to sublimer doctrines reached—  
Than those their good old pastor preached ;  
His sentences far higher pitched,  
Together better grooved and nighed.  
A pure, deep pathos in his voice,  
That made the listener's soul rejoice.  
That made all his words sublimely roll  
Deep through the chambers of the soul.

## XIII.

In that city ten years he dwelt,  
And every one who with him had dealt  
For him a lasting friendship felt ;  
The confidence of all he won,  
Both father, mother, daughter, son.  
All the wealthy and the poor,  
Gladly hail him at their door,  
Bade him with a fervent zest—  
Enter there a welcome guest.

## XIV.

Posts of honor, wealth and power,  
Fast his friends on him did shower,,  
Vast wealth was poured to him amain,  
It flowed in never ending train,  
Thousands on him their moneys press'd,  
For him to barter and invest,  
Just as his judgment deem'd it best,  
And there they left their moneys rest.  
Then vast estates he bought and sold,  
Made new the deeds of castles old ;  
Lands he bought cheap and mortgaged high;

Was ever on the sell and buy,  
With all who would thus their fortune try.  
A hundred miles or more away  
From his adopted city lay—  
A mighty tract of reedy bog  
Which most all time was wrapt in fog.  
Though high the winds and bright the day,  
The mists would some where o'er it lay.  
This he bought, had it all surveyed,  
But knowledge of the price he paid  
Never to any one was told,  
Save to him and those who had sold—  
The real figures in the dark were kept  
And never from their hiding leapt.  
But shortly it was noised around,,  
The bog did rich with ores abound  
Not often in the county found,  
And Stewart had his fortune crown'd—  
Amass'd it unto millions grand  
By buying up that boggy land.  
But the vast treasures of that ground,  
Have never to this day been found.  
And nought there will be found, I ween,  
Save reeds, and waters stagnant, green.  
Soon on this mighty tract of fen—  
Vast mortgages did Stewart pen,  
And these his friends by thousands bought,  
All wildly for his bonds they sought,  
For all firm faith in him had cast,  
And it stood unshaken to the last.  
To all his many dupes he told,  
These mortgages he simply sold,  
To place capital in his hold,  
And might to him the means afford,  
Of working out the mighty hoard,

That he had chanced to find was stored—  
All throughout those march-lands broad  
Soon far and wide his bonds he sold  
And to him piles of treasure roll'd

## XV.

About this time a cot he bought,  
That was all neat and humbly wrought,  
That was with vine and ivy crown'd ;  
It stood a mile from city's bound.  
Nigh it was no other building seen  
For least five hundred yards, I ween.  
To this the loved of mortals moved,  
For solitude his mind improved.  
Though many widows young and gay,  
And fair as man did e'er survey,  
And maidens charming, neat and sweet,  
As ever eye of youth did greet,  
All gladly would have gone with him,  
If so his mind had ta'en the whim,  
Yet to his cot alone he went  
And all alone his nights he spent,  
Nor servant, dog, nor cat nor cook  
Did he within his cottage brook.  
Though day time with his brother men,  
He ceaseless worked with tongue and pen,  
And what they could not understand,  
He'd gladly teach them heart and hand,  
But night was his to learn or sleep,  
And all must then their distance keep.

## XVI

It chanced one dark and stormy night,  
(With sleet and snow the ground was  
white)  
His cottage all was wrapt in flame,

And gloomy ruin soon became,  
Though fire-engines worked amain,  
And men did pump and tug and strain,  
The flames did round that cottage coil  
And through and through it hiss and broil  
Though it had all been soaked in oil.  
When morning dawn'd that building's  
frame,

Beneath the grim destroying flame  
Had all a ghastly wreck become  
Of cinders and of ashy scum.  
In the cellar upon the ground.  
Amongst the embers scattered round,  
Together in a little mound—  
Charr'd fragments of a corpse were found.  
This was the awful tragic end  
Of their loved counselor and friend,  
Whom they were wont to give and lend,  
And have unto their hoards attend.  
Yes, it was him they all agreed.  
And hearts did ache and throb and bleed,  
Then women screeched and virgins screed,  
And donn'd for him the mourning weed.  
His statues in the church were placed,  
His name memorial windows graced.  
And monuments all wrought with art,  
Recall'd him to the mind and heart.  
He was remember well and long,  
And loved with feelings deep and strong,  
Became the theme of poet's song,  
For none believed a single wrong  
To any one of human kind  
Was ever harbored in his mind.  
All mourn'd the grim untimely end—  
Of him their counsellor and friend.

## XVII.

But he was a cosmopolite,  
Had roam'd the world both day and night.  
Place him where ever breeze roam,  
That spot was a familiar home.  
Let him go forth the world to stray,  
Without a guide both night and day,  
No fear that he will lose his way,  
Where waters flow or breezes play.  
All lands and seas, the world's broad chart,  
Was limn'd upon his mind and heart.  
And friends had he as warm as those,  
(Who wailed him there with ceaseless woes)  
Amongst the family of men—  
Who dwelt within a distant glen.  
And those had brought the corpse to him,  
That was found 'midst the ruins grim.  
They'd brought it in a cask of oil,  
From a far distant, foreign soil,  
Where he had all the wealth conveyed,  
That he had in that city made.  
'Twas them who had the body charr'd,  
So its lineaments had marr'd,  
It so with fire singed and scarr'd,  
It could not by mankind be told,  
It it be corpse of young or old,  
Nor yet of woman nor of man,  
Though it with microscope they scan :  
They it had in his cellar laid,  
Then ashes of his cottage made.  
And while to flames his cot was yielding free,  
He was far away upon the sea,  
Hasting to glens whence issued he,  
Where he was known as Roger Lea,

Back to scenes where in other days  
In market-houses and high-ways—  
He had poured forth his gospel truths,  
To men and women, maids and youths.  
And those firm friends that there he made,  
Who 'mongst his congregations strayed,  
And gently through the gapers pockets felt,  
While he in gospel theories dealt.  
These were his friends that turn'd his cot—  
To cinders and grim ashy spot.  
But the foremost of all that crew,  
The boldest and the fiercest too,  
Was Apgar De Vaux, a robber grim,  
Who little recked for life or limb.  
Fierce was his heart and strong his hand,  
Proved the first thief of every land.  
'Twas him the corpse to Roger brought  
And all the deed of burning wrought.

## XVIII.

When back upon his native sod,  
Once more the feet of Roger trod,  
As in his native glen he drew,  
The first one there that met his view,  
Was this old man whose body there  
They just had robb'd with kick and jeer.  
And though ten years had only past,  
Since he on Lea had looked his last—  
He knew not the gay preacher more,  
Who had robbed him ten years before.  
And all so altered Lea had grown,  
He scarce to any friend was known.  
Nor long he tarried there, off he flew,  
But where, was only known to few.  
On, on he passed from clime to clime,

Ever at work in deeds of crime,  
And to what ever land he came,  
He always had a different name,  
His breast one sole desire fill'd,  
One only thought his bosom thrill'd,  
And that a burning greed for wealth,  
Which aye he won by fraud and stealth  
Though he enormous fortunes gain'd,  
Yet still the greed for ever reign'd.  
Oft in Spain he was known to roam,  
And long time made that land his home.  
One only child he ever claimed,  
And this Ribero Lea he named,  
One child for him to love or scorn,  
And this was out of wedlock born.  
By him the child was daily taught,  
'Till he with every vice was fraught.  
And these are the out-lines of that man,  
That here with Omar now we scan.

## XIX.

On, on from corpse to corpse they moved,  
And soon the wealth of each they proved  
And ever into Roger's hold—  
Went all the largest coins of gold.  
They searched and robb'd 'till they had  
pass'd—  
To every corpse around them cast,  
By Lea one on a rock was seen,  
Some hundred yards away, I ween,—  
And water there did intervene  
Them and the distant dead between.  
Omar my trusty friend he cried,  
As he the lifeless form espied,  
Omar the tide is coming, haste

To yon corpse, there's no time to waste.  
Not I for all of earth nor hell,  
Straight from the lips of Omar fell.  
Yon water looks too deep and dark,  
For me in such grim task embark,  
As now to swim to yonder mark,  
I think just then I saw a shark.  
No answer deigned old Roger Lea,  
But knife in hand plunged in the sea.  
Swift o'er with buoyant form and limb,  
Did he across the waters swim.  
It chanced upon the corpse he found  
A bag with shining specie crown'd.  
And when back o'er the flood he drew  
At Omar's feet the bag he threw,  
And did again his words renew ;  
There see, what would have been lost—  
Had I not o'er the waters cross'd.  
But none of this with you I share  
This shall be my especial care,  
I know how to use it, when and where.  
With envy which he dare not show  
On the bag Omar's eyes did glow.  
Silent a while stood either man  
Gazing on ocean's boundless span,  
But the feelings that through them ran  
I do not now propose to scan ;  
Silent they stood, 'till Lea began.

## xx.

Oh, what a priceless thing is death,  
When it has still'd your foeman's breath!  
And you yourself triumphant find,  
O'er men that were not good nor kind  
It makes one feel as though he trod,

The very presence of his God,  
As though he into heaven had pass'd,  
Had choicest bliss around him cast.  
I never felt so grand, I trow,  
Nor yet so happy until now.  
I feel my limbs with vigor strung,  
Like that I felt when I was young,  
I only measured five feet five,  
But never found a man alive—  
In single fight with me could strive,  
The bravest I could from me drive  
As angler flies roiled hornets-hive.  
I was swift as Saturn, strong as sin,  
And never got a passion in,  
Kept cool as snow, or frozen gin,  
And in the fray was sure to win.  
Many a man in strength a king,  
Whom I could flog and throw and fling,  
Has been surprised how blows I'd bring,  
And how this toad could bound and spring.  
Preachers tell us there is a God,  
Might as well tell us there was sod,  
Or earth was form'd of rocks and flood,  
Or man had in him bones and blood.  
The man who doubts there is a God,  
Is sure, an idiotic clod.—  
Melt all the icebergs of the sea  
Within an old crone's cup of tea,  
Hang ocean on a rose-bush to dry,  
Skim clouds with a spoon from the sky,  
Lasso secure an avalanche  
With cobwebs to a withered branch,  
Spread a sheet o'er volcano's brim,  
To stop the flow of lava grim,  
From the rain-bow tear its glowing bars,

Post "for sale", on the moon and stars,  
Place in a peanut's shell the sun,  
And in it make all planets run,  
And contract all unbounded space  
Down to the smallest fly's embrace,  
But never doubt, what creed, be taught,  
Though dark with disbelief 'tis fraught,  
There is an all pervading Lord ;  
A God of all creation broad.  
But priests don't rightly understand—  
This Being all benign and grand.  
They tell mankind that faith and love  
Will carry them to joys above,  
They tell us faith will mountains move,  
But this I'd like to see them prove.  
And that pure faith is all we need,  
To gain us money, drink and feed.  
Those who for these on faith depend  
I ween, will have a sorry end.  
When did faith from well or spring  
E'er yet a drink to mortal bring?  
Or yet broil him a steak of beef,  
And give his hungry mood relief?  
Can faith to us the force bestow  
To feel within the furnace's glow,  
Where white the molten mettles flow,  
And find a wreath of last year's snow?  
Or could she carry Roger Lea  
Unto the bottom of yon sea  
And let me there explore the main  
And bring me back alive again?  
Why if such things as these could be,  
Nought but miracles we would see,  
No, thus Jehovah doth not move,  
His all omnipotence to prove,

No, the omnipresent God of all  
Lets no miracles His actions thrall;  
By miracles no world He form'd,  
By miracles no atom warm'd.  
By prodigies no pit He delf,  
Although a miracle Himself.  
Preachers should teach from pole to pole—  
God hates a lazy, sluggish soul.  
And nought within His works we find—  
That's wholly unto sloth inclined,  
Though we the whole creation scan,  
Except the hog, the snake and man.  
I've travelled all this world around,  
And know how vast the fools abound—  
Who think all they need do night and day  
Is just to sit with faith and pray,  
And God will hand them drink and food,  
And feed each passion's craving mood.  
And if their throats should burn extreme—  
Turn stones to plates of icy cream—  
No atoms nature doth disclose  
Remain one moment in repose.  
See, I lift water in my hand,  
And all the while it there doth stand  
Though it all motionless appear,  
There's everlasting action there,  
Its particles eternal move,  
Nor slothful, atom there must prove.  
And must each atom of yon sea  
In perpetual motion be,  
For if one small particle there  
Motionless but one second were,  
Those vast floods would that moment  
change  
To something to all nature strange,

Something ne'er seen in her works sublime,  
Something unknown to man and time.  
Even through the crust of ice we see,  
The particles in motion be.

## XXI

Decay is mother of all things,  
All, all in nature from her springs,  
All things how e'er minute or vast  
Spring from her, to her return at last.  
She is at once the womb and grave,  
Of all that God to nature gave.  
Land, flood, man, tree, the tempest's breath.  
Are one vast panorama all of death.  
Through decay all in nature's range,  
Springs, blooms, and dies and has it change;  
The flower grows, blooms, fades and dies,  
And from its ruins others rise.  
The clouds whose waters fall in rain,  
The sun will rear to clouds again.  
The seed we sow within the earth  
Rots ere it gives another birth.  
Hay that to charger's maw doth pass—  
Will flourish, grow again as grass,  
The steed will die, pass to decay,  
And upon nature's broad high-way  
To dust his carcass shall be turn'd,  
And by the tempests strown and spurn'd,  
And it that nourishment shall give,  
On which shall vegetation live.  
Thus his dust shall all collected be—  
And form as good a steed as he.  
These rocks that tower here sublime,  
Shall waste beneath the hand of time,  
Be scattered wide by yonder main,

But into rocks shall rise again.  
And so with these dead bodies here,  
Who now begin to foul the air,  
Yea, stink in corruption rife ;  
Corruption was their source of life,  
Existence was their source of death.  
God gave and took away their breath,  
Their flesh and bones to dust shall rot,  
By winds be scattered and forgot.  
A million years may pass away,  
And still their dust with breezes play.  
Or lie in mire, filth and scum,  
But sure as fate the time will come  
Each particle that forms them here,  
Shall in other mankind appear,  
Yea, in the food on which we live  
They'll to us life and vigor give-  
Nature all to corruption gives,  
And on corruption each thing lives.  
The fairest maid that life-blood warm'd,  
Was out of foul corruption form'd.  
The strongest man that ever trod,  
Sprung from the grasses of the sod,  
The grass that waved in verdure green,  
Sprung, grew from rottenness obscene,  
Yea, from corruption's foulest den,  
The flesh and bones of beasts and men,  
That lie all o'er the world's broad face,  
In every flood, in every place.  
Preachers tell us there comes a day,  
When loud the angel's trump shall bray.  
The dead rise straight in bright array,  
And sure, I hope all mortals may.  
But they heed not this truth sublime,  
The dead are rising all the time,

Their dust gives vintage birth and life  
And crowns the earth with fruitage rife  
The soul that leaves the form at death,  
Straight gives another life and breath.  
The moment it's of flesh relieved,  
It's in some other one conceived,  
To some gem, spring with vigor rife.  
And stirs the embryo with life.  
Another term on earth renews  
With other flesh and bones and thews.  
Gives to another mortal birth,  
Stays 'till his term is done on earth,  
Then is reborn again, again,  
Doth in some human form remain.  
Stays with each through weal, woe or pain  
'Till nature it doth from each unchain.  
Ever passing on from scene to scene,  
No intervals of sloth between.

## XXII.

Oh, what a downright fool is man,  
Without brain enough himself to scan,  
Who fancies when his form shall die,  
His soul shall mount to worlds on high,  
And there in sloth for ever live,  
Only praises to his Maker give.  
Bask 'neath his Maker's bright warm smile,  
Perform no other task the while—  
Than just to chaunt some blissful song,  
With the holy, holy, seraph throng'  
Who from the mind of God were born,  
And did His own hand with shape adorn—  
To perform mights tasks for Him,  
Not rest in sloth as men would whim,  
Would they not lazy spirits scorn

If such from earth 'midst them were borne?  
If God wished His great praises rung  
And ceaseless songs around Him sung,  
And nothing hear but music's sound—  
Through His holy heavens rebound,  
Why He'd turn a world into a fife,  
And bid it blare its music rife,  
A comet turn into a drum,  
Bid it for ever sound and hum,  
Be never mute nor still nor dumb,  
And all throughout His heaven come.  
Or make a universe be born,  
And turn it to a blaring horn.  
Or make vast stars to bugles grow,  
And wide their stormy music blow.  
Have stars to accordeons turn'd.  
And through the heavens kicked and  
spurn'd.  
Turn huge orion to a flute,  
And fill it all with sounds accute,  
Bid them throughout creation shoot,  
'Till nothing, nothing there was mute.  
Of mighty worlds an organ make,  
And bid it loud its tones awake;  
The heavens with its music shake;  
Throughout all silence burst and break.  
Make of mercury a jews-harp,  
And blare its music shrill and sharp.  
Make æolian-harps 'mongst the stars,  
Streach the chords 'tween venus and mars,  
Then let His breezes on them blow,  
And everlasting music flow,  
Or stretch them 'long the milky-way,  
And bid strong tempests on them play.  
Or bid all worlds together pour

Their voices in eternal roar,  
 And sing His praise for ever more,  
 And tell Him how they do adore.  
 God don't need feeble voice of man  
 To tell His glories have no span.  
 And that He is infinite, sublime,  
 A God unknown to change and time.

## XXIII.

No, man would be a worthless sot,  
 On nature a stigma and a blot,  
 If he in sluggish sloth should reign,  
 Without a joy or woe or pain.  
 For man to live on bread and wine  
 Pressed to his lips by hand divine,  
 Without move of mind or limb,  
 Or the least action caused by him,  
 Are thoughts to me all foul and grim.  
 I do despise a lazy drone,  
 Detest him flesh and brain and bone.  
 And when I've heard mortals grieve,  
 Mourn o'er the downfall of poor Eve,  
 Who let the serpent her deceive,  
 And did mankind of sloth relieve;  
 I've turn'd and blest her sacred name,  
 And praised and praised the good old dame;  
 And if a spark of manly flame—  
 Yet smoldered in his spirit's frame—  
 I've fann'd it into burning shame  
 Which blushing o'er his features came;  
 I made the drone some action don,  
 Awake, be up and moving on.

## XXIV.

Faith in her way is very good,  
 But she's not rightly understood;

I'd like to doff this virgin's hood,  
And loose her tresses from her snood,  
Let them adown her neck be hung.  
Full round her snowy shoulders swung,  
And o'er her heaving bosom flung;  
And if this maid be fair and young,  
Hath sparkling eyes and rosy lips—  
With pearls that they but half eclipse,  
With comely face and body too  
I would her kiss and love and woo;  
But not treat her as mortals do—  
Make her saw, chop, dig, plow and hew,  
Nor make her gear and work the team—  
When suns are hot or tempests scream;  
She should not grow and cook my food—  
While I lay down in sluggish mood;  
Wash my face and comb my hair,  
My heated temples fan and air,  
While I lay down in fix'd depair—  
Too lazy to get off my lair;  
Too lazy e'en to draw a breath,  
Yet wishing for long rest and death;  
Longing for rest on heavenly soil,  
Where even all the angels toil.  
If I was forced neath sloth's control—  
'Twould kill, annihilate my soul.  
Motion, action — work aye to do,  
Motion, and perpetual too—  
Motion, with never stay nor pause,  
Are nature's all absorbing laws.  
Motion, stir, on — for ever on,  
For motion doth all nature don,  
God and all His angels toil;  
My soul no sloth shall ever soil.  
Motion, all nature ceaseless moves—

This every atom of her proves,  
Action, motion, stir ever on ;  
Motion doth all creation don.  
Blest be mother Eve, ever blest  
Who us unchain'd from sluggard's rest,  
And gave to us the soul and zest,  
To after deeds of glory quest.  
I hear nature at her labors sing,  
I hear her tones for ever spring—  
All while she doth her hammers fling  
And sounding anvils roar and ring.  
Yes, ever, 'ever and anon—  
Doth she her ceaseless ballads con,  
Though no dull sloth her atoms don,  
But working on, for ever on.

## XXV.

These dead here around us strown,  
All lying senseless as a stone,  
Are full of action, flesh and bone,  
In them no moment's sloth is known.  
They each are rotting, rotting on,  
Decaying ever and anon ;  
As full of action, motion now—  
As when life throbb'd from heel to brow.  
But their souls have only pass'd—  
Perhaps o'er lands and oceans vast—  
And life in embryos have heaved—  
That were moments of their deaths conceived,  
For like thought, which is only soul—  
It can move, bound from pole to pole  
In a second, or to heaven climb—  
Yea, in billionth atom of that time.  
But here their mortal parts remain,

Decaying on 'neath shine and rain,  
'Till they shall rot to dust again,  
And fly with winds o'er flood and plain.  
Each particle still fill'd with life,  
Yea, teeming with existence rife ;  
Inhal'd from all the atmosphere ;  
And hurl'd, scattered, no matter where—  
Together shall again adhere,  
And in other mankind appear.

## XXVI.

I oft hear 'mongst the human train  
Dull echos of some sad refrain,  
I'd not live aye though void of pain,  
While they shed tears like pelting rain,  
Or wish they were a child again,  
Creations of some poet's brain—  
Who was too stupid or too vain,  
To dive into a deeper strain,  
And to his thoughtless kind explain  
How they die, rot and rise amain.  
Though once the sport of wind and storm,  
'Neath nature's plastic fingers warm  
Their atoms again together swarm,  
And into other mortal's form ;  
Create another form again,  
With human sorrows, joy and pain.  
Why the very instinct which wrought  
The wish, and bred the longing thought—  
Not to live aye, though void of pain,  
Or wish to be a child again,  
Show that the final end and change—  
In wishes through the spirit range.  
E'en all the worlds of endless space  
That in creation find their race

'Midst azure air, like isles we trace  
Wrapt in the water's soft embrace,  
Are built from ruins of other spheres—  
That lived, and died in long former years :  
Jehovah formed them all at first,  
Then each to atoms He did burst,  
Then all again together brought,  
And others with the atoms wrought,  
Perhaps far brighter, grander spheres—  
Than those He built in former years.  
And I as through this world I tread,  
And watch the scenes around me spread,  
A something oft and oft I view  
That seems not wholly fresh and new,  
Seems just such sights I've seen before,  
But where, and when I know no more,  
Though well I know I never pass'd—  
Through scenes as there were round me  
cast.

E'en this scene that here round us lies,  
The rocks that here abruptly rise,  
This beach with boulders scatter'd o'er,  
Washed smooth as glass 'neath ocean's roar,  
These bloated corpses round me strown,  
Yon ship in ghastly ruin thrown,  
Yon far off ship which towards this reef  
Fast draws — to give us all relief,  
It seems I all have seen before  
Far back in distant years of yore ;  
Yea, every thing that here is seen,  
Through just such sights before I've been.  
Though I know my feet ne'er before—  
Have trod this spot, this barren shore.  
Why do these scenes thus vivid roll  
Through all the chambers of my soul,

Unless such scenes it pass'd before—  
When other flesh and form it wore?  
Yes, when some other man it warm'd,  
Perhaps like me exactly form'd.

## XXVII.

Within nature nothing is lost  
And nothing created, though toss'd  
Upon the flame a timber lies,  
No matter what its weight or size  
Ere it upon the flame was cast,  
And to seeming destruction pass'd;  
Yet, take its ashes and its smoke—  
And all the fire from it broke,  
And press them to the primal frame,  
They'll weigh and measure just the same—  
That stick of timber did before  
The fire it to ruin wore;  
The flames its form have only changed,  
All's there but differently arranged.  
O'er earth all will be strown again,  
And through the aid of shine and rain—  
Give succor to some other plant—  
Of the same size, or yet more scant,  
For if winds its atoms widely sow—  
It in a thousand plants may grow.  
And thus it is with every thing  
God ever did to nature fling.  
This soul that doth my body warm,  
Once warm'd some other human form,  
That long, long centuries ago  
Knew all the feeling that I know;  
Trode the same walks throughout the earth,  
Saw the same scenes of woe and mirth.  
And so 'twill do again, again,

When it o'er me shall cease its reign.  
Until shall come the end of time,  
And nature's death knell God shall chime;  
And all that in creation lives,  
To which He shape and being gives—  
Shall at His fiat shift and change,  
And all things differently arrange.  
And all into one form shall roll,  
One form the great primeval whole,  
That form a vast eternal soul,  
That soul the omnipresent God,  
The Jehovah, Messiah, Lord,  
Who all created at a nod,  
In whom shall all again be stored.  
Yea, man and every thing shall end—  
Save God the father, maker, friend,  
All back again in Him shall blend,  
All that did the begining know—  
No atom lost — the end shall show,  
And form again the primal whole,  
Be all again one form one soul,  
Be as He was ere worlds or man,  
Or yet eternity began,  
The boundless, vast, eternal whole,  
The omnipresent Godhead, Soul!  
But motion shall not find its goal,  
It through Messiah still shall roll!

## XXVIII.

As on the surface of the lake  
The ceaseless rain drops pelt and break,  
And from innumerable rings,  
All the surface to circles brings,  
Each circle unto circle elings—  
And circle into circle springs,

For ever widening in their round,  
And aye together mix and bound ;  
And as still faster falls the rain  
They faster rise and mix amain ;  
No matter where they rise and grow—  
They into one another flow,  
On thus they do 'till dies the storm,  
And they no more the lake deform :  
No more the rings or circles break  
The smooth, calm surface of the lake,  
Nor there the least emotion wake,  
All lies as calm and smooth and sheen,  
Though there no storm nor rain had been ;  
Then finally the lake doth change—  
And into something else arrange,  
Something on which time never trod,  
To something only known to God.  
That lake is nature's vast domain,  
The storm the circles and the rain—  
That stirr'd the water's placid face,  
And trouble make o'er all its space,  
Are living things, the human race,  
That spring, and mix in one embrace  
As generations come and go,  
And into one another flow.

## XXIX.

But look on these poor mortals round,  
Here stretched in slumber all profound ;  
Poor worthless lumps of filth and dust,  
In death's arms so suddenly thrust,  
Now no more in the eyes of God—  
Than maggots upon which we've trod.  
Oh ! how many a heart will throb,  
And loving kindred weep and sob,

When their dread, awful fates are known.  
Homes will in mourning long be thrown—  
And for what? Lumps of flesh and bone,  
That once could love and weep and groan,  
Which will but rot and rise again  
In another form of woe and pain.  
When far the tidings shall be blown  
How on this reef yon ship is thrown,  
And all to utter ruin toss'd,  
And so many lives of beings lost,  
Appall'd men 'll hail the dread event  
As an untimely accident ;  
A term all wrong and misapplied,  
There's no such thing in nature wide,  
Ne'er an accident has yet occurred,  
There's no such thing, though there's such  
word.

Whatever happens in the world,  
Though nations be to ruin hurl'd,  
And no warning came to inform  
Of coming earthquake, flood or storm,  
And though they shone in pristine prime—  
They vanished in a moment's time :  
Yet there is no accident there,  
No miracles in their loss appear ;  
If some huge mass of rock whose form  
Had stood a thousand years of storm,  
And solid frame did yet reveal  
As closely knit as bar of steel—  
Were suddenly to break and go  
Upon vast armies camped below—  
And crush them to a shapeless mass,  
And pile them up like broken glass,  
Or crush them 'neath its weight as thin  
As sheet of paper or of tin—

In it there'd be no accident,  
No miracle in the event,  
With all God's movements it would chime,  
Which all are hidden and sublime—  
Predestined from the birth of time.  
The labourers that lifeless fall  
Beneath the tumbling of a wall,  
Die by as natural a death  
As him who yields his vital breath—  
On bed of sickness and of pain,  
Where at his side his friends remain—  
Who watch the loved one night and day,  
And see the mortal waste away.  
'Tis only the predestined end,  
But finite minds won't comprehend,  
To change this would change the world,  
And nature be to ruin hurl'd.  
Nothing grows, or dies, or can be  
Save God will'd it, and only He.  
What was not ordered by the Lord  
When first He spread His worlds abroad,  
And framed creation's boundless mass—  
Can never, never come to pass ;  
What e'er shall hap on earth to man  
Was destined ere his race began ;  
As did God from the first intend,  
Only shall worlds and beings end.

## XXX.

What lies the poor atheist tells—  
That God with the greater number dwells,  
And that He always takes His post  
With largest guns, and strongest host,  
Or ever on the squadrons' side  
That stretch the deepest and most wide ;

And from the side of the last reserve  
Great Providence doth never swerve—  
But, always there to aid and nerve.  
A down-right lie from start to end  
As e'er was spake, or e'er was penn'd :  
And this I'll prove when I've the time—  
In language and in thoughts sublime.  
Was it so when huge Goliath fell?  
Or hosts were crushed by the fearless Tell?  
Was it so at Thermopylæ?  
When conquering died those hundreds  
three?  
At Marathon or Platæa's field?—  
When the few made thousands die or yield?  
And on gory fields of deathless fame—  
Hundreds more at least that I could name?  
But, God only with them toils and delves  
Who really strive to help themselves—  
Is truth eternal and sublime,  
As yet peal'd on the ear of time.  
Wake up and do the best ye can,  
Is what God asks of mortal man.  
Yea, do their bests with brain and limb,  
Then leave the rest to faith and Him.  
But stirring ever and anon,  
For ever working, toiling on.

## XXXI.

Here ceased Roger Lea for close to shore  
Was heard the splashing of an oar,  
And fifty yards from shore, I ween,  
A boat row'd by two men was seen—  
And like a trumpet deep and clear  
Guy Harold's voice o'er head they hear,  
For the twain in the boat he knew,

And as close to the reef they drew,  
Hail Oscar Brady, hail he roar'd,  
And from the rocks his welcome pour'd,  
Thrice from reefs I've rescued thee,  
And now it's thy turn to rescue me.  
And if aright mine eyes discern—  
Thou hast with thee old Peter Zurn,  
Hail Harold, hail the twain replied,  
And drew their boat the rocks aside.

## XXXII.

Now, muttered Roger with a curse,  
The bad has really changed to worse,  
For greater thief than Peter Zurn  
Ne'er saw a blaze of fire burn,  
A man more fill'd with guile and fraud—  
Could not be found o'er nature broad :  
And every coin that we have found—  
He'll have before a day goes round ;  
I've known him thirty years and more,  
Been with him oft on sea and shore,  
If he remembers me at all  
You'll hear him style me Wallace Prall,  
He's of a crew of thieves the chief—  
Who always hover round this reef  
To plunder every helpless wreck ;  
I would that I could stretch his neck,  
Or dungeon bolt upon him turn.

## XXXIII.

The man they styled as Peter Zurn,  
Was tall and broad of form and strong,  
With thick sinewy limbs and long,  
And o'er his face that wore no beard,  
Long ghastly seams and scars appear'd.  
His shaggy hair was white as frost,

Or foam upon the billows toss'd.  
His eye was black as cloud of night,  
But like its lightnings keen and bright;  
A color wore his face and nose—  
That did his love for drink disclose.  
A wretch all through as base and foul,  
As e'er on midnight crime did prowl;  
A wretch as cruel, fierce and bold,  
As yet murder did for hate or gold.  
Well known o'er seas was Peter Zurn,  
A wrecker, cruel, grim and stern.

## XXXIV.

Zurn give me your hand, thus Harold cried,  
Who by this time has reached his side,  
Welcome old boy, thrice welcome here,  
I thought you shortly would appear,  
And for you I've searched the wreck,  
From stem to stern from floor to deck,  
We searched it when the tide was low,  
And Hunyadi will tell you so—  
We gathered all its shining spoil,  
To save you loss of time and toil.  
So start now hence with us friend Zurn,  
And you this pile of gold shall earn.

## XXXV.

Smiles o'er the wrecker's visage pass'd,  
As in his boat the spoil was cast;  
Then said to Omar and to Lea:  
Come deal out all your spoil to me,  
Or to perish I will leave you here  
Upon these headlands wild and drear,  
From Roger's eyes the tears gush'd fast,  
As in the boat his coin he cast.  
For well he knew his ghastly fate—

If he should pause or hesitate,  
Or hold with Zurn the least debate,  
And all the wealth the nine did own,  
Soon in the wrecker's boat was thrown.  
Then from the reef they all were ta'en,  
Borne to the ship upon the main.  
And then Zurn's wife took Ellenore,  
And search her garments o'er and o'er,  
Quickly found all she there had stored,  
Releaved her of the captain's hoard  
Which Bayard had for Omar stole,  
And wrought the captain's bitter dole.  
And thus it chanced that all the wealth—  
That they had won by fraud and stealth,  
All they had pilfered from the dead,  
Was thus into Zurn's coffers spread,  
But none mourn'd like Lea the loss of pelf,  
Though he hid his grief within himself.  
In three brief days they trod the shore  
For which they'd sailed six weeks before,  
Some soon forgot the bitter past.  
For busy scenes were round them cast

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## PART IV.

## I.

"I wonder how they'll us receive,  
And if they will all my tale believe,  
For when they knew me as a youth,  
They swore I never spake the truth,  
And they may think what I reveal,  
Is but a lie from crown to heel.  
But so many long years have past—  
Since upon me they look'd their last,  
Perhaps they'll think as time has flown—  
My morals have far better grown.  
But one thing Roger you must do,  
Swear all I tell is strictly true.  
Aid me in every thing you can.  
And if I carry out my plan;  
Yes, my schemes meet no overthrow,  
Remember, betide me weal or woe,  
Omar forgets no friend nor foe."  
"And if I help you win your bride,  
Thus gravely Roger Lea replied,  
Ten thousand pound to me you give,  
Or else a year you shall not live,  
One word from me you rightly know,  
Would shortly work your overthrow,  
But this I swear shall never be  
If you right justly do by me."  
"Don't taunt me so, thus Omar said,  
Why so oft on my feelings tread?  
Were I some things of you to tell—  
They'd lodge you in a dungeon's cell,

And others were they noised abroad  
They'd give you to the hangman's cord ;  
So Roger do not taunt me more,  
Nor yet so often probe my sore ;  
With Alice Mosman I shall win—  
All the domains of Lyolynn,  
There's but one sole man, and that's you,  
Can help me work my scheme all through.  
So let us work as friend with friend,  
Yea, hand and heart unto the end.  
And all you ask to you I'll give  
Yea, truly as I speak and live ;  
And were it thrice the sum you ask,  
Soon as we carry through the task—  
It shall to you be dealt as free—  
As rain, that comes to earth and tree.  
Lea I have ne'er forgot that you  
Was to my father Apgar true,  
Was unto him as firm a friend  
As e'er did fate to mortal send,  
And you too must recall the past,  
Remember to his very last  
Apgar was friend to Roger Lea,  
And for you died in strife at sea.  
Let's you and I through joy or care—  
Be friends as you and Apgar were.”  
“ I meant not thus your rage to roil,  
Nor throw you in so wild turmoil,  
Nor did I mean to chafe your pride ;”  
To Omar, Roger Lea replied ;  
“ But my friend just think, pause and see,  
How huge the task you force on me,  
Two of mankind must be destroyed,  
Their beings made an utter void,  
Yes, find some way to make them die,

So that on you will never lie,  
Long as you draw a vital breath,  
The least suspicion of the deed  
Of being cause of either death,  
Have you of that for ever freed.  
Now tell me how this can be done  
Without the least mishap to me,  
Let's have it properly begun,  
And right the end will surely be."

## II.

Silent they stood a little space,  
And looked upon each others' face,  
Full on Lea's eyes did Omar's glare,  
And Lea's unmoved return'd the stare.  
Such a defiant air they wore,  
Each with a foot firm placed before,  
So keen upon each other stared,  
They stood the while like men prepared  
To either ward or strike or thrust,  
And hurl each other on the dust.  
At length Omar said: Lea you must  
Aid me achieve all I have plann'd,  
Not fail me now with heart nor hand.  
Now list'n, these are my projects all—  
On which I build my rise or fall.  
Soon as my kin George Mosman knows  
The water of the ocean flows—  
O'er the dead lord of Lyolynn,  
Lockhart and all his kith and kin,  
Save one frail child who is the heir—  
To all those lands and castles fair,  
Who if dead he then straight would reign,  
Sole heir to all the vast domain,  
And she lodged safe within my thrall,

And through me alone can rise or fall,  
Kindly his heart towards me will grow,  
And grant my wish of long ago,  
The wish for which my heart has burn'd,  
And all my spirit longed and yearn'd,  
Where e'er on earth my steps have turn'd—  
Since even boyhood until now,  
And will long as I breathe, I trow.  
Yea, grant me his daughter for my bride  
Who unto me he once denied,  
Let this be done and you shall see  
How swift of others I'll be free,  
For all my plans are rightly laid,  
Save you I need no other aid.  
I have a place for Ellenore.  
And soon she'll trouble me no more,  
I anthe soon shall pass from view,  
Suddenly as a drop of dew,  
Children like her die very free,  
In hands of skillful leech like me.  
George Mosman's midnight haunts I know,  
The groves through which he's wont to go,  
And I know how to lie in wait,  
Yea, that has been my noblest trait,  
And I know how to strike my mark—  
Just let the night be e'er so dark,  
This you can vouch for well as I—  
I've done it oft when you were nigh.  
As in the past you've seen me do,  
You'll in the future witness too;  
Surely no more I need now tell,  
I think you understand me well.  
Old friend the day is waning fast,  
The hour of noon has long been past,  
The way is long to Mosman's grange,

So let us quickly forward range,  
And see how we'll be welcomed there,  
I long to know how with them we'll fare.

## III.

Thus these two men together talk'd,  
As through a mountain glen they walk'd,  
The road that led to Mosman's grange,  
A way to neither new nor strange,  
Though many weary years had past  
Since Omar trod that valley last.  
On either side the mountains stood  
All covered o'er with brush and wood.  
'Twas summer and a balmy breeze  
Was fanning through the forest trees.  
Tall poplars clothed with glowing green,  
With stately oaks and pines were seen,  
O'er each side of the ravine leaned,  
And from the sun their pathway screened,  
Their boughs were all so interlaced  
Sun-beams through them could scarce be  
traced;

And now and then a crystal rill,  
Came rushing down each stately hill,  
Watering violets that grew  
Amongst the roots of oak and yew,  
And lily and rose of every hue—  
Which in the air their fragrance threw.  
While the tall grass waved dense and green,  
And where it grew not, moss was seen;  
'Twas through such valley fair to view  
These twain together scheming drew.  
Scarcely the east with morn was gray  
When they had started on their way.  
And though they had not journeyed fast,

Yet o'er five leagues of ground they'd pass'd.  
And one league more they had to range  
Ere they could reach the Mosman grange,  
And here abruptly turn'd the road  
Round hills that nought but granite  
showed,  
All bare were they of plant and tree,  
Nought but bare rock the eye could see,  
They bore no trace of living green,  
Not e'en a speck of moss was seen.  
Soon up the barren heights they drew,  
Where all the county met their view,  
And all beyond that barren scene,  
Lay stretched in loveliness serene.  
Even all adown the mountain's side  
Was nought but glowing verdure seen,  
And all below stretching far and wide  
Was corn and wheat and pasture green,  
Far, far away three miles, I ween,  
Amidst the Eden glowing there—  
George Mosman's stately home was seen  
Beside a river broad and clear.  
Long paused the twain for fairer sight  
Their eyes had never viewed before,  
No matter where the eye might light  
The earth one robe of verdure wore.  
And midst the pastures vast and green,  
Were mighty herds of cattle seen,  
Huge flocks of sheep that skipped and  
played,  
And bleating through the pastures strayed,  
Or roam'd through orchards broad and vast,  
Where on the earth ripe fruit was cast.  
Long had the twain surveyed the scene.  
And not a word had pass'd between.

All wrapt in reverie profound,  
The twain surveyed the scene around,  
And well for them the thoughts that pass'd  
Through either breast the while they view,  
Were not from lips in language cast,  
But kept in silence where they grew.  
For suddenly as though the earth—  
Had that moment given him birth—  
George Mosman right beside them stood,  
Though all that ridge of rocky hill  
Was bare of grass and bush and wood,  
Yet he'd approached so swift and still,  
They'd seen him not, nor heard his tread,  
Till his hand he placed on Roger's head.  
And ere Roger Lea had time to turn,  
Or move the hand that touched him there,  
Mosman thus began : Peter Zurn  
Scarce an hour ago left here,  
He told me how he rescued you,  
At least he spoke of Wallace Prall.  
But when he spake the name I knew,  
'Twas my friend Roger Lea for all.  
And here I've looked for you all day,  
I thought that you would shortly come,  
Here's a flask of wine, your thirst allay,  
For you've walked a long and weary way,  
And let your friend partake of some.

## IV.

Unstartled by the voice and hand  
That had so suddenly approached,  
And form that did beside him stand.  
Lea instantly the flask accroached,  
And thus began with accents bland  
As he the ruddy liquor broached.

Here's the noblest thing that God be-  
queathed  
To mortals since they first have breathed,  
Yea, since we first with life were wreathed,  
Or soul in mortal flesh was sheathed.  
And will be while we draw a breath,  
'Till mortals all are hushed in death.  
Some mortals use this stuff too free,  
Which causes woe instead of glee,  
They drink too early and too late,  
Which brings their years to short lived date.  
Some swear they never drink at all,  
With this belief their friends they thrall,  
But late at night, when none are near,  
They more than take a double share,  
So royal drunk they go to bed,  
They scarcely know their heels from head.  
And these soon with hardened liver,  
Spleens that make their bodies shiver,  
Brains that all demented quiver,  
Are ferried o'er the silent river!  
But in the day time, cold or warm,  
While active is my brain and form,  
Is the sole time I taste of drink,  
All other times from it I shrink;  
For nature's first great law to man  
Is of himself take care if he can;  
And creation's wise Law-giver,  
Taught me to take care of my liver,  
It was the first great law to man,  
And all on earth's diurnal span.  
And more, I scarcely taste of wine,  
Unless bestowed by friend of mine,  
Who is so lost to sense and wit,  
As waste his surplus cash in it,

Of hoard, I never had enough,  
To spare a mite to buy such stuff.  
These friends of mine have been so few,  
Not much of drink I ever knew,  
Pure water from the fountain's rill,  
Did best my nature aye distill.  
So here's to you long life and health,  
Ceaseles prosperity and wealth,  
Who never gain'd a dime by stealth.  
While here you stay may all your days  
Glide on in one unclouded blaze  
Of peace and joy and lasting mirth,  
The choicest that are found on earth.  
Give me your hand my trusty friend,  
May time ne'er see our friendship end.  
May it as warm and brightly flow—  
As in the years of long ago,  
When I aided you with hand and brain  
To be owner of your broad domain;  
Proved you the sole and rightful heir,  
To you five thousand acres fair;  
Yea, help you win the grandest grange—  
That lies within the world's broad range.  
And now to you I tidings bring  
That'll make your soul with rapture ring,  
Yea, make it in you bound and spring,  
All like a joy created thing.  
For now the lands of Lyolynn  
You, you right easierly may win,  
Yea, every castle, hill and plain,  
That ever formed yon broad domain.  
One child yet breathes this vital air,  
Or else you would be the sole heir,  
Upon the reef six days ago,  
I left the rest all lying low.

The heirs, grim death has smitten all,  
Save one sole infant frail and small,  
And at her age they easy die,  
In hands of such as you and I;  
And were but death to make her mute,  
None your right and title could dispute.  
But hark, if you should ever win  
The wealth and lands of Lyolynn,  
Omar De Vaux, and only he,  
Can make you of this infant free  
And this is his sole desire,  
For all this he will require—  
In repayment one thing from you,  
Him Alice give, she loves him true.

## v.

Mingled joy, anger and surprise,  
Sparkled in Mosmsn's sable eyes,  
And tremors seem'd to shake his frame,  
Just as Lea mentioned Omar's name,  
And a moment did he silent stand,  
Still holding on to Roger's hand.  
On Roger's face still kept his look,  
Where it had rested all the while,  
Though he there would read as from a book  
If what he said be truth or guile.  
At length his lips a smile essayed,  
As thus to Lea he answer made.  
"Think you I let my daughter wed  
With one who stretched her brother dead?  
Who slew so base my only son,  
Ne'er before was murder fouler done."  
"Your infernal charge I do deny,  
And were I just about to die,  
I'd swear it was a down-right lie."

With haughty air, and flashing eye,  
Fierce Omar on his speech broke in,  
With voice of loud and angry din;  
And drawing nearer and more nigh  
Met his accuser eye to eye.  
With their gaze fix'd on either face,  
They silent stood a little space:  
Omar with calmer voice began,  
„ You in me no murderer scan  
Of any of your name nor clan,  
And ne'er by me was harm e'er done  
To one sole hair upon your son.  
Mosman, I swear by yonder sky,  
Were you not older far than I,  
And father of the one I love  
Far, far all else on earth above,  
Have adored since boyhood until now.  
And shall long as I breathe, I trow,  
And were you not also kin to me,  
I tell you Mosman frank and free.  
Were it not for what I've just named,  
When me you for the murder blamed,  
And had it far and wide proclaimed  
That I your son had basely slain,  
Yea, cast on me so foul a stain,  
You should have the charge denied,  
Or you or I or both had died.  
There is a law within this land,  
And may such statute ever stand,  
Wherein the accused has the right—  
To call his accuser out to fight,  
If he in the combat victor be,  
The law considers he is free  
Of the grave charge for ever more,  
And was but lies from crust to core.

And when on me the charge you threw,  
That I your son so foully slew,  
Instead of flying from the view,  
Of all I loved and all I knew ;  
I should back on you the charge have hurl'd,  
Declared that you had ta'en his life,  
And challanged you before the world  
To meet me straight in deadly strife.  
Had I done this, you had come forth,  
Or East and West and South and North,  
You had been bruited far and wide—  
As dastard coward proved and tried,  
Who on the innocent had lied,  
Whose hand and soul was all defiled,  
With the foul murder of his child.  
And had we e'er in combat closed,  
Yea, hand to hand with swords opposed,  
You know how swift had come your last,  
And I'd unscathed the conflict pass'd.  
For better sword'sman well you know—  
Than I ne'er faced a mortal foe,  
Nor from its scabbard drew a blade—  
Since first a dirk or sword was made :  
To have slain you with sword or dirk—  
Had been to me no minute's work.  
Had we pistols chosen for the strife—  
I'd in an instant ta'en your life,  
You've never known me miss my mark,  
In day time or at midnight dark.  
See, near the bush of yonder ridge  
Full fifty yards from here I trow,  
There flies a bird small as a midge,  
Just see how I shall strike it now,"  
He said and from his breast he drew  
A pistol polished flashing bright,

Ere a second past its bullet flew  
And dropped the bird while on its flight.  
Another from the bushes rose  
And while in air its wings it spread—  
Another pistol he did disclose  
And in an instant shot it dead.  
“Now Mosman you can plainly see,”  
Thus De Vaux again began,  
What chances for miss shot there’d be,  
Had I larger mark like man.  
Why, had I loaded pistols here  
And thousand swallows round me flew.  
I could hit every one as fair,  
The instant that they met my view ;  
But I came here with my friend Lea,  
In friendly guise to talk with you,  
I hoped that you would meet with me  
In kinder way that now you do.  
You remember my ways of old  
They are now just the same as then—  
Best is the truth however told,  
And no matter where or when,  
So I shall frankly speak and plain,  
Nor could be fitter place than here,  
Don’t meet my projects with disdain,  
For I now deal with you sincere.  
Give Alice Mosman for my wife,  
Let it be kindly done and free,  
And ere a month I pledge my life—  
You sole heir of Lyolynn shall be.”  
He ceased and upon Mosman’s face  
Grim Omar fix’d his glaring eye,  
Who silent stood a little space,  
Whistled a while then made reply.

## VI.

“Should I refuse my child to thee  
Wouldst thou not do all this for me?  
Work heart and hand ’till thou shouldst see  
I of all hinderence were free  
To heir those lands so broad and fair,  
If I part with thee should share?  
Now to this end give me thy aid,  
And thou’lt by me be well repaid,  
Wealth will be more to thee I trow,  
Than hundred maids like Alice now.  
Forgo the maid and think of this,  
’Twill in the end bring greater bliss.”  
“Not I for all of earth or hell,  
Fierce from the lips of Omar fell,  
Of wealth I have enough, this land  
On which we do this moment stand,  
Though barreu wild and drear it be,  
Yet every foot is own’d by me—  
I bought it all a year ago,  
Here are my deeds that I can show,  
And let me win or lose your child,  
Here shall soon on these crags be piled,—  
A castle huger and more grand,  
Than can be found upon your land.  
When I erect my palace here,  
I’ll look down on your mansion there,  
And view the home of her I love,  
And who loves me all else above,  
Aha, you need not shake your head,  
Nor think she’ll with another wed.  
I know the feelings of her soul,  
Yea, all the thoughts that through it roll,  
Though weary, weary years have past—  
Since on that maid I looked my last.

I know her love for me will last,  
E'en were her fate with others cast :  
Here on my turret's topmost stone,  
I shall at twilight sit alone,  
And gaze down from my lofty throne,  
On her I'll in the future own.  
And when you die and sink to dust,  
And I thank God some day you must,  
Then will the barrier be moved,  
That bane so long to true love proved.  
No, though I'd rot both flesh and bone  
And my poor heart be turn'd to stone,  
For not aiding you those lands to own,  
I would not for you turn a straw,  
Though it 'twas in my way I saw,  
Nor aid you heir broad Lyolynn,  
'Till Alice as my wife I win."

Then answer thus George Mosman made  
While on Omar's arm his hand he laid.  
"Why kinsman you seem really wild,  
Yea, crazed with love for my poor child.  
You talk like you did years ago,  
Has not long travel, toil and woe,  
Made wiser thoughts within you grow,  
And quell'd that passions ebb and flow?",  
"Talk not thus to me," Omar said,  
"As years of toil have o'er me sped,  
My love for her has stronger grown—  
Than that for her in youth was known.  
Mine was no love with ebb and flow,  
It never sign of ebb did show,  
'Twas like no river dull and slow,  
But rushed in headlong overthrow,  
Like mountain stream when hot suns glow—  
On hill tops piled with melting snow,

That rushes in a torrent strong,  
And carries every thing along  
That dares to bar its onward course,  
Still dashing on with growing force.  
Lat short shall be my tarry here,  
E'en though you far more friendly were,  
You've now heard all I have to say,  
And I shall backward wend my way.  
Only shall you heir Lyolynn,  
When I my soul's own idol win,  
So come friend Roger, come with me  
Where we shall far more welcome be."  
He said and down the mountain's side  
Began with hasty steps to stride;  
But ere a hundred yards he'd sped—  
Thus Roger Lea to Mosman said.

## VII.

"The mortgage that I hold 'gainst you  
Fortenthousands pounds has long beendue,  
And I came solely here to-day  
To see if you my claim could pay.  
I wish it paid I'll no longer wait,  
For I must settle my estate.  
All must be paid within a year,  
And all the intrest in arrear.  
I do not wish to deal severe  
But heed what I now tell you here.  
In this world no man's worth a curse,  
Unless he has a well fill'd purse.  
And I'd not wish in your old days  
To see you beg upon high-ways,  
Nor see you enter alms-house' door,  
A beggar pennyless and hoar.  
And were I now to force from you

All that to me is justly due,  
I would leave you but little more—  
Than ragged beggars have in store.  
Since through me all you have, you won,  
I'm loath to see you now undone.  
But you can pay me if you choose,  
And don't yon fool his wish refuse,  
So call him back and give your child,  
His love is generous though wild,  
Why need you care if him she wed—  
So she is treated well and fed?  
Had I a dozen daughters, young,  
And fair as ever danced or sung,  
Or round the may-pole skipped and sprung,  
Or flowers on the alter hung,  
And I were asked like you were here,  
I'd not a minut pause, I swear,  
But gladly give each cherished maid,  
If I like you were amply paid.  
Don't say a word, but just be still,  
Arguing often ends in ill,  
No words put in 'till I am done,  
What I've to say is scarce begun,  
With words don't interrupt me so,  
What you think I don't care to know  
Children were given unto us  
To pay our debts, so treat them thus:  
Now call him back and give your child,  
And fortune never on you smiled—  
As she will do when this is done,  
When Alice makes yon man your son  
Don't yon stand gaping like a fool,  
The dumbest in some village-school,  
With scarce the wit to laugh or whine,  
Stupid as some tobacco sign.

Haste you forth after Omar's track  
And call the love-sick mortal back,  
And treat as you should your kin,  
Who never did 'gainst you a sin;  
There's no time to think, pause or stay,  
Go bring him back, away, away."

## VIII.

Rapid as springs the antelope,  
From hounds that near him pant and grope,  
Mosman leapt down the rocky slope,  
Lea's threats and Omar's promised gain—  
Had all bewildered made his brain.  
He rushed like one all crazed and wild,  
Down the steep rocks so craggy piled  
Shouting Omar, Omar on he flew,  
'Till he beside his kinsman drew.  
But what words pass'd between them there,  
And what all their promises were,  
To treat each other true and well—  
'Twere long and needless now to tell,  
Soon they seem'd warmer friends, I ween,  
That they before through life had been.  
So far from Lea they stood, no word  
They spake by him was over heard.  
Alone they talked 'till shades of night—  
Had lowered o'er the mountain's height,  
Then Lea they joined and forth they strode,  
Adown the long and winding road—  
Towards where a glowing taper showed—  
Mosman's and Alice's abode.  
But as they left the mountain ridge—  
They pass'd along a narrow bridge,  
That foot-way made o'er roaring linn,  
That rushed a darksome gurge within,

Hard by it rose a lofty mound  
That was with bush and brier crown'd,  
And on that very spot of ground  
George Mosman's son was murdered found,  
All gashed and left a horrid sight,  
About ten years ago that night.  
Here paused the three, no word was said,  
Each stood as silent as the dead,  
Suddenly 'midst the bushy mound  
Was heard a low and dismal sound,  
As one who draws to life's dread close,  
And one solitary owl arose  
From out the bushes to their view,  
And round and round the mound it flew,  
The while on air its hoots it threw,  
Then all at once from sight withdrew.  
Back swift into the bush it fled,  
And lay as silent as the dead.

## IX.

Swift from the place they drew  
As though they feared the scene to view,  
A tremor pass'd through Omar's form—  
That shook it all like leaf in storm,  
For in that owl that met his view,  
And thrice so close beside him flew,  
He in it fancied he could view  
The boy that there he basely slew.  
Mosman's son whom ten years before  
He had sought there and stretched in gore,  
'Twas well for Omar it was night,  
And that his visage ghastly white,  
By Mosman's vision was not scann'd  
As there he did in silence stand  
And trembling eyed with panting breath,

The by gone scene of blood and death.  
Back a lingering look he cast,  
As he increased his pace more fast,  
His thoughts were busy with the past,  
When his poor victim breathed his last;  
When on that warm and sunny day  
He shot him while he sleeping lay.  
And then his throat all ghastly scarr'd,  
His face and body gashed and marr'd,  
Left him so mangled on that mound,  
Amongst the briers growing round,  
And bush that densely robed the ground,  
He scarce was recognized when found.  
And this is why the deed was done.  
Omar De Vaux and Mosman's son,  
Quarrel'd o'er some trivial thing,  
Which soon to blows the twain did bring,  
De Vaux was pummeled far the worst.  
Through all the fray, from last to first,  
From Mosman's mansion he was spurn'd,  
And long time past ere he return'd.  
To none of Mosman's it was known,  
Where the desperate youth had flown,  
They fancied he was far away,  
But he in secret near them lay,  
And watched them all both night and day,  
It chanced young Mosman watched some  
    sheep—  
That grazed along this lonely steep,  
The day was bright, the sun was warm.  
And he in slumber stretched his form,  
To the youth Omar snake-like crept,  
And shot and slew him while he slept.  
His dirk within the linn he cast  
As from the scene of blood he past.

Then off to foreign climes he fled,  
Nor return'd 'till three years had sped.  
About the date the youth was slain  
A letter stamped with post mark plain,  
Was mail'd at Valladolid, Spain,  
To Alice from De Vaux it came,  
Breathed only love and holy flame,  
Three thousand miles of land and main,  
Lay 'tween her and that town in Spain,  
So it 'twas not Omar did the deed,  
By her and all 'twas well agreed.  
Omar could not the youth have slain,  
For he was at the time in Spain,  
Was thought firm fix'd in every mind.  
From highest lord to lowest hind ;  
For from the time he last was seen  
'Till then a year had past between.  
So when the murdered boy was found,  
And the grim tidings flew around,  
The murderer 'midst the hills was sought,  
And two old gipsies there were caught,  
All swore they must the deed have wrought,  
And straight they were to trial brought.  
Some women went so far to swear  
They saw those two old gipsies near  
The very spot the corpse was found,  
And that they heard a dismal sound,  
As would come forth from one in pain,  
As must have issued from the slain,  
And all this happen'd at the time,  
Or there about was done the crime,  
The very day the boy was miss'd.  
Then the wild rabble groan'd and hiss'd,  
And at the gipsies shook their fist.  
Grim curse and threat upon them threw,

While missiles on the gipsies flew.  
Lynch them the rabble roar'd amain,  
While oaths and threats they pour'd like  
rain.

Lynch them men shouted far and wide,  
Burn them, old shrieking crones replied,  
While all amazed the gipsies stood,  
Silent as statues carved in wood ;  
And witnesses against the twain,  
Gathered there from all sides amain ;  
What each one swore was all believed,  
No matter what their brains conceived  
It all as gospel truth was ta'en,  
The gipsies did the crime, 'twas plain.  
A day the two in jail were flung,  
Then tried, convicted and were hung.  
Died for a crime they did not do,  
As on earth have suffered others too.  
Died by the lying tongues of those  
Too often doth the world disclose,  
Who nought but evil will believe,  
And nought but evil can conceive—  
Against the race of mortal kind,  
To all their virtues deaf and blind,  
Who gladly see a mortal fall,  
And joy in his misfortunes all.  
Who when they hear a tale of ill,  
Spread it with all their might and skill,  
And strive to make it blacker still,  
All with grim proofs more damning fill.  
Who are aye ready to be sworn,  
And to the witness box be borne,  
Whose trade false witness 'tis to bear,  
And 'gainst the innocent to swear.  
Who commit perjury for meed,

Or any grim, infernal deed,  
On whose oaths judge and juries place—  
Far too much trust and faith and grace.

## X.

The letter which to Alice came  
And showed from Spain was brought the  
same

Within a league of her was penn'd,  
And Omar it to Lea did send—  
Who then from Valladolid hailed,  
And he for him the letter mailed.  
Right well the time did Omar know  
That it would unto Alice go,  
So to his hidings he withdrew,  
Which none but his confederates knew.  
And when arrive the proper time,  
He promptly wrought the bloody crime :  
The gipsies on the gallows grim,  
Paid for the deed was done by him ;  
Time flew on, and two years had fled,  
Since the youth numbered with the dead,  
By many was the deed forgot,  
But daily Mosman roam'd the spot,  
All day beside the place he'd stray,  
And weep the weary time away,  
As though he there some solace won,  
While mourning for his slaughtered son.  
It chanced one day he view'd the linn,  
And saw a dagger lie there in.  
From the waters deep, clear and swift,  
He did the gleaming weapon lift,  
The handle of the glittering steel  
Did Omar De Vaux's name reveal,  
A thrill of horror shook his frame,

As he beheld that well known name.  
Yes, thought he, all's reveal'd at last,  
I see now through the awful past.  
It's as I fancied at that time,  
'Twas Omar did the horrid crime,  
Here on the blade are stains of blood,  
Unmoved by time or yon swift flood !  
By none but him the deed was done,  
No other mortal slew my son.  
So to himself George Mosman thought,  
And to his home the dagger brought,  
He there the blood-stain'd blade concealed,  
Nor to a soul his thoughts revealed.  
Locked in his heart his secret fast,  
'Till he his eye on Omar cast.

## XI.

It was a cold and dismal day,  
O'er earth the sleet and snow-drifts lay,  
And loud without the tempests brayed,  
Which to and fro the forests swayed.  
George Mosman just had journied home  
From the spot he was wont to roam,  
And his large sable eyes still yet  
With their huge tears of grief were wet,  
As sudden oped his mansion's door,  
And Omar pass'd his threshold o'er.  
Beside his hearth George Mosman stood,  
His back turn'd to the blazing wood,  
Which gave forth warmth and brightness  
good.  
Hail my dear kinsman, Omar cried,  
As he strode up to Mosman's side,  
And offered unto him his hand,  
Who still as death the while did stand,

Nor did with voice nor hand nor smile,  
The least of welcome make the while.  
But on the intruder fix'd his eyes  
In rigid, glaring, stern surprise.  
At least five minuts pass'd or more,  
Yet he stood silent as before,  
Nor moved his gaze from Omar's face.  
Where it at first had ta'en its place.  
Keen rage in Omar's bosom burn'd  
And he the silent look return'd,  
Fix'd full his eyes on Mosman's stare,  
Unquailing met their piercing glare.  
At length George Mosman thus began—  
I've something here for you to scan.  
Then from a drawer the dirk he drew,  
And held it close to Omar's view—  
From Omar's face the color fled,  
'Till he looked ghastly as the dead,  
And not a single word he said.  
While shook his form from heel to head.  
George Mosman watched with eagle eye,  
He saw his cheeks all color fly,  
And while he watched him quake with fear,  
Thus spake in accents deep and clear.

## XII.

By your emotion I can tell  
You know this dagger all too well,  
And you can see on it I trust  
Those small dark spots of bloody rust,  
See they've been spared by flood and time,  
To now reveal your bloody crime.  
Murder will out, hide it as you will;  
Woe to him who human blood doth spill  
A curse will heel him for the crime—

Through all eternity and time,  
Though the dead be sunk in a gurge  
From whither nothing can emerge,  
And with the flood the dead be hurl'd  
Down to the centre of the world,  
And rot in everlasting night,  
Seen never more by human sight.  
Yet the time will come sure as fate,  
Let it be either soon or late,  
When God the murderer will show,  
Point him out, plain as yonder snow;  
God will the murderer reveal,  
Plain as we see this blade of steel:  
You has fate pointed out to me,  
In you my son's murderer I see.  
The day I miss'd him on the hill,  
I thought then you had dealt him ill.  
But did not fancy at the time,  
You would have done so foul a crime.  
And all the while our search we sped,  
I did not think we'd find him dead.  
I though within some cavern grim—  
You and your crew had fettered him.  
Two days we searched in vain, no word,  
Nor sight of him we saw nor heard,  
Though o'er nigh all the hills we stirr'd,  
Vain two days we search, on the third  
Upon the knoll beside the linn  
Crows gathered there with ceaseless din,  
We climbed and searched the bushy mound,  
And there my murdered son was found.  
Two gipsies for the deed were hung,  
I saw them from the gallows swung.  
Though all the people far and near,  
Threw the guilt on that wretched pair,

And did them unto death condemn—  
Yet I ne'er fancied it was them.  
Two years sped on, the truth lay hid  
As was the dead 'neath coffin lid,  
The while I found no single clew—  
By which to trace the deed to you,  
Although 'twas you the crime that wrought,  
I just as firm as ever thought.  
About the time two years had past,  
This dirk I found where it was cast  
Within the waters of the linn—  
By you, in hopes to hide your sin;  
See, fate has not let time nor flood—  
Yet wholly cleanse it all of blood,  
For these small spots that dim its glow—  
If analyzed man's blood would show.  
You see how God has all reveal'd,  
That you thought hidden and conceal'd.  
And other proofs I've found of late  
That prove 'twas you as sure as fate.  
Weeks ago I your pistol found—  
Where you had hid it in the ground,  
Now see it lying in yon drawer,  
It often in your hand I saw,  
A league from where the crime you did,  
That pistol in the earth you hid,  
The rains had washed the mould away,  
And did but inch of it display,  
It chanced just on the spot it lay  
One morning did my footsteps stray,  
I spied it, took it from its lair,  
All rusted as you see it there:  
Balls from my murdered son they tore  
Exactly fit that pistol's bore.  
But not a word of what you hear

I've breathed before in human ear,  
For were I this to breathe abroad—  
'Twould give you to the hangman's cord.  
And loath am I to see my sister's son—  
Though darkest deed to me he's done—  
Deed the most cruel and unkind—  
He could have plotted in his mind —  
Yes, I am loath to see you die  
A death of shame and infamy  
Upon the gallows grim and high,  
Fiend though you are of basest dye—  
That ever yet with human eye—  
Has looked on earth or sea or sky.  
So hear, this night I bid you fly—  
And seek some distant unknown shore,  
Nor dare to let me see you more,  
Don't dare to roam this county round,  
But haste forth to earth's furthest bound.  
Ne'er let me see your face again,  
Nor hear you in this land remain,  
Or you shall lie chain'd in dungeon's gloom,  
And you die, the gallows is your doom.  
But if you keep from out my view—  
You'll shun the vengeance justly due :  
To none within my mansion here  
I wish it known that you are near.  
Now — go forth I've no more to say,  
Speed for your life, nor moment stay,  
Death takes you if you now delay,  
Speed, there's the door, away, away.

## XIII.

Had Omar on the gallows stood,  
About to wear the sable hood,  
With the strong cord already cast—

Around his neck and knotted fast,  
Throwing on earth his look the last,  
He'd not seem'd so startled and aghast,  
As when Mosman unto his view,  
The pistol and the dagger drew,  
And in his ears these tidings threw.  
Three times he strove to make reply,  
But still all vainly did he try,  
Complete his tongue dead palsied lay,  
And not a single word would say.  
On Mosman one short look he cast,  
Then turn'd and o'er the threshold pass'd,  
Strode from the door with hastily tread—  
Forth unto a neighbouring shed—  
'Neath which he late had tied his steed—  
And in the saddle leapt with speed,  
Struck deep his spur, through sleet and  
snow—

That blasts were tossing to and fro,  
And night which had begun to grow—  
Did from the grange like whirlwind go;  
And Mosman's was the only eye  
Had seen him enter there, or fly.  
Eight years from then 'till now had past—  
Since these grim twain had parted last,  
Or on each other look had cast.

## XIV.

I said that Omar's face grew pale,  
Or whiter than the whitest sail,  
That short and panting grew his breath,  
And right tottering grew his tread—  
As pass'd the by gone scene of death,  
The three along in silence sped :  
And that his spirit quailed with awe,

And shook him all with ghastly fear,  
When that lone hooting owl he saw  
Rise from the bushes dense and drear;  
I said 'twas well that it was night,  
And that grim Omar's visage white—  
And all his tremors of affright—  
Were hid the while from Mosman's sight.  
And so it was for Mosman's eye  
Was fast on Omar fix'd the while,  
Near De Vaux soon he drew more nigh,  
And thus began with seeming smile.  
"Kinsman right glad I am to hear  
You do yon tract of mountains own,  
For there's a boundless fortune there  
In iron and in coal alone,  
Besides the quarries vast of slate  
That all throughout those hills abound,  
A richer and more grand estate  
Could scarcely in the land be found.  
But how came you in fortune's way  
To win so quick so vast a hoard?  
Huge was the price the owner lay  
Upon that tract of mountains broad."  
Omar answer made, "From Peru  
A stately ship once sail'd for Spain  
With gold and silver fill'd, her crew  
Had from the wealthy Incas ta'en;  
That long had been at Cuzco stored,  
Within the Temple of the Sun,  
Which Manco built to hold his hoard,  
Who first the Inca race begun.  
By some mishap that vessel sank  
At night in forty feet of brine,  
And only one sole man was saved  
Amongst a crew of eighty nine.

But where she sank he told, only few,  
These with him strove the hoard to gain,  
But when e'er to the place they drew  
The tempests instant stirr'd the main.  
Though it was calm as calm could be,  
And the sun beam'd down bright and warm,  
And not a ripple showed the sea,  
Nor skies the faintest trace of storm.  
Yet at the moment that they drew  
O'er where lay that vast sunken hoard,  
That instant wild the billows flew,  
And roaring tempest rushed abroad.  
One hundred years had pass'd away  
And still beneath the rolling main  
The hoard within that vessel lay,  
For all attempts the hoard to gain,  
Throughout that time had proven vain:  
Yes, still from sire unto son  
The hoard was sought but never won,  
And where in sea the vessel lay,  
Few knew though ages past away.  
At last to me the tale was told,  
And for this sunken hoard of gold,  
I with some daring comrades sought,  
And from the seas the treasure brought,  
At peril of both life and limb—  
In flood for it did dive and swim;  
The largest share of all I caught,  
And have with it these mountains bought.  
And have enough yet left in hand—  
To build me here a castle grand.  
I sought the hoard with Roger Lea,  
Who from that wreck within the sea—  
Won ample hoard as well as I,  
Who now can answer if I lie.

## XV.

While thus they talked, they closer drew  
To Mosman's home that rose in view,  
Clear shone the lights from window-pane,  
And sent their glare o'er field and lane,  
Bright rose the moon though on its wane,  
And showed forth Mosman mansion plain,  
From its foundation to the vane.  
'Twas a stately and fair abode  
That there beneath the moonlight glowed,  
'Twas circled all with hedges trim,  
And grass and flowers growing frim.  
Dense o'er the mansion's lofty wall  
Did ivy and honey-suckles crawl.  
And all around the air was fill'd  
With odors that the rose distill'd,  
From violet and lily's bed  
Around the sweet perfumes were spread.  
And these were all with snow-drops edged,  
Or with bordering daisies hedged,  
And all the garden far and wide  
Was gay with every flower pied,  
And long lines of shrub and box-wood  
Fringing the gravel'd path-ways stood;  
Here and there a towering tree  
Amidst that garden trim they see:  
Here and there a cedar tall and pine,  
O'er which climb'd some flowery vine,  
The garden 'neath the moonlight clear  
Looked like an Eden blooming there.  
No matter where the eye might range,  
All was beauty round that stately grange.  
And in the midst the mansion grand  
Did like a lofty castle stand;  
Huge was its size, and built of stone,

Rear'd in the choicest style that's known,  
High was the building broad and long,  
And seem'd like some Gothic tower strong,  
Such as within the days of old  
Were built by barons proud and bold,  
Who king-like ruled a broad domain,  
Who's vassels formed a mighty train.  
Two hundred yards from this abode  
A broad and shining river flowed,  
Calm was the eve, no breath of breeze  
E'en stirr'd the leaves of aspen trees,  
And 'neath the moon's bright glowing beam,  
All tranquil stretched the flowing stream,  
Smooth, clear as glass was its broad face,  
No ripple there the eye could trace,  
Save afar where a little boat  
Did gently down its current float,  
From this at times a plashing oar  
Sent ripples dancing to the shore,  
But these were few and far between,  
Nought else disturbed the placid scene.  
Along the sloping pebbly shore,  
Which all sublimest beauty wore,  
Long rows of oaks and poplars grew,  
Which o'er the floods their shadows threw,  
'Neath these the three conferring drew,  
Till house and garden met their view,  
There 'neath an elm they stood awhile,  
To see the scene in beauty smile;  
For they heard from the distant boat—  
Sweet music on the moonlight float,  
Mix'd with a soft, low voice at times—  
That woke the air with stirring rhymes,  
It was a maiden's voice and hand,  
That fill'd the air with music grand,

With voice like zephyrs sweet and soft,  
She stirr'd the strains of music oft,  
With songs of love and joy and woe,  
Some good old songs of long ago,  
All the while in her busy hand—  
Loud, ceaseless sound, sublime and grand  
From deep toned accordion rung,  
And music o'er the waters flung.  
While she fill'd the calm moonlit air—  
With song and music, rich and rare,  
At times when loudest grew her song,  
And music rose most deep and strong,  
A voice of nightingale was heard,  
That in neighbouring valley stirr'd,  
And loud and long his lay at times,  
Commingled with her sprightly chimes.  
All would together blissful blend,  
And sweetest sounds o'er waters send,  
Yes, with the voice and organ's swell,  
Oft mix'd the lay of philomel.  
With them his music rose and fell,  
As though he knew the maiden's well.

## XVI.

The organ ceased its sprightly sound,  
And utter silence reigned around,  
The soft, sweet voice had died away  
And philomel had ceased his lay.  
And still and slow the little boat—  
Did down the glowing river float,  
A minute or full more had past,  
Yet grave-like stillness yet did last,  
And just was Mosman in the act—  
To call across that watery tract—  
To her who had so sweetly sung,

And had the air with music rung,  
When suddenly again she stirr'd,  
And plashing of an oar was heard,  
Far up the stream she brought her boat,  
Then left it with the current float.  
As back adown the stream it went,  
This song upon the air she sent,  
No organ's tones with it she blent,  
But with voice soft and sweet and low—  
As e'er sung song of joy or woe,  
She sang, and philomel kept still,  
As rang her voice o'er stream and hill.

## Song:

Where are the twain who long ago  
With me beside these waters stood,  
Who shared with me joy or woe,  
The bright, the beautiful, the good?  
Who roam'd with me 'midst storm or shine,  
In life's gay, sunny spring,  
Whose merry laughter made with mine  
Earth with ceaseless gladness ring?  
Who girdled with radiant light—  
Field and forest, land and sea,  
When they both were in my sight,  
Close together all were we?  
Who the earliest impulse gave  
To my thought and feeling's flow?  
Ah, one is far o'er land and wave,  
The other mute, dead and low!  
Moldering in the dreary grave,  
O'er him rose and daisies blow,  
Heedless of fiercest storms that rave,  
Wakeless slumber ne'er shall know.  
All around where once he kindled light,  
Now dwells nought but densest gloom,

His drear departure left a night  
Dark and silent as the tomb.  
Early was he ta'en away—  
While in his glorious prime,  
Flew to the realms of endless day—  
Beyond the sphere of woe and time.  
They robed him all in spotless white,  
Laid flowers on his silent breast,  
Then closed the coffin dark as night,  
And bore him to his endless rest.  
Oh, who can tell the grief and woe  
That through all my spirit sped—  
When I heard earth and pebbles go  
Falling on the coffined dead !  
Oh, mortal words can never tell  
What a joy was swept away,  
What a dark lasting sorrow fell  
Round me on that dreary day !  
All my bright joy and mirth took flight,  
All my fondest musings fled,  
Died hope, and sorrow's densest night  
Cast its gloom about my head.  
Like him within the desert drear  
Who pants with thirst on burning sand  
Who nought but woe can see or hear  
Across the dismal, dark'ning land.  
So then I lay and sorrowed deep  
O'er my joys for ever flown,  
Wept on 'till I no more could weep,  
'Till mine eyes had tearless grown.  
Then pain and grief in fiercer flow  
Did throughout my spirit roll,  
That grim unutterable woe  
Which tearless falls upon the soul,  
And must I by stern fate's behest,

That is cruel, hard as stone.  
Lock all my sorrow in my breast,  
And mourn on for aye alone?  
Oh! where is he I loved of yore,  
And all fondly cherish still,  
Who for me deathless friendship swore—  
Through life or death, weal or ill?  
Whose slightest look and smile and tone  
Could with rapture fill my soul;  
Why does he leave me here alone—  
'Neath grim doubts and griefs control?  
Oh, shortly may some stately ship  
Bear him o'er the trackless main,  
Bring, bring him to this heart and lip,  
And these longing eyes again,  
And turn my grief to glowing mirth  
Warmly as he did before;  
With gladness fill the happy earth  
With the joyous tones of yore!  
Thou stately vessel bring him here,  
Though his love be dead and flown,  
And in his soul be hatred where  
I was loved, and loved alone.  
If his warm love for me of yore  
Hath through time grown cold and tame,  
I will rekindle it once more,  
Fan it into stronger flame.  
Thou stately vessel bring him here—  
Bring him to this lonely spot,  
To gladness turn my weary care,  
Let the past be all forgot,  
Bring, bring him here, and never more  
Shall he from me depart again,  
These arms should hold, and fold him o'er,  
As with an adamant chain.

## XVII.

Here ceased her melancholy strain,  
And utter silence reigned again,  
Yet still the while in Omar's soul—  
Her words like burning lava roll,  
Still in his ear their echo rang—  
As plain as while the maiden sang,  
For well, too well grim Omar knew,  
'Twas for him, and the youth he slew—  
All that poor maiden's sorrow grew,  
And o'er her soul this anguish threw.  
Alas, he thought where e'er I go,  
Must I hear nought but sounds of woe?  
Is there no happiness on earth?  
Is it completely void of mirth?  
Alas! no matter where I range,  
Upon the world of ceaseless change,  
Must I bear still through joy or pain,  
The everlasting curse of Cain?  
Oh, God! I would it ne'er had been—  
That I had view'd this sylvan scene!  
Or I had ever journied near  
Where I that maiden's voice could hear,  
That I had staid on distant shore,  
And never seen nor heard that angel more.  
I woud the maiden loved me not,  
That she had me long, long forgot,  
That all trace of love was dead and flown—  
She e'er for me has felt or known.  
If she the awful truth but knew—  
'Twas I her much loved brother slew,  
Would her strong love not turn to hate,  
And make the gallows be my fate?  
And smile on me e'en while I stood  
With neck tied in the fatal snood,

And draw o'er my face the hangman's hood,  
Hide view of sky, earth, field and wood?  
No, a wrong to me she would not do,  
Though all the awful truth she knew.  
And though I died by hangman's cord,  
I should by her be still adored,  
And o'er her love in joy or pain  
I should still yet the foremost reign,  
Though if I met so grim an end,  
For it her heart with grief would rend;  
And through all turns of woe or weal,  
To her the truth I'll ne'er reveal.  
For the dread deed that I have done,  
Her days shall all in gladness run,  
I'll be to her 'till life shall end,  
A father, brother, husband, friend,  
I'll fill her heart with nought but mirth,  
Make for her paradise of earth.  
With her I haste the wedding day,  
Nor shall her father cause delay,  
For when her as my wife I win,  
I'll make her heir of Lyolynn.  
Yes, all I worked for long ago,  
No, stay nor hinderance shall know;  
And ere a week from this be sped—  
I'll lay old Roger with the dead:  
To help me now his aid I need,  
'Tis done, of him I'll soon be freed.

## XVIII.

The while these thoughts through Omar  
pass'd,  
The boat to shore came gliding fast,  
Near where they stood the shallop drew  
On shore the maid the anchor threw,

Swift and lightly from the boat she flew,  
And Alice stood disclosed to view.  
Right where the moonbeams shone she  
stood,  
Her head was bare of hat and hood,  
Full on her face the moonbeams glowed,  
And all her visage plainly showed.  
Fair was her forehead, broad and high,  
And 'neath it flashed a coal-black eye.  
Her full round face was fair to view,  
Blushing all o'er with healthy hue.  
Her features all were nobly formed  
O'er chin and cheeks the dimples swarm'd,  
Her well formed lips were crimson red,  
Her teeth a pearly lustre shed,  
Her round bare arms were white as snow,  
Or like the foam when tempests blow,  
Through gauzy robe her heaving breast  
The whiteness of hoar frost confess'd,  
O'er swan-like neck and shoulders fair,  
Hung heavy folds of sable hair.  
Tall was her form and strong and broad,  
But all together nicely stored;  
More majestic symmetry and grace,  
Ne'er for human form did sculptor trace.  
Though huge her frame her step was light,  
As 'ever danced at day or night,  
All full of ruddy health she stood,  
In glowing prime of maidenhood.  
And fair as any yet who trod  
In human form on rock or sod.  
Than her's a soul more good and kind,  
Has never swayed a human mind.  
Like her own thoughts serene and pure,  
She deem'd all other mortals bore.

She knew nought of the world around,  
And never from her home was found.  
In the home she had been born and rear'd—  
This rosy maiden aye appear'd.  
Her sire though base, low and wild,  
And was by all a villain styled,  
Who mighty hoard by fraud had piled,  
He spotless kept his maiden child.  
Let few her presence move before,  
And those the purest of the pure,  
Only a few whose souls were fraught  
With pious deeds and holy thought;  
It'd been the task of these choice few—  
To teach the maiden all she knew.  
And she knew scarcely more, I ween,  
Than what was 'mongst her flowers seen;  
Her soul was pure and sweet as them,  
As any rose that bloom'd on stem.  
The books in which she had been taught—  
Were those the choicest poets wrought:  
And their creations pure, sublime,  
Were only taught in winter time.  
The gayest sport the maiden knew  
Was tending flowers that round her grew,  
Or rowing her boat upon the stream,  
Beneath the moon's broad glowing beam,  
Which short light toils to cheeks bestowed  
The healthy hue with which they glowed.  
One only love the maid had known,  
And this had in her childhood grown,  
When Omar with her father dwelt,  
And at her same pure altar knelt,  
And through all time that flame she felt,  
Though had she known that he had dealt  
The cruel shot and thrust and blow—

That laid her cherished brother low,  
Her love had all that instant flown,  
Like dust that is by whirlwind strown.  
Drove him from her for ever more—  
As the sear'd leaf is whirled from shore,  
Toss'd far upon the distant main,  
And never shall return again.  
This was the maid with spotless brow,  
Who Omar sought to marry now.  
And must her fate be joined with him?  
With one so base and foul and grim?  
Must she be wed in her young morn—  
With one she'll learn to loathe and scorn?  
Must her pure life be clouded dim—  
Linked with a villain foul and grim?  
One whose dark soul all evil swarms,  
And not a single virtue warms,  
Unless it be the love that grew  
In him for her when life was new.  
And which for her had stronger grown,  
Though since their parting years had flown,  
Though he had o'er the world been thrown,  
And which now glow'd as wild and warm,  
As ever burn'd in human form?  
Or ever thrill'd a nobler soul—  
With feelings it could not control.  
If this a virtue can be styled,  
Then he had one all burning wild.  
But, 'cause he loves her strong and true,  
As ever soul of mortal knew,  
Must her pure love with his be twined!  
Will fate to her be so unkind?  
Grant it not ye powers above,  
Who bring together those who love.

## XIX.

When on the shore the maiden strode—  
Where all her charms the moonlight show'd,  
Her father and the other two  
With merry greeting round her drew.  
Her hand she stretched to Roger Lea,  
And gave a welcome frank and free ;  
So with beard was Omar's visage grown,  
Unto the maid he was not known,  
For when they'd parted years before,  
No sign of beard his features wore,  
In those days his face was smooth and fair,  
Now 'twas all sable shaggy hair :  
And when her father breathed his name,  
A frown o'er all her features came ;  
A frown that augur'd more of awe,  
Than love for him that now she saw.  
And when on him her gaze she cast,  
No smiles athwart her features past.  
Like one bewildered and amazed—  
She seem'd when e'er on him she gazed.  
Gravely their meeting Mosman eyed,  
And view'd his child with secret pride.  
Conferring towards the house they drew,  
But oft a stolen, side-wise view,  
The rosy maid on Omar cast,  
Ere they the lofty threshold pass'd.  
The hallway was with marble paved,  
All white, with stately figures graved,  
And gave grand comeliness around,  
To all that hallway's spacious bound.  
Soon trod they in the fair abode,  
That all with brilliant tapers glowed,  
And huge fantastic pictures show'd,  
That did the walls and ceiling load.

One painting hung upon the wall  
That conspicuous was o'er all;  
'Neath it was written bold and free,  
Plain for all gazer's eyes to see,  
Hugh De Vaux and Orla Lea;  
The back-ground seem'd a forest vast,  
That was with midnight over cast.  
'Twas summer and the trees were green  
O'er all the earth tall grass was seen.  
And right in front this scene of wood—  
A murderer o'er his murdered stood,  
The dead that 'neath the villain lay—  
Was a lean, aged man and gray,  
A wound within his side was seen,  
Whence blood had gushed and dyed the  
green;

The murderer was dashed with gore,  
Huge clots his sable whiskers wore,  
And with a lantern in his hold—  
He lean'd o'er his victim gray and old.  
His hand was robbing fast the dead,  
On earth the slain man's coin was spread.  
The dirk that had the murder dealt,  
Glow'd red in the murderer's belt:  
It seem'd all gory grim and wet,  
Though it was crimson dripping yet.  
But had that limner's brain and hand—  
Who had that painting made and plann'd,  
Had Lea and Omar in his mind,  
And likeness of the twain designed,  
Or they the while before him stood,  
He'd not their portraits drawn more good.  
There complete from head to heel was seen  
Old Roger dead upon the green,  
There perfect had the limner placed—

Same features that in Lea were traced,  
The same thin lips all void of grace,  
The hoary brow and sad, pale face.  
The man that bent the dead one o'er,  
Had features that grim Omar bore,  
The shagging brows and eyes of jet,  
That seem'd intent on plunder set,  
There the same large hooked nose appear'd,  
And same long sable, shaggy beard,  
The same curly hair of darkest dye,  
Same narrow forehead sharp and high:  
All to Omar strong semblance bore,  
E'en the garb the murderer wore.  
On this scene then on Omar's face,  
Oft, oft her eyes the maid did place;  
The longer did the twain she view,  
Still more and more the semblance grew,  
Until her thoughts towards Omar flow'd,  
As to the wretch the painting show'd.  
Yet the while, her voice with lively sound,  
Mingled in all the talk around:  
She laughed and smiled at joke and jest,  
And seem'd all lively as the rest.  
For Omar had full much to tell,  
Though most was lies that from him fell,  
Of what around the world he'd seen,  
Of scenes in which he'd actor been,  
And some, all so ludicrous, I ween,  
That to have heard him talk the while,  
Had made a dying hermit smile.  
Swift time sped on, and hours flew,  
The time for bed and slumber grew,  
Yet, still the tongue of Omar rung,  
And forth its tales of wonder flung,  
As though perpetual motion strung—

Each sinew of his lying tongue.  
The cocks without for morning crow'd,  
Yet still the tales of Omar flow'd.  
Within his chair old Roger slept,  
His snore with Omar chorus kept.  
But Mosman and his rosy child.  
Attentive heard the stories wild,  
And Omar fleeting time beguiled,  
'Till morning o'er the mansion smiled.

## XX.

High on the mansion's level roof,  
From every list'ning ear aloof,  
Near the lofty spire and vane,  
That looked afar o'er field and plain,  
O'er river, mountain, rock and wood,  
George Mosman and his daughter stood  
The sun was rising o'er the world,  
And gliding clouds round mountains curl'd.  
Beneath his all enlivening ray  
Nature below them smiling lay,  
Orchards, wheat fields and tasseled corn,  
Glow'd to the early beams of morn,  
O'er pastures that the eye surveyed,  
Vast herds of sheep and cattle strayed,  
A mighty landscape all of green,  
Fair as any on earth, I ween,  
With streams sweeping vast fields between,  
Far as man's eye could view were seen.  
A smile o'er Mosman's features played,  
And long it o'er his visage strayed  
As all he did in silence scan;  
"Daughter," at length he thus began.  
"Since your old lover has arrived,  
And I suppose will soon be wived,

Show me on what spot of that land,  
You would prefer your home to stand,  
For stately mansion I must rear—  
For you and him to dwell in there.”  
Upon the father gazed his child,  
With face that beam'd surprise all wild,  
The color from her features flew,  
And ghastly pallor o'er them grew,  
Sternly her father's face she eyed,  
And darkly frowning thus replied.  
“Father, far sooner would I bound  
From here to yonder solid ground,  
It is full sixty feet, I ween,  
From where we stand to yonder green,  
Should I throw my form on yon grass,  
I'd be a lifeless, shapeless mass.  
But sooner would I do it now,  
Than Omar join in marriage vow.  
He is not like the youth of yore,  
That I did tenderly adore :  
Now like that boy he no more seems,  
Than night resembles noon-day beams  
I feel an instinct strong as death,  
I feel it grow with every breath,  
It now throbs in my spirits core,  
And bids me shun him ever more.  
Thus father talk no more to me,  
For Omar's wife I'll never be,  
From where he came, let him go back,  
And never cross again my track,  
Why, now all this for him I feel,  
I do not know, so can't reveal,  
But still when e'er I look on him,  
And view his visage wild and grim,  
Thrills of aversion through me sweep,

Bid me wide distance from him keep."  
She ceased and one bright, happy smile  
Beam'd on the father's face the while,  
A kiss upon her cheek he laid,  
Seized her hand and thus answer made.  
"I thank my God the spell is dead,  
That all your love for him has fled,  
And never shall you Omar wed,  
Of life I'd sooner see you shed.  
But daughter me a moment hear,  
And what I speak, breathe in no ear.  
Be not surprised at what I tell,  
And let it in you silent dwell,  
Strong hope to win you as his wife,—  
Is in his bosom throbbing rife,  
And when he asks you him to wed  
Say nought, be silent as the dead,  
Nor yes, nor no, be your reply,  
But act you loving, coy and sly.  
Let him no sign of hatred see,  
But play the hypocrite for me,  
My reasons now for this my dear—  
To you I cannot now make clear,  
Further than this which you shall hear,  
The heirs of Lyolynn are dead,  
At least such rumor Omar's spread.  
If 'tis true, I am now the heir,  
But I must prove my titles clear,  
For this I'll Lea and Omar need,  
So treat them fair in word and deed.  
Soon as I to the heirship speed,  
You shall of both be swiftly freed.  
Off with Lea I shall shortly go,  
And be away a week or so,  
Treat Omar in my absence well,

But always near the servants dwell.”  
He ceased, and kiss’d his daughter’s face,  
Then left the roof with hasty pace.

## XXI.

On lightning wings the hours flew,  
And fast the past more boundless grew,  
Two weeks had Mosman been away,  
For him and Lea had left one day,  
But unto them, and them alone,  
Where they journied, ’twas only known,  
And through the garden every day,  
Did Omar and fair Alce stray.  
She oft to be his bride was asked,  
But she had all her feelings masked,  
Did all her father bade her do,  
And let the unloved lover woo,  
With no, his soul she’d not riven,  
Nor yet had she promise given,  
Though he both at her had driven,  
For plain yes, or no, had striven.  
While through the garden paths they  
walked,  
And Omar of his friendship talked.  
And told her plainly soon as she,  
Agreed with him, his bride to be,  
Then by his aid all Lyolynn  
Her sire as his own should win,  
For unto him, and him alone,  
The fates of other heirs were known,  
And when she swore to be his bride,  
He’d prove where, and when those heirs  
had died,  
And not till then what e’er betide.  
And she had just to him replied—

That when her sire as the heir—  
Without a doubt was proven clear—  
To every castle, hill and glen—  
She'd be his bride, and not 'till then.  
A heavy footstep reached their ear  
As of a man approaching near,  
Adown the lawn their gaze they threw,  
Saw Peter Zurn who towards them drew.  
"Alice, you to the mansion go,  
Leave me now an hour or so  
I something from yon man must hear,  
I, while we talk wish yon not near,  
For 'twould not interest your ear."  
Thus with a smile grim Omar said,  
And moved towards Zurn with hasty tread.  
The maid into the mansion drew,  
Glad she was out of Omar's view.

## XXII.

Near the river, far beyond the lawn,  
Had Omar and Peter Zurn withdrawn,  
Long had the twain conferring been  
Beneath a maple tall and green,  
That stood beside the flowing stream—  
And screen'd them from the noonday beam  
The sun shone warm, the day was fair,  
And not a breeze disturbed the air,  
And all sweltering hot and still—  
Lay round them stream and field and hill.  
Time flew, the long shades of afternoon—  
Show'd that the eve was coming soon.  
And just had Peter Zurn agreed—  
If Omar paid a certain meed,  
And Mosman his sole friend in need  
Had no objections to the deed,

He'd in his ship bear off apace—  
Ianthé to a certain place,  
Omar just had named the spot and clime,  
Where yellow fever raged the time.  
A child like her thrown 'midst that scourge,  
It would straight mingle in her blood,  
And would her in a week submerge  
Beneath death's cold and silent flood.  
To murder her would never do,  
And when shall cease Ianthe's breath—  
She must be tended by a few—  
Who can in all times prove her death.  
And there were some, to Mosman friends,  
Who dwelt within that fatal clime,  
Who'd aid him work unto his ends—  
No matter what the deed or crime.  
They knew Ianthe and her race,  
Though never had the child been there,  
But at her father's dwelling place  
Those friends of Mosman often were.  
Up to a few short months ago  
They had with Lockhart business wrought,  
Though to him, they did friendship show,  
They loathed him in their soul and thought,  
For he to them had evil brought,  
Them into speculations led,  
Which had of profit borne them nought,  
But heaped vast losses on their head.  
Now, unto these to bear the child  
Had Zurn agreed, and fix'd his pay,  
And if she died not by the fever wild,  
To end her in some other way.  
As this had by the twain been plann'd  
And they 'bout Ianthe's death conferred,  
Behind a ridge of grassy land—

The tramp of coming steeds they heard,  
And riding swiftly, soon they see—  
George Mosman and old Roger Lea.  
And soon those riders drew their rein  
Beside the eager plotting twain,  
From horse to earth the horsemen drew,  
And each to each his greeting threw :  
And soon they knew that Zurn agreed—  
To make them of Ianthe freed,  
The death-time of the child to speed,  
And Omar paid to him the meed.  
And there the four were plotting found,  
As shades of twilight close around,  
Then from their plotting they were stirr'd  
For coming horse-hoofs loud they heard  
And on a road unto their right,  
A horseman in wild rapid flight,  
Suddenly burst upon their sight,

## XXIII.

A tall gate stood across the road,  
But o'er it the courser bore his load,  
Clear'd its high rail with one strong bound,  
And dashed along the dusty ground,  
With foaming flanks, and flying rein,  
On, on the charger swept amain,  
With ears pricked, nostrils open spread,  
Like whirlwind up the road he fled,  
With foam his bit was whitened o'er,  
And wreathes of foam his body bore.  
His snow-white mane spread on the air—  
Like flag of truce seem'd flying there,  
Right in front of the plotting crew  
The gallant steed and rider drew.  
And halting thus said, " can you tell,

If here or not the Mosmans dwell.”  
“They do,” George Mosman straight replied  
As he approached the horseman’s side,  
A letter forth the horseman drew,  
Held the address to Mosman’s view.  
“Know you the name that here is penn’d?”  
“I do, he is to me a friend,  
And he doth tarry now with me.”  
“Then that he gets it please to see  
The man who sends me with it here  
Said if to it there any answer were  
They would in person come, and so  
As it dark is growing, I must go.”  
With this the horseman turn’d his steed,  
And left the place with tempest’s speed.  
He reached the gate and o’er it flew.  
And soon was lost to Mosman’s view.

## XXIV.

To Omar was the letter sent,  
Swift he the paper open rent,  
And on the writing gazed intent,  
But so small was the writing there,  
And so dark had grown the atmosphere,  
He could not read what there was penn’d,  
So to the mansion all did wend,  
Soon stood he ’neath a glowing light,  
The letter held close to his sight,  
Seem’d the while like one in fix’d amaze,  
And these were the words that met his gaze.  
“To John Snowden, or Omar De Vaux,  
Or by whatever name he stalks,  
For many names he seems to bear,  
Which is his real one is not clear,  
I mean a heartless, brutal thief—

Who robbed the dead upon the reef,  
With shaggy beard and sable eyes,  
A villain just your form and size,  
Who plann'd the murder of a child,  
That is Ianthe Lockhart styled,  
Who is the heir of Lyolynn,  
And shall her right dominions win,  
Yes, every castle, hill and plain,  
Throughout broad Lyolynn's domain,  
In spite of all that can be done,  
By any Omar 'neath the sun.  
I took the child from out the den,  
Where you concealed her with your men,  
She's safe 'mongst friends and kindred now,  
And so she shall remain, I trow ;  
I never was a sleep, but wide awake,  
When ever you and Roger spake.  
To what you said I listened well,  
And many horrid deeds can tell,  
That you've transacted grim and fell,  
But now on these I will not dwell.  
I bid you fly to whence you came,  
And bury there your burning shame,  
Fly, fly this night, or you shall feel—  
The fierce avenger's thirsty steel.  
Fly, fly to night, make no delay,  
Or you become the hangman'a prey.  
If you seek to know whence this came,  
Know then it comes from Castle Flame,  
And John Hunyadi is his name.  
Who did this letter pen and frame."

## XXV.

Had the earth yawn'd, and earthquakes  
crashed,

That mansion all to atoms dashed,  
Omar had not been startled more,  
Than when he read that letter o'er.  
He stood a moment still as death,  
Scarce seem'd to come or go his breath  
Against the wall was propped his head,  
All color from its visage fled,  
The fire of his eye seem'd dead,  
As though life it no longer fed.  
At length he from his silence broke,  
As though he from the grave awoke,  
He with his hand smoothed down his hair,  
And straight put on a lively air.  
Back to his face in sudden flood  
That instant rushed the bounding blood.  
The lustre of his eyes flew back,  
And shone like flame those orbs of black.  
Soon to his side old Roger drew,  
His gaze upon the writing threw,  
For Omar held it to his view,  
And swift its import Roger knew.  
Apart they moved from all the rest:  
And thus each other they address'd,  
But so low whispered was each word,  
By the rest no syllable was heard.  
Though Mosman watched the twain the  
while,  
In secret eyed each frown or smile.  
On them his eye askance was cast,  
Though loud to Zurn he talked and fast.

## XXVI.

I thought, said Lea, 'twould come to this,  
Or something would go soon amiss,  
For a man like you to waste your time,

As you have done, is downright crime  
You've been wooing the last two weeks—  
A maid that's full of whims and freaks,  
Instead of doing what you ought,  
Which would have hoard to both us brought,  
Curse on her eyes and dimpled cheeks—  
Her face a thorough fool bespeaks,  
From her haste forth this very night,  
And ere the sky with morn be light;  
Go, reach the cavern in the glen,  
Gather there, straight all our men,  
And 'morrow eve before the light—  
Of morn shall gild the mountain height,  
On Castle Flame a foray make,  
And from the hold Ianthe take,  
Bring her forth, hap what ever may,  
E'en should you have to smite or slay,"  
Answered Omar, "Come you along  
And nought I'm sure will then go wrong,  
For if beside me you remain,  
All will be shortly right again."  
"This night I cannot go with you,  
To-morrow many rents are due,  
And I have bade my tenants all  
To come and pay me at this hall:  
But Zurn I trow with you will go,  
Each I'll lend a steed, tell him so.  
Than walk, I think he'd sooner ride,  
And here all night he will not bide,  
I'll go forth, with him gear a steed,  
You follow too, and make good speed."  
This said, with Zurn he left the hall,  
Nor paused until he reached the stall,  
The saddles on the steeds were cast,  
And soon the girths were buckled fast,

The bridles on the steeds were placed  
And from the stalls led forth in haste.

## XXVII.

Meanwhile his daughter to the hall,  
For Omar's sake, did Mosman call;  
On the hall-way's white marble floor—  
Near the threshold of the lofty door,  
Stood Omar and the rosy maid,  
Her fair hand in his own he laid,  
Thrice did he kiss her snow-white hand,  
And thus commenced with accents bland  
“Some business calls me forth to night,  
But ere a week shall take its flight  
I will be back, and then I trow,  
You'll be more loving far than now,  
Your sire then as heir I'll prove  
To every thing in Lyolynn,  
All, all from out his path I'll move,  
So he the boundless wealth shall win,  
Then you are mine, till then adieu,  
And keep to me your promise true.”  
He said and pass'd from out the door,  
Trod down the graveled pathway fast,  
To where his name did Roger roar,  
Swift on the steed his forin he cast,  
Amidst the night from sight he pass'd,  
And Alice never saw him more.

\* \* \*

## PART V.

## I.

All night along a darksome road—  
Their steeds did Zurn and Omar goad,  
O'er field and wold, by bush and fen  
O'er mountain and through rocky glen  
In silence rode these gloomy men.  
At length they cross'd a wild morass,  
And rode into a narrow pass ;  
On each side, grass, brier and wood,  
In one dense mass together stood.  
And here they paused awhile to feed  
Each on the grass his panting steed.  
Along the East the sky was gray,  
Gave tokens of the coming day.  
And while they paused thus Omar spake,  
As though the silence drear to break.  
“ For the last four hours past have we—  
Rode through the lands of Roger Lea,  
What a vast wilderness he owns,  
Of field, wold, fen and hills of stones,  
Yet if we ride ten miles or more,  
We'd scarcely pass his border o'er,  
All just such dismal wilds as these,  
Of hills and glens, fen, bush and trees,  
As oft I've o'er them pass'd I've thought,  
He might far better land have bought.”  
“ And had he,” quickly Zurn replied,  
“ He'd have no place for men to hide,  
Who oft have risked their life and limb,

And robb'd and stole and worked for him,  
Why, all these rolling lands around,  
With robbers and with caves abound,  
Here villains of all climes can flee,  
And here in safety ever be,  
If with their hoard they amply fee—  
The agents of old Roger Lea;  
And here such men as you and me—  
Could hide and never prison see,  
If we some deed should ever do,  
That made the law our steps pursue;  
Why, here within this narrow pass,  
Amongst these bushes and this grass,  
A dozen men could take their post,  
And stop the passage of a host.  
Scatter it in as wild a flight—  
As e'er was seen by day or night.  
Some years ago a deed I did,  
That is amongst the laws forbid,  
Soon from its clutches swift I slid,  
And safely here for years I hid;  
For the officers of the law,  
Hold all these wilds and caves in awe,  
They know that outlaws thickly dwell,  
In every glen, in every fell,  
Their precious lives they too much fear  
To risk in search of felons here.  
From earliest historic times  
Here have thronged villains from all climes,  
The fiercest and most cruel men—  
That ever trod in out-law's den,  
And women of the vilest stamp  
That ever dwelt in ruffian's camp,  
All, all have left some trace behind,  
Some marks of them all round we find,

On every hill a breast-work stands,  
Of old reared there by robbers' hands,  
From behind which they fiercely fought,  
The men who them for crimes have sought,  
And on each hill, in every glen—  
Is seen some trace of out-law's den,  
So thick around their marks we find,  
These wilds recall unto the mind  
A thorn-bush huge that doth appear  
Beside a narrow thoroughfare  
By which through all the ages vast  
Unnumbered flocks of sheep have pass'd,  
Each flock as it has passage made,  
Through the strong foliage strayed,  
Its tufts of wool has left behind,  
Which to the stems most closely bind,  
Nor storms however wild they bray  
Those tufts of wool shall rend away,  
There firm remain through coming time  
To tell that sheep have trod that clime.  
Far back, and here, and to the sea.  
These lands belong to Roger Lea.  
And with felons he is in league,  
Knows all their cunning and intrigue,  
And here by his consent they dwell,  
When they abroad are known too well,  
That is when statutes chase them hard—  
These wilds become their safety-guard.  
But say, De Vaux, I saw last night—  
You turn'd all ghastly pale and white,  
When you that horseman's letter read.  
Brought he tidings of friend just dead?  
If so, say was he known to me?  
For fain I'd know who it can be."

## II.

“No,” said Omar, “that letter told  
A tale I should to you unfold,  
You remember a sleepy hind,  
You on the reef with us did find,  
I think Hunyadi was his name,  
With yellow hair and sluggish frame.”  
“I do,” said Zurn, “and know him well,  
And all about his life can tell,  
But all his history, I trow,  
Is far too long to tell you now,  
No more gigantic man you’ll find,  
Alike in energy and mind,  
What he wills to do, he does it sure,  
Nor cares what toil he must endure.  
I saw him once a combat fight,  
His foe was just his size and height,  
In choice of weapons, swords they chose,  
Right nobly met the eager foes,  
And as they did in battle close,  
All dread the clang of steel arose.  
For both the men were skilled alike—  
To feint, to guard, to thrust, to strike,  
Both well were taught the sword to wield,  
To each ’twas weapon and a shield,  
To swift bound forward or recoil,  
And blows to parry and to foil.  
Right fearful was the strife, I ween,  
That there between those men was seen.  
Hunyadi’s sword first tasted blood,  
And fast gushed out the crimson flood,  
Some how with his sword his foe’s he  
caught,  
And from his hand his weapon brought,  
Toss’d with his own the blade in air,

And left his foeman swordless there.  
Though then his foe he could have thrust,  
And lifeless laid him in the dust,  
Yes, with his dagger stretched him dead,  
He did not so, he forward sped,  
And strove to staunch the crimson tide,  
That gushed from out his foeman's side.  
Though they had hours fighting been,  
Scarce scratch o'er his form was seen,  
I tell you Omar you are blind—  
To take him for a sleepy hind,  
No better swordsman you can find,  
Nor man of finer form nor mind.  
But he likes to go 'mongst felons well,  
And often does amongst them dwell,  
And some the grimmest and most fell,  
And gets them of their deeds to tell.  
But never thief was caged through him,  
Nor felon climb'd the gallows grim.  
Every thief, felon in the land—  
Would trust, and aid him heart and hand.  
The cause why he 'mongst these delights,  
Is that he many stories writes,  
Which are with theft and murder rife ;  
And much of character and life—  
He finds amongst this class of men,  
Which profit much his mind and pen.  
I tell you he is a devil trim,  
All full of action, life, and whim,  
As yet show'd human form and limb :  
But how came you to speak of him."

## III.

Here Omar silent stood a while,  
His face show'd more of frown than smile,

Though Zurn's words he but half believed,  
A heavy sigh his bosom heaved,  
Relieved of this, he thus began.  
"Then I'm mistaken in the man,  
But how e'er good with sword he be,  
He is no better there than me,  
This if a chance e'er comes, you'll see.  
But to the letter now once more,  
Here you had better read it o'er.  
There is enough of light, I trow,  
For you to read the writing now."  
With this he gave it unto Zurn  
Who did its import soon discern.  
And silent, thoughtful stood a while,  
Then thus began with seeming smile.  
"Did I not tell you he was such?  
You'll have to watch this devil much;  
But we can all his cunning foil,  
And rob him of his cherished spoil,  
No fitter place than Castle Flame,  
To carry on the deadly game.  
The ocean is so close at hand,  
And hill and dale and woody land.  
My vessel now a league from there  
Floats anchored on the waters clear.  
You, there to night a foray make,  
And from the hold the infant take,  
And bring her straight into my barge,  
When once I have her in my charge,  
No fear that she will get atlarge,  
To do the thing right, aid you'll need,  
This will be easy won for meed.  
For men are ready bought or sold,  
To aid in tasks that's not too bold,  
It matters not how base the deed,

So they clear the law, gain the meed.  
Collect your men this very day,  
Now, half the meed to each one pay,  
Give surety to pay the rest—  
Soon as the child 's by you possessed,  
'Twill give to all a fervent zest—  
Make them more eager for the quest.  
Take there your men this very day,  
And make no tarry nor delay;  
But haste and get upon your way,  
In ambush near the castle lay;  
For nigh it is a brushy wood—  
Dense as ere yet on valley stood,  
And there you can in secret lie,  
With all your aid prepared and nigh,  
'Till night shall darken o'er the sky,  
Then make a sortie on the hold,  
But act through all discreet and bold.  
Bring out the child by force and might,  
E'en should you have to slay and smite.  
Let every man be masked complete,  
So none shall know them that they meet,  
So that no one can ever swear—  
Now, nor yet in some coming year—  
Who were the parties fierce and bold,  
Who brought her captive from the hold.  
I know the law will chase us hard,  
'Gainst it we'll have to keep on guard,  
For into donjon we'll be thrown—  
If that we did the deed 'tis known.  
I'll have a boat beside the shore,  
In which she can be wafted o'er  
Safe from the castle to my barge,  
Soon as you have her in your charge.

## IV.

Thus they conferred, and onward drew,  
Through woodlands that more denser grew,  
Thick as ere hill or valley knew,  
And o'er earth ceaseless shadow threw,  
Rode on through scrub-oak, elders, yew,  
Until a log-hut rose in view.  
And with vast vines this dismal bield  
Was almost from the eye concealed.  
With creepers and with epiphyte—  
The log-hut o'er was covered quite,  
A perfect network there they made,  
And wrapt the hut in endless shade.  
And o'er it gorgeous flowers grew—  
Of varied form and shape and hue,  
And from this mound of fragrant bloom—  
The air was loaded with perfume.  
This hut, some sixty years before—  
Had Roger built and vined it o'er,  
And oft in it he would reside,  
When from the world he need to hide :  
Then 'twas his home, his safe retreat,  
No spot on earth to him so sweet.  
The name he gave it years of yore,  
Still to that very day it bore,  
And over all his lands around—  
Its name was a familiar sound  
To every woman, man and child,  
Who out-laws roam'd his lonely wild.  
"The Bower of Bliss," he named this bield,  
Where it stood was but to thieves revealed.  
Who to Lea brought their plunder there,  
Who of their spoils aye had his share,  
And while away it chanced he strayed,  
To his agent there his share was paid.

That agent was a hoary crone,  
So lean, scarce more than skin and bone;  
Matilda was the only name  
Given by thieves to this old dame,  
Nor was her real name ever known  
Save unto her and Lea alone.  
Strange tales 'bout her history tells,  
Of witchcraft, magic, charms and spells,  
Gathered from every creed and clime,  
Day and night it says she past her time,  
Dreaded was she by all the men  
Who lurked about old Roger's den,  
They fear'd she'd work some cursed charm,  
Would bring to them eternal harm.  
Some told of things that she could do.  
And swore that every word was true;  
On rocks they'd seen her deal a blow,  
And straight would gushing waters flow.  
Some had seen her walk midst flame,  
And all its heat and fury tame,  
While at her heels terrific came  
An awful form, like dragon's frame,  
And many deeds before unknown,  
They told about this hoary crone.  
Those who best knew her said that she  
Was sister to old Roger Lea.  
But how this be I need not tell,  
This I will, she did his business well:  
In a cave 'neath that bield was stored  
Of gold and silver, mighty hoard.  
And not a thief within that land  
On it would dare to lay his hand.  
Omar drew the latch, oped the door,  
And pass'd the twain the threshold o'er;  
All humble look'd within and poor,

With dirty walls and sanded floor.  
The place was almost dark as night,  
But one small window let in light,  
And in one corner of the room—  
That was but dust and filth and gloom,  
There lay, of straw, a little heap,  
On it was Bayard fast asleep.  
Sound he slept, and so loud he snor'd,  
It seem'd within a tempest roar'd,  
Omar dealt him many a blow,  
And water in his face did throw,  
Shook his huge form, and jerked each limb,  
Ere he could rouse that negro grim.

## v.

Bayard woke from his slumbers sound,  
And all bewildered gazed around.  
His eye on Omar's face he cast.  
And to his feet he bounded fast.  
Like some tall column seem'd his frame  
His head unto the ceiling came.  
And full a head and shoulders good—  
In height he o'er the others stood.  
His brawny limbs and swelling breast,  
Giant's ponderous strength confess'd.  
His form seem'd like some pillar grand,  
Upon which a tower might stand ;  
Or like some black monster seem'd the man!  
" Oh, my master," he thus began,  
" Two dreary weeks ago or more,  
O Conna here a story bore—  
That ships lay stranded on the shore,  
And there my aid you needed sore,  
I believed his base lying tale,  
And straight away o'er hill and dale,

For three long miles I sped me fast,  
Until on seas mine eye I cast,  
And all along the shore I wound,  
But you nor stranded ship I found;  
Then I believed the wretch had lied,  
Back to the Bower of Bliss I hied.  
When I came here, alas! I found—  
Your lady with strong fetters bound.  
And from her learned, the sleepy bard  
That on the reef looked poor and hard,  
And dull and stupid as a sard,  
Had hither come, and mischief wrought,  
And had away Ianthé brought;  
Then straight o'er hill and glen I sought,  
But not a trace of them I've caught.  
I have toil'd hard, two weeks, I trow,  
Nor have laid down to rest 'till now."  
Here Zurn broke in, "Omar, I thought—  
The horseman who the letter brought,  
Resembled very much a man—  
I with you on the reef did scan."  
"Yes, yes, by heavens, you are right,  
'Twas Bracklinn, but when he met my  
sight—  
Where to place the man I did not know,  
Yes, yes, he was Bracklinn, it is so.  
I see we're on all sides beset,  
And straight to work we now must get,  
But we shall surely beat them yet,  
With all their fraud I'll make them fret.  
Bayard speed you to Johnson's glen,  
And pause not 'till you reach his den,  
Tell him to gather Roger's men,  
And bring them quick from hill and fen,  
Ere noon unto the Bower of Bliss,  
Now speed you forth, and tell him this."

## VI.

Sped Bayard forth to Johnson's vale,  
As flies the thunder-cloud on gale,  
When black it moves o'er hills and dale,  
And soon will bring the storm and hail.  
A trap door in the sanded floor,  
That was with rushes covered o'er,  
Up on its hinges Omar bore,  
Did down a narrow staircase turn,  
Close at his heels strode Peter Zurn;  
Then did through a dark passage grope,  
Which scarcely to their forms gave scope;  
Here fifty yards they strode and more,  
And utter darkness all things wore.  
At length they reach an iron door,  
Through time and damp was rusted o'er:  
A knock on it grim Omar gave,  
Which echoed through the rocky cave,  
Then swiftly came a sudden jar  
As moving of a bolt and bar,  
And one within straight oped the door,  
And pass'd the twain the threshold o'er.  
Again the hinges screamed and jarr'd,  
And soon the door was shut and barr'd.  
And there was shown a spacious room,  
One sole dim light dispell'd the gloom.  
One called Osman oped the door,  
A squalid negro bent and hoar,  
His breast and arms no garments wore,  
But prints of horrid gashes bore:  
Some wretch who had foul murders done,  
And hidden here did gallows shun.  
And bowed he low with humble air,  
As he received this stately pair.  
Towards him his gaze did Omar turn:

“Where is Ellenore,” he question stern.  
Then answered he in lowly tone,  
“In the saloon sir, and alone.”  
“Ye bide here a while,” Omar said,  
And left the room with hasty tread;  
Then through a narrow, winding path,  
Dark as was Omar’s hate and wrath,  
Dark as the cloud of thunder-storm  
When no lightnings gild its form,  
He onward groped his weary way,  
At length he saw a taper’s ray,  
The passage sudden turn’d, and soon,  
He trod within a large saloon.  
The lights were lit, the spacious hall  
Had paintings limn’d on every wall,  
And on the tables in that room  
Did piles of gold and silver loom,  
The massive urns of silver bright  
Shone glowing to the taper’s light,  
And solid bars of shining gold,  
Could everywhere the eye behold—  
And vast piles of glittering coin—  
Did in the glowing splendor join.  
Yea, all o’er each long spacious board  
In heaps was placed the glowing hoard,  
And ’long the floor ’twas nobly stored  
In piles both massive’ high and broad.  
It seem’d the wealth of all the world  
Was there within that cavern hurl’d.  
Here midway of the spacious floor,  
Was Omar met by Ellenore.  
A mournful frown her visage wore,  
As ere to Omar’e eye it bore;  
And as he thought her hand to grasp,  
She sudden drew it from his clasp.

Fierce he questioned, "What means all this?  
What within the Bower of Bliss  
Has so much gone with you amiss,  
That I no greeting share, nor kiss?  
By heavens, let me hear it all'  
Or I will brain you on yon wall."  
"Do it, do it, then my poor brain,  
May be freed of its woe and pain,  
For George Mosman and Roger Lea,  
Have told of all your deeds to me."  
"When told they you." "Two days ago."  
"By heavens, it is really so.  
But yester-night I saw them both,  
To this I'll take my solemn oath,  
And not one word they told to me,  
That they were here, or did you see.  
But what about me have they told?  
Hide nought, but all to me unfold."  
"About you Lea said scarce a word,  
'Twas from Mosman the most I heard.  
He said that you had sent him here,  
To take Ianthe 'neath his care,  
But here's the note he gave me now  
Which will explain the whole, I trow."  
She said and from her breast she drew—  
A scroll which she to Omar threw,  
Open the scroll he swiftly spread;  
And thus aloud he hoarsely read.  
Dear Ellenore. Give up the heir,  
To him who shall this order bear,  
The bearer will George Mosman be,  
Accompanied with Roger Lea.  
Who'll prove this order came from me  
Farewell, before a week goes round  
I shall near Ellenore be found.

Yours unto death. De Vaux.

The face

Of Omar pallid grew apace.  
 Upon the floor the letter fell;  
 His breast began to throb and swell,  
 Reeling like one about to fall—  
 He propped himself against the wall.  
 At length he said— “Some demon fell  
 Has forged my writing all too well,  
 Though 'tis my style from end to end,  
 No single word by me was penn'd.  
 And through this, if here the child had  
     been,  
 To them you'd given her, I ween?”  
 “Of course I would, who could have thought  
 But your own hand that letter wrought;  
 Ten years I have your writing known,  
 And would have sworn this were your own.”  
 “What said they when they found the heir  
 Had been taken from out your care?”  
 “George Mosman storm'd and tore his hair,  
 And seem'd all frantic with despair,  
 And loud with curses fill'd the air.  
 And fiercely unto Lea he said—  
 That you should ne'er his Alice wed,  
 Unless you back the child should win,  
 And make him heir of Lyolynn.  
 Now Omar tell me frank and free.  
 Mean you to get divorce from me—  
 And with another wed? Or more,  
 Have one better loved than Ellenore?  
 Omar, for you I left my home,  
 Where I in happiness did roam,  
 Have gone with you o'er land and foam,  
 Have through many a peril pass'd,

And yet I've loved you to the last.  
And is it so? Oh! can it be,  
That you'll ungrateful prove to me?  
Out with the truth, if it be so,  
I set you free, and bid you go."  
"The truth is this, my Ellenore,  
I loved a maid in years of yore,  
And still I do that maid adore,  
Than you, a million times far more.  
For her, I cannot tell my love,  
'Tis far the reach of speech above.  
Her image all absorbs my soul—  
With feeling vast, beyond control,  
And I have loved her since a child—  
With passion deep, and strong and wild.  
That love as I have older grown—  
Has mingled in both thew and bone  
Become a part of all my form,  
And e'en the blood that keeps it warm,  
I hope the time will soon be sped,  
Will see me with this angel wed.  
It's been the hope of all my life—  
To Alice Mosman make my wife;  
And 'till shall be fulfill'd this hope,  
I shall through sin and darkness grope.  
She's the sole one can change my soul,  
And lure me out of sin's control,  
With her to win heaven I may hope,  
Without her I through hell shall grope.  
And Ellenore, though ever you  
To me have loving been and true,  
And it had only been your due—  
If I with all the love I knew—  
Had only worshiped at your shrine  
And loved you with a love divine;

Yes, only sought to make you mine,  
 Had happy strove to make your life,  
 And pleasures spread around you rife.  
 But truth I'll tell what e'er befall:  
 Ellenore, I never loved at all.  
 With me, I only let you go,  
 Because you seem'd to love me so—  
 That you to grief would fall a prey,  
 If by my side you did not stay.  
 Divorce! such thing I do not need;  
 I am already of you freed;  
 You from the first I have misled,  
 To you, I was not ever wed.  
 The man that to your home I brought.  
 Who was a minister you thought,  
 Was but an out-law'd felon grim,  
 Who never preached a psalm nor hymn,  
 And this not binding is at all,  
 And were it, I would burst its thrall."

## VII.

An all sarcastic, scornful smile,  
 Played o'er the woman's face the while  
 Omar told of his tender flame  
 For one who bore another name.  
 But when to her grim Omar said,  
 "You, Ellenore I never wed"  
 And did of an out-law'd felon speak,  
 The smile that instant left her cheek,  
 Fierce lightning's from her dark eyes  
     glared,  
 And straight she seized him by his beard,  
 "And dare you then," she fiercely cried,  
 With voice that echoed far and wide—  
 "On me such foul dishonor bring,

And call me what? a nameless thing.  
Say is this true, or have you lied?"  
" 'Tis gospel truth," the brute replied.  
" Is it, then you this day shall die."  
She said, and fiercer flashed her eye,  
Back from the man a space she drew,  
As though to take a keener view,  
Then like a tigress fierce and strong—  
That fearfully repays the wrong,  
Cares not how many be her foes,  
But rushes on with them to close,  
And still the more they strike and goad,  
The fiercer are her blows bestowed.  
Like lightning at the man she flew,  
And round his throat her hands she threw.  
And while she choked him, hard and fast  
His head against the wall she cast.  
One thud she gave which made the blood  
Gush from his head in ample flood.  
Nor from the woman's desperate hold  
Could he break, nor yet her hands unfold.  
Fainter and fainter came his breath,  
While grew his features pale as death,  
At last the woman's strength gave o'er,  
And she sank fainting to the floor,  
And not 'till then the woman's grasp,  
Could Omar from his neck unclasp.  
Blinded with blood and rage and pain,  
Right on her form he trod amain.  
Kicked her all o'er from heel to head,  
Then left her, thinking she was dead.  
Swift from the wall a light he caught,  
The room where he left Zurn he sought,  
Then swift they trod their backward way,  
To view of sun and sky and day.

## VIII.

By this the sun had mounted high,  
The time of noon was drawing nigh,  
No sound of Johnson nor his men—  
Was heard along the bushy glen,  
Nor back to the Bower of Bliss  
Had Bayard come. "Something 's amiss  
Or he had hardly tarried so,"  
To himself Omar muttered low.  
Apart from Zurn who sleeping lay  
Beneath some bush-oak's matted spray,  
Where tall rank weeds and grass grew  
    round,  
And densely covered o'er the ground!  
Beneath a poplar tall and vast,  
Himself at ease grim Omar cast,  
His thoughts were roaming far and fast—  
Adown the vistas of the past,  
The present, and the coming too,  
All rose and pass'd before his view;  
They came and pass'd before his range—  
Like some vast panorama strange.  
Long, still he sat, as one stark dead,  
Not once had moved his hand nor head,  
Nor yet from him one single word  
Of faintest sound the air had stirr'd.  
At length he muttered faint and low,  
As if to give some feelings flow—  
Which he no longer could retain  
Within his breast of throbbing pain,  
But give them forth in sad refrain—  
From out their desolate domain.  
"Who would have thought that Roger Lea,  
Whose life I've saved on land and sea—  
Had done so foul a deed to me,

To have with one like Mosman join'd,  
And such a cunning letter coin'd.  
But for this outrage grim, I swear  
Ere to the past speeds forth a year—  
He'll pay this deed most deadly dear.  
Curse on him and his niggard soul,  
I'll get him yet in my control.  
And bring the traitor to his goal!  
And not a word within mine ear  
He breathed at all that he was here.  
He's treachery from head to feet,  
Yes, coward treachery complete.  
And Mosman, when his child I wed,  
I'll lay the truckling traitor dead.  
Oh, welcome, welcome coming time,  
Speed on your chariot sublime,  
And haste the day, the time, the hour,  
These villains sink beneath my power.  
And her I love far more than life—  
Shall be my partner and my wife,  
For my poor heart and brain and eye,  
Can in the future nought descry,  
But her bewitching face and form,  
The beaming iris of a storm.,'

## IX.

While thus he spake he heard a moan,  
Thrice before had he heard a groan,  
This time it came so faint and low,  
And all such little life did show—  
It startled him and all around  
He looked to see whence came the sound.  
At length where Zurn in slumber laid,  
With hasty feet his search he made.  
The shading vines that o'er him grew

And such dense shade upon him threw  
From off the sleepers face he drew,  
And there a horror met his view,  
That even made his blood run cold,  
For around Zurn's neck fold on fold  
A serpent scaley, black and vast—  
His horrid coil had tightly cast,  
And choked the sleeper stark and dead,  
Zurn's mouth was all wide open spread,  
And in it lay the serpent's head.  
Then swift his dagger Omar drew,  
And did in twain the serpent hew;  
And as he cut the folds away—  
Drawn all so tight and hard were they  
Sharp, harsh they crack with ceaseless bray,  
And far and wide flew slimy spray.  
But Peter Zurn, he breathed no more,  
His pulse no sign of action wore,  
The hue of death his visage bore :  
Vainly his breathing to restore—  
In his face did Omar water pour,  
His days of ruthless crime were o'er,  
And his broad face all free of beard  
Dread, ghastly with death's hues appeared,  
For long grim seams and scars it bore,  
Ta'en in his many frays of yore.  
Now, now, he thought, it will not do  
For Roger's men this corpse to view,  
It may their courage tame to night,  
If they behold this grisly sight;  
It may some superstition breed,  
Of which I cannot make them freed  
Though I should give them double meed  
To aid me in my time of need.  
Then o'er the corpse some weeds he threw,

Completely hid the corpse from view,  
So where it lay he scarcely knew.  
Then from the spot he swiftly drew.

## x.

And towards the vine-clad hut he strode,  
Scarce had he reached the lone abode,  
Than Bayard and some sixty men  
Came gliding towards him from the glen.  
Soon near Omar De Vaux they drew,  
Where he could take of each a view;  
'Till then his gaze he never threw—  
On such a strange and motley crew.  
Some there, were tall and broad and grim,  
Strong, tough as oaks in form and limb.  
Their brawny arms and bosoms bare,  
Showed what vast strength was sleeping  
there.

And some were active, young and bold,  
O'er whom scarce twenty years had roll'd,  
And some were feeble, bent and old,  
With hair white as the frost on wold,  
Who tottered as they moved along,  
But showed in youth they had been strong.  
While some stood in their glowing prime,  
With form and face unworn by time,  
And every shape and shade and hue,  
Of eyes that ever mankind knew,  
The red, the black, the gray, the blue,  
Where seen amongst that motley crew.  
The brown, the violet, the white,  
Yea, every color met the sight.  
And every shade and hue of hair—  
Amongst those villains standing there—  
Was witness'd waving on the air.

Johnson, who came the first in view,  
And was the leader of that crew,  
Was a man of medium size,  
With blood-red hair and hazel eyes,  
With round face, snub nose, forward chin,  
With freckles o'er his sun-burn'd skin,  
His lips were thick, his mouth was wide,  
But pearly teeth were there espied,  
His forehead did real low appear,  
Perhaps 'twas overgrown with hair.  
His form thick set, compact and strong,  
There shaped for strength was nothing  
wrong.

For his huge arms and brawny breast,  
The strength of Hercules confess'd.  
And all the form the eye did greet,  
Down from his head unto his feet,  
All seem'd together put so neat—  
To in harmony so perfect meet—  
Heseem'd fleetness and strength complete.  
Showed he could stand all wear and tear.  
And all fatigue that man can bear.  
His hand was strong, his heart was bold,  
And dearly loved to quest for gold,  
And fain for it at midnight hour,  
Would scale a castle's tallest tower,  
And bravely face all odds within—  
If there was any hoard to win.  
Ready was he by day or night  
For any plunder, broil or fight,  
Cared not how desperate the deed  
So he was sure of ample meed.  
But those who knew him best declared—  
Some virtues in his soul appeared,  
That he possess'd far less of guile—

Than many of his stamp and style,  
That he ne'er kicked his foes when down,  
Nor took from them their last sole crown.  
And those he robb'd, he never slew,  
Unless they did his path pursue ;  
Nor even then he'd do such deed—  
Unless they first had made him bleed,  
And often even then his mind—  
Would him forbearing prove and kind,  
Inside of jails he'd often seen,  
And all about such life did ween.  
Years had he worked upon the sea,  
And this was where he first knew Lea,  
Who'd so admired his form and plan,  
He made him straight his foremost man.  
Brought him to The Bower of Bliss,  
Schooled him in all he was amiss,  
'Till a real robber, perfect, trim,  
For day or night, he made of him.  
To watch the sea and all its shore,  
Which but three miles lay from his door.  
And plunderships that there might strand,  
Was task assigned to his command.  
By night and day to watch the sea,  
Were his orders direct from Lea ;  
And these he seldom disobey'd,  
Unless he was most amply paid.

## XI.

As he strode to Omar, a smile  
Played o'er his beardless face the while,  
And thus to Omar he began.  
“Here we are, ready — every man  
To go with you on any quest—  
Provided I and all the rest

That here you see around me stand  
First shall have half their meed in hand,  
This I take and deal as I think best.”  
Then straight his hand grim Omar press’d,  
From head to heel the leader eyed,  
Then from the rest they drew aside,  
Swift towards the hut with flowers pied.  
Then quick within the door they hied,  
They close the door with sullen bang,  
And far and wide its echo rang,  
And within The Bower of Bliss  
One full hour they staid, I wis.  
To tell what therein pass’d, I trow,  
Were all too long, and needless now :  
But Johnson unto all agreed,  
To him was paid an ample meed,  
With fervent zest was all prepared,  
And forward, march, was soon declared.

## XII.

O’er woody hill, through bushy glen,  
O’er deep morass, and reedy fen,  
By out-law’s cave and robber’s den,  
Strode on that band of armed men.  
O’er many roaring torrents’ arch  
Did they in utter silence march,  
All amongst them was stillness dread,  
Except their footstep’s heavy tread,  
And this at times was only heard,  
When o’er bald solid rocks they stirr’d—  
Upon the mountain’s craggy ridge,  
And o’er some torrent’s quaking bridge,  
Whose waters strong and clear and free—  
They could in roaring rivers see,  
Which join’d below in mighty mass,

And swept along each narrow pass,  
From whence vast, ceaseless cataracts  
Rushed in roaring, ponderous tome,  
And spread o'er seas their boundless tracts  
Of never ending snow-white foam.

## XIII.

The shades of night were deep'ning fast,  
Dense o'er hill and glen were cast,  
As nigh to Castle Flame they pass'd.  
A mist with folds all dense and vast  
Came creeping upward from the sea,  
And gathered round the castle free.  
But they could see its towers loom  
Huge amidst the gathering gloom.  
Hard by the sea that lofty hold  
Stood high upon a rocky wold.  
Between it and the boundless sea  
Stood here and there a stately tree.  
And there stood one of lofty frame  
Had blasted been by lightning's flame,  
'Twas years ago the bole did show  
Since it had felt the tingeing glow  
Whose all destroying cloud-born spark  
Had come and left it standing stark.  
There no life was seen, all its bark  
Was rotten, brittle, dry and dark,  
Nor left of life one single mark,  
Close to the castle's lofty wall,  
Stood this dead timber vast and tall.  
Nigh to a window long and wide,  
That in the castle's wall was spied  
Did this tall lifeless tree abide.  
The casement was wide open there  
Through it fann'd the evening air.

To it through the black folds of night,  
Which almost hid all things from sight,  
With cautious step did Bayard stride.  
And by its trunk on earth did hide.  
Time sped on, it was growing late,  
Yet at its trunk did Bayard wait,  
'Till he no voice nor sound nor din,  
Could hear that castle's wall within,  
Until he thought in slumber sound  
The inmate of the hold were bound.  
Then did he eye the timber straight,  
Shook it to see if such huge freight  
As his form made, 'twould bear the weight.  
His arms around the bole he cast,  
His heels were shod with grapples vast,  
These he plunged in it deep and fast,  
And as in spite of storm and blast  
The skillful sailor climbs the mast,  
Up the bole, sable Bayard pass'd.  
Nigh to the window soon he drew,  
Where he of it could take full view;  
Its sash and doors all open were,  
Free welcome gave the misty air—  
To staircase, hall and passage there.  
But there did he with sorrow see,  
The window from his grasp was free,  
That too far from it lean'd the tree  
Though the space it and wall between,  
Right narrow nigh the ground was seen,  
Yet ere it to the casement rear'd,  
A sudden lean in it appear'd,  
And right there made so wide a space—  
His hand on sill he could not place.  
But he who had that climbing dared  
Was always for a balk prepared ;

Swift from his breast he drew a thong,  
That was all limber, tough and long,  
And many a sharp iron prong—  
Was at the end made fast and strong.  
Then these within the sill he threw,  
In it the prongs secure he drew.  
With hands and feet that tightly clung,  
His form upon the thong he swung;  
By it suspended in the air—  
To and fro swung a moment there.  
Then swiftly up the thong he drew,  
His body o'er the sill he threw,  
And in the window pass'd from view.

## XIV.

Within a clump of cedar wood,  
That rearward of the castle stood  
Some hundred yards from it and more,  
And the ground covered densely o'er;  
Omar and his desperate band,  
Had ta'en in silence there their stand.  
The castle all was wrapt in gloom,  
And silence dread as of the tomb;  
The while they watched it, Omar's blood  
Rushed through his form in bounding flood;  
And 'midst the silence still as death,  
His throbbing heart and panting breath,  
Was the sole sound that Johnson's ear  
Could in the utter darkness hear.  
At length as though he tired grew  
At standing still so long, he drew  
To Omar and thus whispered low.  
"Had we not better forward go,  
And into yonder castle break,  
And straight from it this infant take?"

Night is speeding, 'twill soon be day,  
We'd better haste the child away."  
"No" said Omar "no, just wait a while,  
'Twill be long yet ere morning smile,  
Bayard must in yon castle be,  
Or long ere this we would him see,  
Some entrance there he must have won,  
If he has, all will soon be done;  
For if he there the infant find,  
Right soon he will her gag and bind,  
And from some window to the ground—  
He will her bring all safe and sound—  
With cords he for that purpose brought,  
This done, the rest is easy wrought.  
Bayard knows every winding stair,  
Hole and room in yon castle there  
All from its cellar to its roof,  
And his eye is to darkness proof.  
'Twill not keep him from her aloof,  
For five and thirty years and more,  
He office in that castle bore;  
He was the footman of its lord,  
Who own'd all these dominions broad;  
And liked right well was he by him,  
But one day Bayard took the whim—  
To kiss one of the female throng—  
Who did to his lord's race belong,  
Whose mind was scarcely over strong.  
And had for Bayard love conceived,  
And him a perfect saint believed;  
They kept the maiden housed too much,  
Or she had hardly fancied such,  
Of men she saw no other form—  
On whom to place her kisses warm,  
Or give the love with which she glow'd,

So 'twas on Bayard all bestowed.  
And on one time while round each form,  
Were twined their arms in friendship warm,  
And ruby lips to his were press'd,  
And her deep love for him confess'd,  
Begg'd him to fly to lands unknown—  
With her, from cruel hearts of stone,  
Where she could make him all her own,  
Where they might live, toil, love alone.  
While this was going on apace,  
And her soft, fair, sweet, rosy face,  
That would the crown of queen have graced,  
On Bayard's sable cheeks she placed;  
His lord stepped in, the scene espied,  
And fiercely did he scold and chide;  
The maiden's love they did assuage—  
By placing her in iron cage,  
Where it could fret away its rage.  
Bayard they from the castle drove,  
And forced the heartless world to rove,  
Until he met with me, and now  
He's mine, such shall remain, I trow,  
For he's fearless, true and bold,  
Heedless of fiercest heat or cold.  
And no man, white nor black nor brown,  
Can in a combat knock him down.  
If he this night has entrance found  
In yonder castle grim,  
Though dozen men should him surround  
All strong in form and limb,  
No fear that they the least will harm  
One ringlet of his head,  
For to the sinews of his arm  
A Sansom's strength is wed.  
If he has not his old love found,

Whose love may not be cold,  
We soon may hear his footstep's sound  
Across yon lonely wold,  
And see him with Ianthe bound  
Securely in his hold."

## XV.

Time sped on, on the moments flew,  
The time of night still shorter grew,  
The mist still thicker round them drew,  
The cock more oft and lusty crew,  
No sound of Bayard yet they knew,  
No sign of Bayard met their view.  
"I wish" said Omar, "I had told  
Bayard if the child he did behold,  
And could not bring her safely here,  
To slay her dead and leave her there ;  
It would have saved all this delay,  
And ever placed her out the way."  
"What would you have a maiden slain,  
When without drop of blood, or pain,  
Easily alive she can be ta'en?  
Let's on the castle rush amain,  
Say, I can have this maiden fair,  
With rosy cheeks and wavy hair,  
And ere shall pass another hour,  
I'll bring her from yon lofty tower ;  
And bring her to my mountain cave  
Where much a female form I crave.  
If she were safely lodged there now,  
She'd ne'er more trouble you, I trow."  
Thus Johnson spoke whose soul and mind  
Was yearning for the hoards he'd find,  
And for himself and Roger win,  
If he could roam that castle in,

And 'twas but this, and this alone,  
That made him yearn to enter there,  
And made him keenly fret and groan,  
For Omar's cause he did not care.

## XVI

As if his zest to enter there—  
Omar away a while would wear,  
He thus began in whispers low,  
“ Say Johnson, is it really so,  
That you would like a woman fair  
Your life and journeying to cheer?  
If this is so, I tell you here,  
And what I say is on the square,  
You can on every word rely,  
Will prove them ere a week go by;  
I know a woman tall and fair,  
With flashing eyes and raven hair,  
And all majestic in her air;  
Her cheeks and face are beauty's lair  
Her soft, smooth cheeks the hues disclose  
Of both the lily and the rose,  
There red and white divinely glow,  
Her cheeks their mingled glory show.  
And fair and graceful is her form,  
As any human blood did warm;  
But she has temper like a storm,  
Such as does in the tropics rise,  
And blacken all the earth and skies,  
I'll shortly bring her to your cave,  
If there you much a woman crave,  
But you must make her stay at home,  
And from your cave ne'er let her roam.”  
“ And where is she now?” Johnson said,  
“ I do not know, perhaps she's dead,

So many fleeting years have sped  
Since last of her I've had a view,  
But this I'll see to, all for you,  
And bring her if she be alive,  
But you must keep her in your hive.  
Hark! what's that noise by yonder wall?  
I heard a scream and something fall.  
Let's go and see what it can be,  
Keep to the ground on hand and knee.  
And move right cautiously along,  
With Bayard something has gone wrong,  
For just before that thud did sound,  
That even echoes now around,  
Right plainly Bayard's voice I heard,  
Though 'twas a solitary word.  
'Twas from the castle's front it sped,  
And we are in its rear, let's tread,  
And move us lightly round that way.  
But lo, there comes a taper's ray!"

## XVII.

As Omar spoke, a light appeared,  
Which feebly through the darkness dared,  
And at the high window whence the light—  
Came sickly on the mists of night,  
A second's space Hunyadi's frame—  
And but a second by it came.  
He just had waked from slumber's thrall,  
And though he heard a scream and fall.  
So from his lair he sprung in haste,  
His lamp he lit, and on the waste  
Of gloom without the match he cast,  
For this had by the window pass'd.  
Him, Omar in that second spied,  
And though the space between was wide,

Omar swift as a flash of thought,  
Within his hand his pistol caught,  
And shot, and sent a ball so near,  
And close unto Hunyadi's ear—  
It grazing pass'd along its lobe,  
And did it of some skin disrobe.  
But from whence rose this scream and fall,  
Which seem'd so to have startled all?

## XVIII.

When in the window Bayard drew  
And last there had left our view,  
His feet of boots he swiftly cleared,  
And with dark lantern all prepared,  
To search that castle through and through—  
Until Ianthe met his view—  
He did in quest of her pursue.  
After long search from room to room,  
Where aught he scarcely saw but gloom,  
He suddenly the infant found,  
The child was wrapt in slumber sound,  
And soon he had her gagged and bound.  
One sole dim lamp within her room—  
All sickly flared through damp and gloom,  
And this had Bayard kept to see  
If his long coil of rope was free  
Of knots, of tangles and of twists;  
'Twas tied around her waist and wrists,  
So as to keep her upright quite,  
While she was lowered from the height.  
All was prepared, the window found,  
From which to let her to the ground.  
When Guy Harold the light espied,  
That in Ianthe's room did bide,  
And to her chamber swiftly hied,

But noiseless as the zephyrs glide.  
And all weaponless was he, not e'en  
A club within his hand was seen.  
Though noiseless as the lightest air,  
Did Harold to that room repair,  
Yet him did Bayard see and hear,  
The moment that he entered there.  
With knife in hand that gleam'd on high  
Like lightning in a midnight sky,  
Mouth, nostrils wide, and glaring eye,  
He did upon the seaman fly.

## XIX.

But ne'er had Bayard met before  
In all his thousand frays of yore,  
A man amongst all hues of men,  
As he grappled in that castle then.  
Ne'er had he waged in all his life  
'Till now so terrible a strife,  
Though all his days with broils were rife.  
His hand that held the gleaming knife—  
Down by the seaman's throat he brought,  
But swifter than a flash of thought,  
The seaman backward drew, and caught  
The hand that would his death have  
wrought—  
As down through air he saw it glide,  
And press'd it to the negro's side;  
Caught Bayard's throat within one hand,  
There quickly fix'd a vice-like band,  
And while he held him thus in thrall  
He thud him hard against the wall.  
Wild roll'd the negro's huge white eye,  
Like tossing moon in sable sky,  
His vast black mouth was open'd wide,

Where two dark shaggy tusks were spied,  
His nostrils wide distended were,  
Either through savageness or fear.  
The light upon his visage glowed,  
And long, heal'd, awful gashes showed.  
And 'neath the light so pale and dim'  
He seem'd all horrible and grim,  
As might some grisly king of hell.

## XX.

Upon the floor his weapon fell,  
And in its fall he read his knell.  
And as from out the iron toil,  
Or anaconda's awful coil,  
Some mighty monster doth emerge,  
While nearly on death's awful verge,  
So from the seaman's grasp he strain'd,  
And nearly had the knife regain'd,  
As round his form the seaman threw  
His arms, and towards the window drew,  
Around each foe their arms were wound,  
Each in the other's arms was bound.  
From side to side they turn and go,  
Nor can one foe the other throw,  
Their breathing comes more loud and hard,  
And each is on his watch and guard.  
A while they stand as still as death,  
The throbbing heart and panting breath  
Can plainly for a while be heard,  
For they speak not a single word.  
Again they turn and twist and strain,  
And on the floor they fall amain,  
The white above, the black below,  
Swift as the lightning's ruddy glow,  
The seaman dealt one crushing blow—

Full on the temple of his foe.  
And while his eyes with fury gleam'd,  
He raised his foe with strength that seem'd  
Beyond the province of this world,  
High o'er his head the negro twirl'd,  
And him throughout the casement hurl'd.  
Then rose but one fierce, ghastly yell,  
As through the yielding air he fell!  
Full eighty feet or more below  
Was heard but one dull, heavy blow.  
O'er the casement Harold lean'd, his ear  
Below no other sound could hear,  
Where earth did the crushed body show!  
And there beneath the morning's glow,  
Amongst the upturn'd mould and grass,  
Was found a shapeless, lifeless mass.  
All that remain'd in form and limb  
Of negro Bayard, the strong and grim.  
'Twas this that gave the sudden sound  
Whose thud did on the mists rebound,  
That had so many startled round.

## XXI.

And never from that awful night  
Until her dying day,  
Ianthe e'er forgot the sight,  
She witness'd of that fray.  
As there, her limbs all tightly bound,  
With cords so closely drawn around  
They tortured and they pained,  
And gagged so fast, no faintest word  
Could from her ruby lips be heard,  
She on the couch remain'd—  
With thrills of horror and of awe—  
The workings of the conflict saw,

And knew the while, upon that strife  
Where burn'd fell rage and hate,  
Depend her liberty and life,  
Or some all horrid fate.  
It seem'd her eyes did bulge and strain,  
Through every fibre there—  
As sinews of that giant twain  
Whom she could see and hear.  
As grim they at each other tore  
And to and fro each other bore  
Around her spacious room.  
And the strange looks their faces wore  
Amidst it sickly gloom,  
Were livid on her mind and soul  
Within long, after year,  
As though limned bright upon a scroll,  
Without a blemish there,  
There, there plainly she could trace  
The burly Anglo-Saxon's face,  
The grim, fix'd, rigid, grisly smile  
He bore that conflict all the while.  
And all the ghastly hue it wore;  
For full a weary week and more—  
He'd lain 'neath fevers hot and sore,  
Which had impaired his strength of yore,  
And made him haggard look the while;  
And his thick, close trimm'd, reddish hair,  
Seem'd standing upright on its lair;  
His light gray eyes had turn'd to red,  
And horrid light through darkness shed,  
Above his features' grisly smile.  
His foe, taller a head and more,  
But not so deep and broad of chest,  
Reared high a face whose features wore  
The darkest hues by night possess'd,

Save the one, sole, huge orbs of white,  
Which shed a horror through the gloom,  
Like some meteor of the night  
Terror spreading and death and doom.  
His massive face that nature marr'd,  
When she did him conceive, beget,  
All terribly was seam'd and scarr'd,  
Which made him look more awful yet.  
And when from out her sight he pass'd  
To the abyss of death below,  
It seem'd a dream had round her cast  
The all terrific, fleeting show.

## XXII.

Wax'd Johnson's anger keen and hot,  
When at Hunyadi, Omar shot,  
Swift he moved to where Omar stood,  
And with words that boded little good—  
To Omar or his coming task,  
His feelings thus he did unmask.  
“ Out-law as I am, there's no meed,  
Would make me do so mean a deed,  
As shoot at any mortal foe,  
And let him none of warning know.  
So cowardly and dark a deed—  
Was never written in my creed,  
And had it been, I would have torn  
From out the book with burning scorn  
The leaf on which such thoughts were borne,  
Cast it in the fire's ruddy glow,  
Straight made it nought but ashes show.  
Omar De Vaux, know you or not—  
That man at whom you just now shot?”  
“ I do right well, he is the hind,  
Who my wife treated so unkind,

As her with chains and thongs to bind,  
And treated every one amiss,  
He found in The Bower of Bliss.  
'Twas him who all this evil wrought,  
Who from my charge Ianthe brought,  
If at the deed I had him caught,  
A lasting lesson him I'd taught."  
At this, abrupt and stern in mood  
That showed his mind did little brood—  
Of good for Omar or his cause;  
Johnson broke in without a pause.  
"I care not what he's done to you,  
Nor any member of your crew,  
Had I known, 'twas him we'd to fight,  
No step towards here I'd come to night.  
For once I was condemned to die,  
Yea, mount upon the gallows high,  
And was innocent of the thing,  
For which I was about to swing.  
The day arrived, the awful day—  
On which I was to pass away.  
From cell I saw the gallows grim,  
Loom through the mist of morning dim,  
Saw from the beam the cord hung straight,  
That was so soon to bear my weight,  
To God I cried. Oh can it be  
That Thou hast thus deserted me!  
And while this style I prayed some length,  
With all my heart and soul and strength,  
The jailor came into my cell,  
With smiles that somehow pleased me well,  
And soon he spake to me, in tone  
That thrill'd me, marrow, flesh and bone,  
With joy they ne'er had known before,  
He moved the cursed chains I wore,

Thus his kind words began to fall.  
“ No more these bonds shall you enthrall,  
For the crime you'll not die at all,  
Hunyadi it from you has moved,  
That you are innocent has proved,  
So go your way, and let the meed  
Of thanks to him be noble deed.  
Reward him for the life he's saved,  
By leaving all your walks depraved ;  
A noble path through life pursue,  
So saving yours he shall not rue.”  
But how he proved that I was free  
Of the crime, was not told to me.  
I knew that 'mongst the men of crime  
He spent and idled half his time.  
Their deeds and all their secrets knew,  
Though not a crime himself would do,  
But some one found the guilty wretch  
Who afterwards did on gallows stretch.  
He has more knowledge now, I wis,  
About Roger's Bower of Bliss,  
Than e'er in you or I appeared :  
He knows each shaft by which 'tis air'd,  
Has up and down them often dared.  
Though scarcely thirty years have roll'd—  
O'er him their shine and heat and cold,  
He's done more good amongst us thieves—  
Than now many a priest believes.  
If you he's wrong'd in any way,  
Why, call him forth to open fray,  
A skillful swordsman such as you,  
Could in an instant pierce him through,  
So for this call him here 'mongst us,  
But don't you dare to shoot him thus.”

## XXIII.

While thus they talked, they heard a sound  
As of firm footsteps on the ground;  
Near, nearer still the footsteps drew,  
Yet not an object they could view.  
Still deeper seem'd the mist to grow,  
Gave forth sounds, but no form would show,  
To where the footsteps' tread was heard  
Lighter than air forth Johnson stirr'd.  
Soon, suddenly he took his stand,  
For on his breast he felt a hand.  
"Who have I here?" a voice asked stern,  
Whose tone did Johnson straight discern.  
"Tis I, I'm lost here in this mist,  
Which way to go I do not wist.  
Hunyadi once you saved my life,  
Now lead me from this darkness rife."  
"And who are you?" the voice replied,  
"And why do you now here abide?  
And how come you to know my name?"  
"From The Bower of Bliss I came,  
Omar De Vaux brought me here :  
Johnson is my name." "And is there  
Any cause for De Vaux or you  
To shoot at others as you do?"  
"This night with Omar I came here  
To do no murder, that I swear,  
We came to take a child away,  
They stole from him the other day,  
Which justly unto him belongs.  
And in this way to right his wrongs,  
Here have we gathered at his call :  
Nor did I know this night at all,  
You were within yon castle's wall,  
It really seems, one hour brings

You 'mongst us thieves, the next 'mongst  
kings.

I only heard but yesterday,  
You did in foreign country stray,  
And much was I surprised to night,  
To see you in yon window's light,  
The ball at you I did not speed,  
'Twas Omar's hand that did the deed."

"Yes, it was I," swift, Omar said,  
"Wish, it had only laid you dead.  
You did my wife in fetters bind,  
And when a proper time I find,  
For that foul deed I'll make you stand  
In combat with me hand to hand.

If by you combat be denied—  
I'll brand you as a coward wide."  
Thus straight began the man of song,  
"If I have done you aught of wrong,  
And you of me redress demand  
Here ready for it now I stand,  
Will gladly meet you hand to hand."

"It's alltogether now too dark  
For us to rightly see the mark,  
At morn we'll met in battle stark."  
"No, no," replied Hunyadi, "No,  
We shall not wait 'till morning's glow.  
You, De Vaux can see well as I,  
And we shall now this quarrel try."

"I will not fight with you to night  
Unless you give to me the right  
To choose the weapons for the fight."  
"I give it you," Hunyadi said,  
So haste and choose ere night be sped."  
"Swords I choose, but then none have we."  
"Yes, and here they shall shortly be."

## XXIV.

Just at the moment, this was said,  
Forth from the castle swiftly sped  
Some score of servants young and old,  
Who'd heard this talking on the wold.  
Hunyadi's voice they plainly heard,  
Was why they from the castle stirr'd.  
With lanterns they came drawing near,  
Eager for all they could see and hear.  
Soon one from out that servant band—  
Was sent by Hunyadi's command  
Back to the castle to seek there  
For swords, and quickly bring a pair.  
Now said Johnson, as they will fight,  
Let me prepare all things aright,  
I'll make for them vast floods of light,  
Some roots of pine I did behold  
This eve but yonder on the wold,  
Well dried they were and fat as oil,  
This night we'll make them flame and broil;  
Let each man take one in his hand—  
And light it into flaming brand—  
And while around the fight we stand—  
We will it all the better scan,  
Know then which is the choicest man.

## XXV.

While thus he spoke, the swords were  
brought,  
Each to his hand a falchion caught,  
Both were glowing bright, keen and broad,  
But De Vaux won the longest sword !  
Keenly each man his sword surveyed ;  
Into the wold the point was laid,  
Well bent each way the blade's whole length,

To prove its temper, steel and strength.  
From hilt to point each sword was tried,  
Where joined hilt and blade most keenly  
eyed.

Each weapon faultless proved and good,  
Ready for combat each man stood,  
Their heads and breasts and arms were  
bared,

And all things for the fray prepared.  
Around the twain the robber band—  
With flaming torches took their stand—  
High o'er their heads as mist to scorch  
They each held up the blazing torch,  
Did all their brands together bring—  
Made round the twain a fiery ring,  
Within it swift each foeman trod,  
Right firmly pressed the dewy sod,  
Strode in the ring as blithe and free—  
With visage all as full of glee—  
And eyes as full of sprightly glance—  
As if to music, mirth and dance—  
Where beauty did the scene enhance,  
Round on the ring cast one short view,  
Levelled their swords, to combat drew;  
Beneath the torches' waving light  
Flashed far and wide the falchions bright

## XXVI.

An hour passed; on neither blade  
Was yet a sign of crimson laid,  
Nor o'er the form of either foe  
Was seen a drop of blood to glow,  
For skill'd was each the sword to wield,  
To each 'twas weapon and a shield,  
To feint, to guard, to thrust, to strike,

To pass and ward, were trained alike,  
So evenly with swords they vied,  
None knew which best his weapon plied,  
And nought was heard through all this time  
But meeting broad-swords deadly chime.  
With unremitting din they rung,  
From their hard steel the fire sprung,  
And far across the spacious wold—  
Where mist hung o'er in heavy fold—  
Their stormy clang, their echos rolled,  
To distant gloom — of conflict told.  
Bright as the light the broad-swords threw,  
And sparks that from them dancing flew,  
Omar De Vaux's eyes shone bright,  
'Neath shaggy brows the hue of night,  
Full in their foes that shone before—  
A rigid, peering gaze they bore.  
His visage all was hid with beard,  
Save where was nose and forehead reared,  
These to the lights that round them glared  
With ghastly hues of white appeared.  
The visage of his foe the while  
Was wrapt in one fix'd, grisly smile;  
His yellow locks that heavy hung,  
Were back from his broad forehead flung;  
O'er his fair cheeks and lips and chin—  
No robe of whiskers hid the skin,  
But there a few day's growth of beard  
All o'er them short and thick appeared,  
Which made him savage look the while,  
With grisly aspect limned his smile.  
Though like his foeman's orbs of night  
His azure eyes were not so bright,  
Seem'd not so spark-like to the sight,  
Yet, yet, they had their share of light,

And like some far off planets gleam'd  
While full into their foe's they beam'd.

## XXVII.

Some drops of blood on Omar's sword—  
Now spread o'er its bright surface broad,  
From where the arm on shoulder grows  
Down Hunyadi's fast the crimson flows;  
Then wild each blazing torch was tossed,  
To and fro each the flambeaux crossed,  
And burst from out that robber throng  
Shouts that echoed shrill, deep and long—  
As they beheld the crimson flood!  
Again did Omar's sword shed blood:  
Again the noisy robber band  
Sent shouts across the misty land;  
And higher rose in air their hands  
And twirl'd and cross'd their flaming  
brands.

Yet, still the foes with steady nerve,  
And eyes that ne'er from foeman swerve,  
Feint, parry, strike, guard, thrust and foil,  
Swift forward move, alike recoil,  
And nought a while their swords reveal  
But unremitting clang of steel,  
And sparks of flame that flash and fly  
Like lightnings o'er a hazy sky,  
At length 'neath Omar's brow of night—  
Where gleam'd his orbs of flashing light—  
As levin sable cloud beneath—  
Hunyadi's sword found gory sheath;  
Back swift as thought fierce Omar drew—  
Agile as though no wound he knew,  
Or grew far stronger through its pain,  
And straight thrust at his foe amain,

While high Hunyadi's falchion flew—  
As lightning flashes to the view,  
And like the thunder's bolt of flame  
Right down on Omar's arm it came,  
Between the elbow and the hand,  
And down upon the thirsty sand,  
Sudden as falls some mighty limb  
From strong oak torn by levin grim—  
That falls ere tempests are abroad—  
Fell Omar's hand and arm and sword ;  
Clean severed from his form 'twas lopp'd,  
Together hand and falchion dropp'd,  
Uprose the handless stump in air,  
Stood by his head of matted hair,  
Then gushed the blood in columns tall,  
As fountains rise and arching fall  
Within the court of stately hall.  
Another blow, another thrust,  
And Omar writhed on gory dust.  
The torches waved, the shouts arose,  
As grim did thus the combat close.  
'Gainst Johnson's knee was Omar propped,  
While was tied each bleeding vein,  
Vainly the flow of blood was stopped,  
The wounds gushed forth amain,  
The thirsty earth the crimson sopped  
And reeked with gory stain :  
But ere on earth he lifeless dropped  
Beneath the fatal drain,  
Hunyadi swiftly drew more near,  
On Omar's face his eyes he cast,  
And quickly thus regaled the ear  
Of him whose life was fleeting fast.

## XXVIII.

I've heard the ways of God are strange,  
That they are hidden all in night;  
Through Him empires wane and change,  
Arise to view, or pass from sight!  
And where so e'er o'er earth I range,  
Where rest mine eyes, or thoughts alight,  
I see this truth in letters plain,  
Though they were stamped upon my brain;  
On parchment penned in glowing stain;  
And did before mine eyes remain.  
From my frail infancy 'till now,  
Yes, ere a year pass'd or my brow,  
Have I been toss'd from clime to clime,  
Homeless waif upon the sea of time,  
Roaming without a helm or sail,  
Where e'er did floods and winds prevail.  
'Twas by chance I trod that ship's deck—  
Which on the reef became a wreck,  
Not 'till the day she sail'd I knew—  
Guy Harold was amongst her crew,  
When this I heard, to her I flew,  
To take once more of him a view,  
Against my wishes he prevail'd,  
And with him on that ship I sail'd.  
One night upon the deck was I,  
And you and Lea were standing nigh.  
You thought me sound asleep the while,  
But I saw every frown or smile,  
And heard each word ye spake the time,  
And heard ye plan your deeds of crime.  
I heard ye name a place I knew—  
The Bower of Bliss, its whole crew  
Save Roger Lea, to me were known,  
I've oft been 'mongst its inmates thr

For to that cave I oft repair'd,  
Know every shaft by which 'tis air'd.  
But never yet, when there I've been—  
Have I e'er aught of Roger seen.  
By what I heard from you and him—  
I learn'd he own'd that cavern grim.  
When on the reef we ship-wreck'd lay,  
I o'er heard you to Roger say,  
The little girl that was saved there,  
Was to broad lands the nearest heir,  
I listened to you, every word,  
And all your fiendish plans I heard,  
When was sung the Phantoms of the wold,  
The while I did your face behold,  
I saw you start and frown and grin,  
When came the name of Lyolynn,  
Although the man that sang that song  
That told of Edith's deeds of wrong,  
Knew nothing of you at the time,  
'Twas all by chance he sang the rhyme.  
I heard you tell Bayard to go—  
At morning when the tide was low,  
And search for papers, but it chanced  
Mine eye had on those papers glanced  
The day before, I saw them drift  
Amidst the wreck, and did them lift,  
Because I saw penn'd on them plain  
Lockhart and Lyolynn. Amain  
I did conceal them safe and sound,  
Until a proper time I found,  
Then I did all their import sift,  
Saw they had been from God a gift,  
To teach me where the child belonged,  
That you so foully would have wronged  
When from Zurn's ship we landed here,

So numerous your comrades were,  
I saw no slightest chance at all  
To take the child from out your thrall,  
So followed where you bore the child,  
To that lone cavern in the wild.  
Swift with Guy Harold there I drew—  
With Bracklinn and O' Conna too.  
I caught you all within my snare,  
And did the infant from you tear.  
Now I look back and see 'twas God  
Who made that ship by me be trod,  
He led me there the day she sail'd,  
And it was not Harold who prevail'd  
On me that day, with him to go,  
God ordered it, and made it so.  
He at the time intended me—  
In this His instrument to be,  
To deal His punishment and wrath,  
'Twas Him who set me on your path.  
The infant, by His aid, my hand  
Wrenched from all evils that you plann'd.  
And you will shortly tread that shore,  
From whence you can return no more.  
But I must perform one task yet,  
I do to Bayard owe a debt,  
Which with his life I'll pay to him;  
But he shall die on gallows grim,  
And unto beasts shall he be fed.  
Omar where is this Bayard?" "Dead,  
I did him from the casement throw,  
More then two full hours ago."  
A voice from out the throng replied  
Which just had from the castle hied.

## XXIX.

At this De Vaux with sudden bound—  
Leapt upward from the gory ground,  
And stood erect and strong and tall  
As though he had no wound at all.  
And towards Harold, who 'midst the glare  
Of torches that were blazing there,  
Stood with Ianthe in his arms,  
Just where the light reveal'd her glowing  
    charms,  
The wounded man made way and cried,  
"Bayard is not dead, you have lied."  
But ere to Harold, Omar trod,  
He reel'd, and sank upon the sod.  
"Alice, Alice," thrice he murmured low,  
The blood gushed out in rapid flow.  
Dropped heavy on the earth his head,  
Grim pallor o'er his visage spread,  
His eye shed forth a horrid glare  
Put on a fix'd and rigid stare,  
His breathing ceased, stiff, cold as stone—  
His limbs and body all had grown.  
And life had from fierce Omar flown.  
With beard matted rough, stiff with gore,  
Like lodged grass storms had driven o'er,  
Had left it wildly ridged and tossed,  
All stiffened grim with hail and frost,  
And that stern savage look he bore  
Through life, which fierce in death he wore,  
With parted lips, mouth opened wide,  
Rimmed with a beard, thick crimson dyed,  
And nostrils stretched, all wide displayed,  
A horrid spectacle he made—  
As dead amidst his gore he laid.

## XXX.

As Hunyadi wiped from his brand  
The crimson dye, unto the band  
Of robbers who all silent stood.  
Each with his torch of blazing wood,  
He sternly said, "Go bring a bier,  
And straight your chieftain take from here,  
And cast him in some mountain gurge,  
From whence he never can emerge,  
But with its floods be downward hurl'd—  
Into the centre of the world,  
And down there, let the monsters grim,  
Tear, devour him form and limb.  
Let him go with the waters' flight  
Into impenetrable night.  
So that if e'er in shine or storm—  
His cursed soul should seek its form,  
'Twill have to go in endless gloom,  
To look upon its mortal's tomb,  
And while it watches, not curse the light—  
Of moon nor stars nor noonday bright,  
But sit in its own element  
Eternal night, and there repent!  
So, go, and haste his corpse away  
Ere it is seen by morning's ray."

## XXXI.

He ceased, and swift a bier was made,  
The ghastly dead was on it laid,  
And to a mountain gurge convey'd,  
And 'midst its waters black and vast,  
Without a tear the dead was cast,  
And to eternal darkness pass'd.  
The robber band a lesson taught,  
Their caves and dens in silence sought.

To Castle Flame its inmates hied,  
And joyous shouts reecho'd wide.  
They flew upon the shades of night,  
O'er glen and wold and mountain's height,  
And loud within the castle's wall—  
Did strains of music rise and fall,  
Far were they heard, for winds were whist,  
And nought but these disturbed the mist,  
That hill, glen, wold and castle kissed,  
Which until morning kept its tryst.

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## PART VI.

## I.

Before the morning's rosy glow,  
The heavy mist moved dull and slow,  
All sleepy from the sea it roll'd—  
From castle, hill and glen and wold—  
While rising daybeams through it burst,  
Its gloomy folds to brightness nursed.  
And made it from the earth repair—  
In folds of light to distant air,  
And gave it as in space it roll'd  
The hues of amber and of gold  
And made it seem o'er its wide scope  
A vast dominion, all of hope—  
And mingled Beauty, Bliss and mirth,  
At least such as is known on earth.  
For what are these than fleeting shows,  
Like mist that 'neath the morning glows?  
The gilded clouds that rest in air,  
And stretched on just such solid lair?  
Frail, empty pageantries that fly—  
A while across bright Fancy's sky,  
'Till comes a night, or tempest's breath,  
And all dissolves in gloom and death.

## II.

Bright glowed the sun upon the world,  
The mist was into ether hurl'd,  
And glowing bright on Castle Flame  
The splendors of the day-god came,

And far away o'er sparkling sea,  
O'er mountain, glen and grassy lea,  
O'er forests vast and barren wold,  
The eye could view from that tall hold.  
And all where e'er the eye could range—  
Was nought but beauty, what the change.  
If did the eye on seas alight,  
There was water sparkling, glowing bright,  
If from this the dazed vision roll'd,  
'Twas met by sloping hill or wold,  
Vast woody tracts, or grassy land,  
And if while these were being scann'd—  
'Twas found some barren spots they bore,  
E'en these their hues of beauty wore.  
And if the vision turn'd to scan—  
That lofty castle's stately plan,  
There it nought but grand structure found—  
From its high turrets to the ground.  
From side to side, from end to end,  
Did all in stately grandeur blend.  
Upon a wide and lofty wold.  
Was built this strong, towering hold.  
It had been rear'd in days of yore,  
Back, full twelve hundred years and more,  
By Lyolynn, a sea-king bold,  
Who with his sword had won that wold,  
Whose name within the olden time,  
Was known on every sea and clime,  
Who had sent o'er the world his fame,  
Brighter than glows the northern flame.  
For he had trod on thousand fields,  
Amidst the crash of swords and shields;  
And his bright glory, worth and name,  
Yet live upon the roll of fame.  
And this chieftain's conquering sword,

Won him dominions fair and broad,  
The lands all round this lofty wold,  
On which he'd rear'd his kingly hold,  
All which, unto his dying day,  
He held beneath his lordly sway.  
And all this realm his sword did win,  
Still bears the name of Lyolynn.  
He left behind a noble line,  
Which did in martial glory shine;  
All like him, from sire to son,  
By each were deeds of knighthood done,  
And each his share of glory won,  
For valor, courtesy and strength,  
Were known the world's vast width and  
length.

'Till time flew on and manners changed,  
And differently was all arranged,  
The Sun of knighthood, which of yore  
Had gilded all the world so pure,  
Began to charm the earth no more—  
With its effulgence grand and bright!  
Behind corruption's growing night—  
Which more eclipsing grew each day,  
Still gradually it hid its ray,  
Until it waned and pass'd away,  
And sank 'neath night that planet pure,  
To never lume the nations more.

## III.

The Sun of knightliness went down,  
Behind corruption's sable frown,  
And the dark ages came apace  
Left in time's vale a barren space.  
And in this while the noble race,  
Sold, lost their old ancestral place,

Since then it had been own'd and held,  
By races all unknown to eld,  
Who proudly vaunted to the earth—  
They had from Lyolynn drawn birth.  
Sprung from that formidable race—  
Which first in valor held their place.  
But when the lineage was searched,  
On its rolls no such names were perched,  
And soon the searching, busy eye,  
Proved all their vaunting was a lie,  
Nor could they prove their source aright,  
For it was wrapt in mud and night :  
But — lord — or lady Lyolynn,  
They donn'd, who did those towers win.  
And though through them and time and  
storm,  
It much had changed in looks and form  
Yet, it was all a castle grand,  
As was extant within the land.  
And the same name it had of yore,  
Until that very day it bore,  
Yes, known to all by the same name  
Its founder gave it, Castle Flame.  
Its massive walls of dark gray stone,  
Revealed no wear from ages flown,  
Showed from foundation unto roof,  
It had 'gainst time and storm been proof  
There tier on tier the massive blocks  
Stood unworn as when from the rocks  
Of the adjacent mountains vast—  
They had been hewn, and there placed fast—  
Within that massive, lofty wall,  
To close a mighty sea-king's hall.  
The turrets still rear'd high their form,  
And seem'd untouched by time or storm,

And did a noble view command,  
Of rolling sea and mountain land.  
Though much of its primeval grace  
Scarce fleeting time had left a trace,  
Yet in and round that castle all,  
From floor to ceiling and to wall,  
From ground unto the turrets tall,  
Look'd grand where e'er the eye could fall  
About that ancient sea-king's hall,

## IV.

A circle round that stately hold,  
Amongst the grasses of the wold,  
Which by the eye was easy seen—  
Deep hollowed in the glowing green,  
And this of yore the eye could note.  
Had been the castle's circling moat,  
But this surrounding fosse of yore  
As knighthood days were past and o'er,  
Was needed to defend no more.  
So partly it with earth was fill'd,  
Just so it could with grass be till'd,  
But showed a hollow midst the green,  
To tell where it of yore was seen.  
And far beyond this hollow'd place,  
The roaming eye could also trace—  
The ruins of an ancient wall,  
Which once around that sea-king's hall  
Had been strong and massive rear'd, and tall,  
But hands not storm had wrought its fall.  
It had been ta'en to arch a bridge  
Which spann'd from there unto a ridge  
Of woody mountains far away,  
Behind which glowing pastures lay.  
Watered by streams as clear as glass,

By which did herds of cattle pass,  
And cropped at ease the fatt'ning grass,  
And beyond these were fertile fields,  
Marked here and there with plowmen's  
bields.

Where tracts of wheat and tasseled corn,  
Did far and wide the earth adorn,  
Where orchards vast and vineyards stood,  
And scattered groves of stately wood,  
Far as the eye could wander o'er,  
These lands unceasing verdure wore,  
These the dominions broad and fair,  
Of Lyolynn's young maiden heir.  
The child we do Ianthe call,  
Now own'd these vast dominions all.

## v.

The heavy mist had sped in air,  
The sun grown bright, the morning fair,  
And all the many inmates found—  
Within that castle's spacious bound,  
Grew happy with morn's bright'ning ray,  
And gayly whiled the time away—  
With their light toil, with mirth or lay.  
But to a line of rock that stood  
From the castle many a rood,  
Which a tall wall-like front did show,  
To deep, vast seas that lay below—  
Some thirteen hundred feet and more,  
And gently lean'd that ocean o'er ;  
To this five men were seen to pass,  
Bearing along a sable mass  
Of battered flesh and broken bone,  
Which look'd as though it once had known  
Somewhat the form and shape of man,

But had much changed its primal plan.  
 Where the perpendicular wall—  
 Lean'd o'er the flood and seem'd most tall  
 This mass was borne, with toss and throw,  
 Sent whirling to the sea below.  
 And as this mass of flesh and blood,  
 Went falling to the distant flood,  
 Those who it to the waters threw  
 Lean'd o'er the rocks its fall to view  
 And as it touched the sea they saw  
 Some grisly sharks unto it draw,  
 Which seized on it, and 'neath the wave  
 Bore it down to some unknown grave,  
 And thus amidst the waters vast,  
 From sight, for ever Bayard pass'd.  
 Back nigh unto the castle's wall,  
 Beneath a shady poplar tall,  
 Where from was smiling landscape showed,  
 These five in mirth and laughter strode.

## VI.

Four of these five before we've seen,  
 And know them well by this, I ween,  
 We met them on the headlands wild,  
 When there a wreck their ship was piled,  
 And now beneath this poplar green,  
 Are Bracklinn and O' Conna seen,  
 And 'neath its shade by zephyrs fann'd,  
 Guy Harold and Hunyadi stand.  
 But never, never yet 'till now,  
 We'd view'd the other one, I trow.  
 Beneath the stately tree he stands,  
 A brush and book are in his hands,  
 Painter and sculptor both is he,  
 Has in these arts won high degree.

He could a glowing landscape paint,  
Or limn a demon or a saint,  
And give to all full life-like hue  
Yea, makes each point to nature true.  
And from a rugged rock can form—  
A thing that seems alive and warm,  
A shape superb, with smiling face,  
All perfect symmetry and grace.  
His azure eyes now view the sea,  
As though on it his musings be,  
Tall is his form though bent with years,  
Yet still all vigorous appears,  
His wrinkled arms and hands yet show  
They still a sturdy vigor know,  
And from their massive bulk and span,  
And from their perfect mold and plan,  
It is right easy there to scan,  
That these some fifty years before,  
A brawny giant's vigor bore.  
His spacious depth and width of chest,  
And ample shoulders all confessed—  
There once an athlete's strength did rest.  
His feet are large, his legs are long,  
But sinewy all, lithe and strong,  
His neck thick, sinewy and short,  
Does stately, noble head support,  
Fair his forehead broad and high,  
And o'er his eyes of azure dye—  
That have not lost their ancient glow—  
Lie brows and lashes white as snow.  
His hair is white as hoarest rime,  
And like some prophet of old time,  
His beard o'er cheeks and lips and chin,  
With heavy growth hides all their skin,  
Dense o'er his broad, high cheeks it grows,

And almost hides his Grecian nose.  
And white as foam when tempest blows  
Long and broad down his bosom flows.  
The birth-roll of the land can show,  
Born was he a century ago.  
From his boyhood, unto his prime  
Was past in travelling, all the time,  
Through every country he had been,  
Which on the world's broad chart is seen,  
And of their people great and small—  
Knew their ways, habits, manners all.  
Had roam'd o'er mountain, march and field,  
And ate, drank, slept in peasant's bield,  
Knew all of life their traits could yield.  
Knew all their favorite themes and songs,  
Each vice and virtue which belongs  
From lowest serf to highest peer,  
For he had shared their toil and cheer,  
And mated with far higher things,  
Been welcome in the courts of kings.  
To the last lord of Lyolynn,  
Who sail'd that fatal ship within,  
Which we wrecked on the reef have seen,  
He had a friend in boyhood been,  
Yea, help'd him in a time of need,  
Nor had the sculptor's generous deed  
Been e'er forgotten by that lord,  
But in his grateful heart 'twas stored,  
And when the sculptor old became and hoar,  
And made by grim misfortunes poor,  
He sought him midst his want and woe,  
Repaid the deed of long ago,  
Relieved his want and woe and care,  
And made him to a cot repair—  
That stood amidst a landscape fair—

High on a woody hill top tall,  
Short distance from the castle's wall,  
And within it ten years and more—  
Had dwelt this painter old and poor.  
Some one to him that very morn  
The news of last night scenes had borne,  
So to the castle swift he drew  
To see if all he heard were true.  
This is why the painter Ulrick came  
To be seen 'mongst those at Castle Flame.

## VII.

On lightning wings the moments flew,  
The plowman's horn for noon time blew ;  
Yet still beneath the poplar green—  
In merry mood those five are seen ;  
For each the world had travelled well,  
Had much of what they'd seen to tell.  
But while they talked, adown the road  
Which led unto that fair abode,  
They saw a cloud of dust appear,  
Whose swartly folds high rode in air,  
Fast towards the castle drew more near,  
And soon amidst its gloom they heard—  
The horse-hoofs which the dust had stirr'd,  
And as they reached the sloping green,  
Were Mosman and his daughter seen,  
With score of comrades at their rear,  
Who did on noble steeds appear—  
Right up the sloping green they rode,  
That glowed around that grand abode,  
Fair Alice on a milk-white steed,  
Took of the coming train the lead.  
And as she hoary Ulrick pass'd,  
A greeting unto him she cast.

“ Who is that maiden ?” Harold said  
Just as the train had by them sped.  
“ Nigh all the world I roam’d, I ween,  
Yet fairer maid I’ve never seen.”  
Thus Bracklinn hastily replied,  
“ He who did nearest to her ride,  
Is sure the very man, I ween—  
At Mosman’s grange by me was seen,  
When unto Omar, who was there,  
I did Hunyadi’s letter bear.  
The shades of night were thick’ning round,  
When Mosman’s grange by me was found,  
There near the river ’neath a tree,  
Did I four men together see,  
This man was one, the other three  
Were Zurn, De Vaux and Roger Lea,  
But so disguised was I, those men  
Seem’d not to recognize me then ;  
This man soon as I came in view,  
Was the sole one that to me drew,  
Into his hand the note I threw,  
He said right well De Vaux he knew,  
That Omar was to him a friend,  
Oft there as guest his time did spend,  
And that he would at my request,  
Straight give it to his honor’d guest,  
As this he said, my steed I spurr’d,  
His mettle to full action stirr’d,  
Which made him prance and spring and  
bound,  
And suddenly I wheel’d him round,  
Gave him the spur and slack’d his rein,  
And parted from their sight amain.”  
Here Ulrick broke in “ You are right,  
That was him and his daughter bright,

A man of lordly wealth is he,  
Owns vast extents of hill and lea,  
That spread around his stately home,  
Far as the strongest eye can roam,  
But just through thievery and fraud,  
Has he won all his mighty hoard,  
And lands that stretch around him broad.”  
Here Harold said, “These are the sort  
Of men who live in kingly court.  
They on the choicest cuts can dine,  
And drink the best of ruddy wine,  
While those who strive to honest live,  
And all their thoughts to virtue give,  
Can only drink the lees of wine,  
And on skin, bone and gristle dine.  
And when they grow too old and hoar,  
To toil o’er ocean, dale and moor,  
Then go as pauper, gray and poor,  
Within the filthy alms-house door.  
And there submit to every jeer,  
And humbly crouch beneath the leer—  
Of its rough, boorish overseer.  
Yes, yes, this world is cursed queer.  
If man is only bless’d with wealth,  
No matter if ’tis gain’d by stealth,  
He straight can take the highest perch,  
At board, in counsel or in church.  
And all to him will bend the knee,  
Although a downright thief is he,  
All men to him are truckling slaves.  
Just look at yonder drove of knaves,  
From their steeds they are alighting now,  
See their foolish, foppish style, see how  
All the servants run, and humbly bow,  
Ready to kiss their feet, I trow.

Like mongrel curs that run to meet  
Their lord, and lick around his feet.  
Yes, yes, get wealth, no matter how,  
And all to you will cringe and bow,  
Yea, steal by day, and steal by night,  
Pile up your boards of treasure bright,  
And you on choicest cuts can dine,  
And quaff the best of ruddy wine.  
I know not why, but ne'er 'till now,  
I've felt thus 'gainst the rich, I trow,  
No, ne'er 'till now they've waked such spleen,  
As now I feel through all my mien.  
And treasure I shall search for now,  
And win it too, I heed not how.  
I know just where it can be won,  
And I swear e'er to-morrow's sun  
Shall half his daily course have run,  
I'll bring it from its hiding place,  
And it shall Harold's coffer grace."

## VIII.

As thus he spake old Ulrick strode—  
Into the Lyolynn abode,  
And left the four to talk the while  
Of fickle fortune's frown or smile,  
As from their sight old Ulrick drew,  
Thus Harold straight began anew.  
"Now here, are we four mortals thrown—  
Like waifs that on the shores are blown,  
No spot on earth however lone,  
That either one can call his own,  
Without a friend, without a dime,  
Poor strangers in a foreign clime.  
What little had been saved by me,  
Lies in the light-house 'neath the sea.

And no man ever it can gain—  
'Till God shall dry the watery main.  
And though my losses are severe,  
Seem ever more beyond repair,  
They are, they are I do confess,  
Than Bracklinn's and O'Conna's less,  
Like them no wife and child I lost,  
Nor saw them 'neath the billows tost,  
If I had met with such a plight—  
I crazy would have gone out right.  
Yes, here we are, from ocean hurl'd,  
All waifs and beggars in the world.  
Now, I see not one single bit,  
Why to such fates we should submit.  
When Roger has such boundless wealth,  
Which he has gathered all by stealth.  
And I see nought in the deed amiss,  
To take it from The Bower of Bliss.  
Why let the old thief keep such pelf,  
Useless to all, and to himself?  
I do not think it theft at all,  
For us to take it from its thrall."  
"Nor I," said Bracklinn with a smile,  
"I'll go help foray on his pile."  
"The same with me," O'Conna cried,  
"I never yet such hoards espied,  
With you I'll gladly there repair  
And help to bring away a share.  
Why let the old thief hold it thus,  
When it is needed so by us?"  
At this, the gong for dinner time,  
Did in the castle noisy chime.  
Bracklinn and O'Conna at the call,  
Swift sped them to the castle hall,  
For gluttons were they both, and long

Had they been listening for that gong,  
And scarcely did they wait to hear,  
Its first harsh tone rise on their ear,  
That off they flew the meal to greet,  
So fast you scarce could see their feet.  
When they had in the castle fled,  
To Harold thus Hunyadi said.

## IX.

"Ever since that fair maiden past,  
A gloom has o'er your soul been cast,  
I see you have right at first sight,  
Gone in love with that woman quite,  
Though she is beautiful and young,  
Think of the stock from whence she's  
sprung,

If I were you, I would not care,  
To mingle with such poison'd tare."

"On barren rocks I've often seen—  
Wherescarce was viewed one speck of green,  
A flower bloom divinely fair,  
And with rich fragrance fill the air,  
Seen solitary rose appear,  
Where grew nought else but poison'd tare.  
Yet it did just as perfect grow,  
And just as pure and sweetly blow,  
And just such fragrance round it throw,  
As sweetest could the gardens show.  
I've seen the rain-bow's lovely form  
Beam forth untainted by the storm."

"And I have seen," Hunyadi said,  
"Many a richer, brighter maid,  
And sprung from nobler race than she,  
Wed far much poorer man than thee,  
So do not let thy heart grow faint,

Nor aught of gloom its brightness taint,  
And when in yonder hall we go,  
Away thy moody feelings throw,  
Amongst the crowd stand thou erect,  
All dignified in self-respect;  
From head to heel, through all thy mien,  
No sign of bashfulness be seen,  
If with this maid thou shouldst confer—  
Be manly in thy speech with her.  
It is the ore that makes the coin,  
The stamp no added worth doth join,  
And though the minted mark be set  
On brass, copper, zinc or lead, yet  
They'll not pass for gold, what e'er the mark,  
At day time nor at midnight dark,  
The cheat is gross, 'tis easy told,  
They show no sound at all of gold."

## X.

Thus as they spake, within the hall  
They moved unto the dinner call;  
And 'mongst the throng they mingled soon  
That crowded through a large saloon.  
There Hunyadi did Ianthe view,  
And swift beside the child he drew,  
Some words he whispered in her ear,  
Which no one there save she could hear,  
Then moved he swift amidst the crowd,  
Where all was mirth and laughter loud.

## XI.

Many were the inmates of that hold,  
From children young to women old,  
For the last lord of Lyolynn  
Gave there a home to all his kin,  
Who were in need of home or pelf,

Or who were poorer than himself.  
All these unto the castle sped,  
By him were cloth'd and housed and fed,  
And there an easy life they led.  
As the old lord was never wed,  
And was away most of his time  
Journeying in some foreign clime,  
No one within that castle's bound,  
Was by its many inmates found,  
To check by either night or day,  
Their feasting, pastime, or their play.  
So a right joyous life they led,  
And most sumptuous they fed.  
When once his kindred entered there,  
They seldom left his noble cheer,  
But straight became with fervent zest,  
Its good old owner's steadfast guest.  
And never thought of leaving there,  
'Till borne away upon their bier.

## XII.

As Harold strode the hall within,  
Ianthe heir of Lyolynn,  
Who did by Alice Mosman stand  
Straight grasped the seaman by the hand,  
And thus with sprightly tone she said,  
As shook the ringlets round her head,  
"Cousin Alice, here's a friend of mine  
And I must make him one of thine."  
Then with her face bright wreathed in smile,  
In an all artless, child-like style—  
She made the two together known,  
And with her arms around them thrown,  
She walked the stately pair between,  
And led them to the festive scene.

Soon as they near'd the table broad,  
That was with food most richly stored,  
Two chairs Ianthe caught in haste,  
And side by side her guests she placed.  
With choicest cuts their plates she piled,  
With ruddy wine their goblets smiled,  
By Harold then her seat she took,  
And happy was Ianthe's look.

## XIII.

Around the table broad and long,  
Had gathered all the eager throng;  
And far to left and far to right,  
Where e'er Ianthe's gaze did light,  
Nothing but faces smiling bright,  
And joyous feasting met her sight.  
Bracklinn and O'Conna side by side,  
Nigh opposite of her she spied.  
And the right eager, hastely mood,  
With which they hid huge piles of food,  
The swift way down each gluttons throat,  
She saw the wine in torrents float,  
The way they slapped their lips at times,  
Sent far and wide these stormy chimes,  
The noisy way they sucked their teeth,  
Which gleamed at times their lips beneath,  
The way they each displayed their tongue,  
As swift it from its cavern sprung,  
To wine receive, or lumps of food,  
Ianthe view'd in mirthful mood,  
But no loud laughter showed her glee—  
At all she chanced to hear and see.  
Until she saw O'Conna rear—  
A sparkling wine cup to his ear,  
And spill the glowing liquid there,

Who did so sleepy drunk appear—  
He could not either see nor hear.  
Nor could he find his mouth aright—  
In which to pour that liquid bright,  
Though it the while, wide open stood,  
Prepared to quaff the ruddy flood.  
An equal cause did Bracklinn show,  
To make her laughter merry flow,  
His eyes lids heavy hung and low,  
His sleepy head rock'd to and fro,  
His fork pierced in a slice of tart,  
His hand did from the table start,  
But it did 'mongst his 'whiskers rove,  
To find his mouth he vainly strove,  
To find his mouth he vainly tried,  
Though for the tart 'twas open'd wide.  
So long his trials fruitless proved,  
So long it 'mongst his whiskers moved,  
Upon the fork it lost its hold,  
And dropping on the floor it roll'd,  
Then burst Ianthe's laughter wild,  
Instant all eyes were on the child.  
And loud around that spacious board—  
Both young and old with laughter roar'd.  
So wild and loud and deep and strong  
The merry laughter burst and long,  
Amongst that gay and festive throng,  
E'en Bracklinn and O'Conna woke,  
And half way from their stupor broke,  
Each quaff'd another cup of wine,  
And straight again began to dine,  
And though not one amongst that feast,  
Knew what stirr'd Ianthe's mirth the least,  
They only hearty laughed and wild,  
Because, just so had done the child,

For now they saw that she was heir  
To all those broad dominions fair,  
No matter what the child might do,  
They'd truckling after her pursue,  
Yea, mimic her in every way,  
What e'er she chanced to do or say,  
And let her laugh or weep or smile,  
They straight would do the same the while,  
And now they laughed because she did,  
Though her cause of mirth from all was hid.

## XIV.

All burst with laughter loud and strong,  
Save few amongst that festive throng,  
And two of these to crimson blushed,  
Seem'd at that mirth confused and flushed,  
Even long after it had hushed,  
Seem'd to think they had caused the birth  
Of that wild burst of sudden mirth,  
That almost all had join'd in there,  
And these Alice and Harold were.  
It seem'd these two soon as they met,  
Had their love upon each other set,  
Or as in after time they told,  
When years had since their marriage roll'd,  
"They felt something keen as a dart,  
Through all their inmost being start—  
Keep moving in and round each heart,  
Which never did from them depart.  
Well might these twain while at the board  
They heard the gust of laughter pour'd,  
Have fancied it was they alone,  
Who had in it the feasters thrown,  
For nothing had they done the while  
But watched each other with a smile;

Nought had they ate, but aye askance.  
 The whole time met each other's glance.  
 And nought but simple child-like speech,  
 Had pass'd the while from each to each.  
 Two such love-sick mortals, I ween,  
 As they were, ne'er before were seen.  
 And not until they heard the laugh,  
 Did either eat, or red wine quaff,  
 And even then their mouthfuls were  
 Slowly prepared, and very spare,  
 Scarce they ate at all, I ween,  
 Their mouthfuls small and far between.

## XV.

The feast was o'er, and from the hall  
 Throng'd out the merry feasters all,  
 Some roam'd among the woodlands green,  
 Some down along the sea were seen,  
 Some stretched themselves in sluggard's  
 ease—

To rest beneath the shady trees.  
 And many sought a cool retreat,  
 To waste the day in slumber sweet.  
 But far from all the rest aloof,  
 Near a turret on the lofty roof,  
 Alice Mosman, Guy Harold too,  
 With ruby lipped Ianthe drew.  
 Silent a while the trio stood,  
 Viewing sea, tall hill and waving wood.  
 At length Ianthe smiling said.  
 "Just ere we unto feasting sped,  
 As you did in the hall appear  
 Hunyadi me to him drew near,  
 And softly whispered in mine ear.  
 So neither one of you could hear,

Ianthe take this loving pair,  
And give them introduction fair,  
Find at the board for each a space,  
And side by side these lovers place,  
When you have found for each a seat,  
Pile high their plates with all things sweet,  
But do not watch them while they eat,  
When the feast is done, unto the roof  
Take you the twain, then keep aloof,  
And it shall be to your behoof,  
Of this I'll shortly give you proof."

## XVI.

Thus spake the child who little knew  
'Twas from her words the blushes grew,  
That spread their hues of crimson dye,  
O'er each flush'd face that met her eye.  
Who all the while, abashed and coy,  
Each other ey'd with growing joy,  
Felt a keen thrill their bosoms fill,  
Which seem'd to bow them 'neath its will;  
They spake not, but their eyes confessed  
The tender feelings of each breast.  
Dead silence reigned a little space,  
And each seemed rooted to their place—  
Though they were statues standing there,  
'Till thus began the rosy heir.  
"Harold to me and Alice tell  
The story of the Lovers' Well,  
You promised it a week ago,  
And I would fain the story know.  
Tell us this now and I'll no more—  
Ask you to tell of tales of yore."  
"When I was a boy," the seaman said  
"As together round the world we sped,

My father oft wild legends told  
About a daring race of old—  
He styled the lords of Lyolynn,  
Who in old time did glory win  
Mid wars alike on land and flood,  
In scenes of peace as well as blood.  
And this story that I tell you now,  
Happened in this tower, I trow.  
For my father spoke of Castle Flame,  
When unto me he told the same.

The Lovers' Well.

I.

Osci, a lord of Lyolynn,  
In ancient time did glory win,  
Far famed was he o'er land and wave,  
And styled the bravest of the brave,  
Bold was his heart, and strong his hand,  
His sword in war the lightning's brand,  
Swift as it lays the forests low—  
His blade destroyed his stately foe,  
To the oppressed a friend was he.  
He made their fierce oppressors flee,  
He was the weak one's sword and shield—  
By day or night, on flood and field,  
With joy the poor his presence hail'd  
Before him all the tyrants quail'd.  
No braver man in battle van—  
Has through a slaughter press'd,  
Nor braver since the race began  
Was e'er in armor drest,  
None nobler e'er in listed ring  
Has placed a spear in rest,

Or any prize from battle bring,  
Or after glory quest.

## II.

The day was bright, the sun was warm,  
The breeze was blowing free,  
Round his bark that oft faced the storm  
Roll'd high a sparkling sea.  
And o'er his vessel's sable prow  
The mighty Osci lean'd,  
His polished helm, his manly brow  
From scorching sunbeams screen'd.  
His large blue eye clear as the sky,  
Or as the placid sea,  
Watched o'er the waters rolling high,  
A corsair sailing free.  
Towards Algiers full well he knew  
That vessel plowed the waves,  
That she was mann'd with savage crew,  
And loaded down with slaves.  
With sails all spread unto the wind,  
He gave the corsair chase,  
The laughing billows roll'd behind,  
As o'er them sped the race.  
Glittering billows roll'd behind,  
And sparkling roll'd before,  
As on and on before the wind  
They sped the waters o'er.  
On, on, o'er leagues of roaring brine  
The flying vessels sped,  
Behind the billows rose in line,  
And rank like rose ahead.  
Still, still narrower grew the space  
The bounding ships between,  
'Till side by side in fearful race

The hostile barks were seen.  
'Till scarce a yard of ocean's face  
The twain did intervene.  
Together bark with bark was lashed  
By Osci's dauntless crew,  
Though high o'er them the billows dashed,  
And sea foam o'er them flew.

## III.

An hundred men as bold and stout,  
As ever fought in fray,  
As ever caused their foeman's rout  
By either night or day,  
In line stood on the corsair's deck,  
All arm'd from head to heel,  
Ready for triumph or for wreck,  
An awful ridge of steel.  
With tall morions polished sheen,  
And breast-plates trimm'd the same,  
Bright shields and spears and broad-swords  
    keen,  
They seem'd a ridge of flame.

## IV.

Not swifter leaps the lion bold  
Forth from his fearful den,  
At midnight on the awe-struck fold,  
Then sprung fierce Osci then.  
Not grimmer comes the avalanche  
Adown the mountain tall—  
Tearing all rocks like doated branch  
That chance to bar its fall—  
Than came that chief with all his band  
Upon the corsair crew,  
With clashing shield and flaming brand  
They on the pirates flew.

Fierce fought for liberty and life  
The corsair's savage horde,  
And long the air with sound was rife  
Of breaking shield and sword,  
But fiercer Osci waged the strife  
And pirates' life-blood pour'd  
And ere the sun went down from sight,  
And night closed o'er the main,  
He poured a glad and glowing light  
On heaps of pirates slain.  
And showed upon that corsair's deck  
No pirate breathing left.  
All stretched around in gory wreck  
With heads and helmets cleft.

## V.

As beams the iris midst the clouds  
When dies the thunder-storm—  
So from the throng the corsair crowds  
Comes forth a female form;  
Her sweet young face beam'd like the moon  
Seen in a stormy sky,  
Her smile was like the sun's at noon,  
When no clouds o'er him fly.  
Her coral lips and pearly teeth  
Were perfect as could nature rear,  
And white as snow on Northern heath  
Her breast and arms appear.  
Her brow was fair, and bright beneath  
Her eyes flashed dark and clear,  
O'er neck and shoulders a sable wreath  
Waved folds of raven hair,  
Her lovely form from heel to head  
Was harmony complete,  
And beauty a grand halo shed

O'er all her being sweet.  
 Her form was cast within that mold—  
 The best dame nature yet could plan,  
 When she did all her strength unfold,  
 And showed her noblest work to man,  
 When she from out her treasures vast,  
 Ere on her fell sin and sorrow's blast;  
 Her best elements together brought,  
 And on the shrine of Beauty wrought—  
 A being with all glory fraught—  
 With angel's form and seraph's thought,  
 The choicest thing she yet could plan,  
 And gave that grandest work to man!

## VI.

Midst all my frays, bold Osci said,  
 On land or yet on flood,  
 No fairer prize to me has sped  
 In form of flesh and blood.  
 For fairer ne'er was wed by king,  
 Nor nestled to his side,  
 Unto Castle Flame that maid I'll bring,  
 And she shall tend my bride.  
 Her pure white, snowy hands shall on  
 My blooming Edith wait,  
 No fitter one her robes to don,  
 And tend upon my mate.

## VII.

To Castle Flame the maid was brought,  
 Hagar was the fair one named,  
 By peer and knight the maid was sought,  
 For far was her beauty famed.  
 And many came to woo and win  
 The maid of Osci's bride,  
 But ere the wooing did begin,

She to each her maid denied.  
Oft the suitors furious grew  
At Osci's lady fair,  
When she from their longing eyes withdrew  
Her maid with raven hair.  
Oft in listed ring with spear in rest,  
Against proud knight arrayed,  
Was Osci in his armor drest  
To battle for the maid.  
Many a suitor's shield was cleft,  
And morion rent in twain,  
By Osci of their life bereft,  
Ere they deemed their wooing vain.  
As time roll'd on of Osci's bride  
A female child was born,  
A babe fair as was e'er espied  
By glowing beams of morn;  
As sweet a babe as ever smiled,  
Or yet with life did start,  
She who in after years was styled,  
Edith of the Cruel Heart.

## VIII.

To tend the babe both night and day,  
Was none like Hagar found,  
Though 'mongst the maids 'neath Osci's  
    sway,  
Did gentle ones abound.  
And to her mistress day by day  
More precious Hagar grew  
Than her, 'mongst all beneath her sway  
No dearer prize she knew,  
And the suitors proud and high  
Who sought the maid to wed—

Were from the castle forced to fly,  
Or be by Osci bled.

## IX.

'Twas on one warm and sultry day,  
No breath of breezes stirr'd,  
Midst aspen leaves no slightest play  
Of wind was seen nor heard.  
The massive walls round Castle Flame,  
• Of granite gray and dun,  
Nigh hot as molten ore became  
Beneath the scorching sun.  
No single bird upon its wing  
Was seen to move that day,  
But sat all like a lifeless thing  
Amidst the leafy spray.  
The herds 'neath boughs of stately trees  
Lay panting with the heat,  
E'en in their hives the busy bees  
Did from the glare retreat.  
'Mongst grass that once luxuriant grew  
Upon the pastures wide—  
No sign of verdure met the view,  
But wilted was and dried.  
Far away the waveless sea  
As molten silver beam'd,  
Lifeless all nature seem'd to be  
Though all 'neath sunshine gleam'd.  
High on a moss-clad rock that there  
Looms o'er vast floods of brine,  
Osci lay midst the sultry air  
Beneath a spreading pine,  
And by his side his lady fair  
Did on the moss recline,  
Long had they grieved that their fair home,

That rose so high in air,  
That looked o'er leagues of sea and foam,  
O'er hills and valleys fair,  
Could of water no supply obtain,  
No crystal spring nor well,  
No water save which from the rain  
Within the cisterns fell.  
One half my lands, bold Osci spake,  
I freely would bestow  
To him who through these rocks can break,  
To where pure waters flow  
Though oft the task I undertake  
I can no water show.  
If only here we had a well  
Of waters cold and clear,  
There'd be no place on hill or dell,  
One tenth so grand as here,  
Nor would we feel these droughts so fell  
That last one half the year.

## X.

While thus he spake he saw a man  
Ride towards his castle gate,  
And at his rear a caravan  
Came on in lordly state.  
A dozen camels huge and strong,  
Groan'd 'neath their heavy load,  
As their harsh driver's scourging thong  
Fast urged them up the road.  
Bold Osci and Edith fair  
The horseman soon espied,  
And up the slope in swift career,  
Unto the twain he hied.  
Hail, he said, Thou lord of Castle Flame,  
And thou his lady bright,

May every joy that earth can name,  
Attend ye day and night.  
For ye are the comeliest pair  
That ever yet were wed,  
That ever met in castle fair,  
In humblest cot or shed.  
Thou art the truest knight and best  
That ever armor wore,  
That ever placed a lance in rest,  
Or rode 'midst battle's roar.  
Conspicuous thy lady bright—  
Moves amongst the female line,  
As doth the full sphered moon at night  
The glimmering stars out shine.  
To ye most high and noble pair,  
I've come what e'er befall,  
Ransom bring for a captive fair,  
That here ye hold in thrall.  
A maid you off a corsair brought,  
Some two long years ago,  
Through all this time for her I've sought,  
In peril, pain and woe.  
But late I chanced to learn that here  
You captive hold that maid,  
So name her price, how ever dear,  
Her ransom shall be paid.  
A smile apace o'er Osci's face,  
Broke as thus spake the man,  
And when he ceased a little space,  
Bold Osci thus began.

## XI.

The maid I from the corsair brought,  
Is no more own'd by me,  
And if she were, I vow, there's nought

Would make me set her free.  
Unto my wife the maid belongs  
And you must treat with her,  
See if all gold your coffer throngs  
She'll to her maid prefer.  
While thus they spake a loud scream rang  
Within the castle near,  
And from a spacious door-way sprang  
Hagar the young and fair.  
For well that horseman's form she knew  
Soon as he near'd the place.  
Into his arms she panting flew,  
They met in one embrace.  
Hagar and Hagan from their lips  
The self same moment burst,  
Love which no sorrow could eclipse,  
Which each through years had nursed,  
Well'd up within each faithful heart,  
And glowing fill'd each soul,  
Love which from neither could depart,  
But throughout all their beings dart,  
Though ruin be its goal.

## XII.

In vain, in vain poor Hagan sought  
To set the captive free,  
In vain his costly gifts he brought  
For Edith's eyes to see.  
In vain he proffered glowing wares  
Of gold and silver bright,  
Huge urns of gold piled up in tiers,  
That shone with ruddy light,  
In vain he offered flashing wares  
Of every shade and hue,  
Rich silks and velvets and cashmires

Of crimson and of blue.  
Fabrics the choicest and the best  
That ever came from looms,  
Vast robes of furs all richly drest,  
And countless gems and plumes,  
And urns of spices that possess'd  
The sweetest of perfumes.  
In vain, in vain he offered these,  
And chests of shining gold,  
Gifts that could fail no eye to please,  
All gorgeous to behold.  
In vain on earth he humbly kneel'd,  
And begg'd at Edith's feet,  
Her heart to all his prayer was steel'd,  
Though long he did entreat.  
And told her how long years ago  
He'd Hagar wooed and wed,  
And just as from the altar he  
His happy bride had led,  
In rushed amidst the wedding feast  
Men clad in steel array,  
Who felled him senseless with their blows  
And bore his bride away.  
Told how in search of her he had  
Travelled o'er sea and shore,  
Entreated her to ransom take,  
And Hagar to restore.  
Reward him for his faithful search,  
And riving woes he bore,  
Hagan she said, while still he kneel'd,  
And vainly did implore.  
Sooner this rock shall water yield,  
Than I'll thy bride restore.

## XIII.

Up to his feet the lover sprang,  
And grasped fair Edith's hand,  
And said with clear, deep voice that rang  
As weired music o'er the land,  
You promise, that if within this rock  
I well of water find,  
You will to me my bride restore,  
Nor as your hand-maid hold her more,  
Nor deal with us unkind,  
Now promise this upon your oath,  
And I will shortly see—  
If God has form'd this flinty hill—  
Of crystal waters free.  
I promise it, fair Edith said  
While smiles bright as the morn—  
All o'er her rosy face were spread—  
Though mix'd with pride and scorn.  
I promise it, and if I fail  
To set your Hagar free,  
Soon as I here within this rock  
A well of water see,  
May everlasting woe and bale  
Forever light on me.

## XIV.

Down through the huge and flinty rock  
That seem'd at all their toil to mock,  
Poor Hagan and his little band  
Toil on with willing heart and hand.  
For three long years they tug and strain,  
And delve with all their might and main,  
Ply shovel, hoe and pick and bar,  
Yet, from water they seem distant far.  
They delve one hundred fathoms deep,

Yet, hopeful to their task they keep  
Toil on with willing hand and mind  
Though no least trace of water find.  
Down, down they delve, still deeper down,  
Yet, no success their toil doth crown.  
They delve 'till every arm and hand  
Is worn and weak in Hagan's band.  
'Till every heart is grim with care,  
And loaded heavy with despair!  
And scarce a hand save Hagan's own  
Breaks through the hard, unyielding stone.  
At length a joyous shout is heard,  
And sounds one solitary word;  
One only word is on their tongues,  
With all the might of human lungs  
From out the well they make it fly,  
And water, water, is the cry.  
A well of waters clear as day  
Did Hagan's years of toil repay.  
Oh, who can tell the joy he knew,  
When first that water met his view!  
When worn and weak he turn'd to see—  
His toil had set his Hagar free!  
True love the fearful task had done,  
And he his long lost bride had won.  
May love be always thus repaid,  
And God true love forever aid.

## XV.

Water, water, the joyous sound,  
Has echo in the castle found,  
And water is the only word  
That's in the spacious castle heard.  
And water Hagar joyous cries,  
As into Hagan's arms she flies.

Water, water, startled Edith screams,  
And starts like one from dismal dreams.  
From castle to the well she hies,  
And by it stands in dumb surprise.  
Down o'er her face and forehead fair  
Stream her loose folds of sable hair,  
Bright beneath her dark eyes glare,  
And fix on Hagar rigid stare,  
Bewildered for a while she stands,  
Then with her small, white, jeweled hands,  
Back from her face her hair she flings.  
Her form to its full height she brings,  
And tiger-like on Hagar springs.  
Who yet unto her Hagan clings,  
At Hagar's form she grasps amain,  
And strives to part the faithful twain,  
Though all her strength for this is vain!  
She's mine, still mine fierce Edith shrieks,  
And color flies her haughty cheeks,  
While from her eye-balls black as night,  
Gleams forth a strange, unearthly light.  
And seeming envy, hate and ire,  
Shake her form with tremors dire.  
Quivered her lips with fell disdain,  
As thus she shrieks again, again,  
With form that seem'd convulsed with pain,  
That throb'd through every nerve and vein,  
She's mine and such shall still remain,  
For no gifts nor toil I loose her chain.  
The time no living soul shall see—  
That willingly I set her free.  
With voice that well his grief bespoke,  
On Edith's speech sad Hagan broke.  
Years of captivity and woes,  
And toil for thee poor Hagar knows;

Six years she has thy captive seen,  
Six years of toil and sorrow keen.  
All ransom have I paid to thee,  
For which thou swore to set her free !  
I deem'd thy promise was sincere.  
That thou wouldst to thy vow adhere.  
And still I hope and fondly trust,  
Thou wilt unto thy oath be just.  
That thou wilt set poor Hagar free,  
This instant bid her wend with me.  
Vain are thy hopes, Edith fierce replies,  
Hagar bides with me 'till she dies,  
I'll not release her unto thee,  
So thou need plead no more with me.  
Let go my maid and fly from here,  
Or thou must for thy death prepare,  
Haste forth' this instant take thy flight,  
Or feel how keen the sword doth bite,

## XVI.

Then, obedient to her call,  
Thronged round a hundred warriors tall,  
All arm'd are they from head to heel,  
In gleaming sheathes of clanging steel.  
And flashing axe, or spear, or brand,  
Rise keen in every warriors hand,  
As at Edith's side they take their stand  
And ready wait for her command.  
Now Hagan fly, she says, haste, fly,  
Or you and all your band shall die,  
Begone, nor dare to twit me more—  
I'm false to any oath I swore.  
Haste, haste, begone with all your crew,  
Or they shall slaughtered be with you.  
And if they die, on you the crime

Will surely rest throughout all time,  
For now I ample warning give,  
And bid you fly, if you would live.  
While thus she speaks poor Hagan's band,  
Came up and by him take their stand.  
They're arm'd with pick and bar and spade,  
And tools with which the well was made.  
With arms unto the elbow bare,  
And breasts that know no thought of fear,  
Although no shining steel they wear,  
Confront the gleaming sword and spear,  
Of faithless, heartless Edith's band,  
Who all in moody silence stand.

## XVII.

Fierce as the cloud of coming storm,  
When round it flash the lightnings warm,  
Tall Hagan rears his stately form,  
As Edith's warriors round him swarm.  
O'er all his face a hue is spread—  
Less like the living than the dead.  
Dark wave his brows, while bright beneath  
As sabres flashing from their sheath—  
His eyes pour forth an awful light,  
Like fierce meteors of the night,  
When of dread famine they fortell  
Of pestilence or earthquake fell.  
While thus to Edith and his band  
He speaks so all can understand.  
Deem not with threat'ning spear and sword,  
To drive me from my bride adored,  
Think not one of my band nor I,  
At your command will quail nor fly,  
Who break a solemn oath they swear,  
In us can breed no thought of fear.

And here we stand as true as steel  
To meet all vengeance you can deal;  
Though here all weaponless I stand,  
Ready am I to meet your band.  
Nor one there is amongst them all  
For you would dare to risk my fall,  
If sheathed in steel like they I stood  
With spear or axe or broad-sword good.  
Bring forth your best and bravest man,  
That you can find amongst your clan,  
And give me weapons and a shield,  
You'll see who best the sword can wield.  
And if he best the sword shall ply.  
If I beneath his valor die.  
Or like a coward from him fly,  
Then let my Hagar be his slave,  
And hand-maid 'till she fills her grave.  
But if I shall the victor be,  
If God the triumph give to me,  
Than she and I from here go free,  
And all my friends that here you see.  
Be it so. Edith quick replies,  
And you shall fall, or win your prize—  
With horse and spear in listed ring,  
In deadly fray with prince and king.  
And if they cause your overthrow,  
One thing at least the world shall know,  
Great was the hand that dealt the blow,  
And laid the faithful Hagan low.  
But, if you do the triumph gain,  
By you be prince and hero slain,  
Your fame o'er christendom shall go,  
And all of Hagan's deeds shall know.  
And just as surely as I live,  
Your Hagar unto you I'll give.

Then trembling, as o'erwhelmed with fear,  
She moves to Hagan still more near,  
Pressed her lips close upon his ear,  
And speaks what none but he can hear.  
Hagan, she says, Oh, blame not me,  
For now not setting Hagar free!  
Would God, that I could yield her up,  
Nor let her taste of sorrow's cup!  
But all yon throng of warriors grim,  
Some giants both in thews and limb,  
Have journied here to woo your bride,  
To all she has her love denied,  
Faithful to you she still remains,  
And all their proffered love disdains,  
This morn they vow'd as with one voice—  
That I of them should make my choice,  
Choose one ere eve and let them know—  
On whom I would the maid bestow.  
And if in this I fail'd, they swore  
They'd stain my castle all with gore;  
My towers raze, to embers burn,  
And all I own'd to ruin turn.  
And since my Osci is away—  
In distant country waging fray,  
And there perhaps long time may stay,  
I, now must needs their voice obey.  
But I will sheathe you all in steel,  
In armor strong from head to heal.  
Give you a war-horse fleet and bold,  
As ever yet was bought or sold.  
So meet them all in listed ring,  
And slaughter pile with prince and king;  
Their cause is wrong, and yours is just,  
You God shall shield from blow and thrust,  
So stretch the suitors in the dust,

It's your fate to slay them and you must.  
So haste and in bright steel be drest.  
And 'gainst them nobly do your best.

## XVIII.

Soon sheathed in armor strong and sheen,  
By Hagar's hand is Hagan seen.  
Upon his head the helm she placed,  
And o'er his face the visor laced.  
A shield he dons and to his hand  
Is given gleaming spear and brand.  
As some grim tower tall and strong—  
He stands before the suitor throng,  
A perfect knight from spur to plume,  
As e'er did garb of war assume.  
Soon on a charger huge and strong,  
He's seen by all the suitor throng,  
And thus with voice of haughty tone—  
By him to them is challenge thrown.  
Come forth ye princes proud and high,  
Let's see which best the spear can ply,  
And see which best the sword can wield,  
Which first can cleave both helm and shield.  
He who shall victor o'er me ride,  
To him I give my blooming bride,  
And she is fair ye all will vow,  
As e'er was seen on earth 'till now.  
The daughter of a king is she,  
Greater than any one of ye.  
Whose fame outstrips ye all so high,  
Not one of ye with him can vie;  
The offspring of a king am I.  
Come meet me heroes spear to spear,  
And win the fairest of the fair:

Or as base cowards proved and tried  
I'll brand ye o'er the nations wide.

## XIX.

Then at his haughty challenge rose  
A sullen murmur 'mongst his foes,  
And cries of rage and hate and shame  
From out that throng of suitors came.  
Their steeds stood harnessed in the stall,  
And grooms were ready at their call.  
Straight, obedient to their word  
Their steeds were swift beside them spurred.  
To horse, to horse, in haste they sprang,  
And loud arose the deadly clang,  
As spears and swords and armor rang,  
And one from out the suitor throng—  
A haughty hero tall and strong,  
Struck deep his spurs in charger's gore,  
Like thunder bolt on Hagan bore.  
As on he came in fierce career  
Brave Hagan met him spear to spear.  
But vain he strives 'gainst Hagan's force,  
Down instant fell both man and horse.  
Upon the earth he breathless went,  
His mighty spear to splinters rent,  
Lifeless he fell before the shock,  
While Hagan stood like moveless rock,  
First of that fated suitor band  
How swift in death he press'd the sand!  
Another came in swift career  
And on his breast met Hagan's spear,  
Through plates of steel the weapon tore,  
Its passage through his bosom bore,  
And dripping red and grim with gore,  
Stood out a yard behind and more.

Forth from the wound his trusty spear—  
 In moment's space did Hagan tear,  
 And dead upon the dust and sand  
 Fell one more of the suitor band.  
 On others came, their valor tried,  
 'Till full a score had bled and died.  
 While all unharm'd from heel to head—  
 Brave Hagan waged the combat dread,  
 A fearful carnage round him spread,  
 The blood of haughty princes shed.

## XX.

Meanwhile his trusty band, though few,  
 Had sheathed themselves in armor too,  
 With spear and axe and gleaming brand,  
 On rushed his small but trusty band.  
 On foot and some on horse they came,  
 To share their master's deadly game:  
 And right and left their blows they deal,  
 Pierce deep through plates of gleaming  
                   steel;

Full on the suitor train they charge,  
 And cleft is brazen helm and targe.  
 Loud rise the sounds of blow and thrust,  
 And warriors fall midst gory dust.  
 On, on they fight 'till every hand  
 Is worn and weak in Hagan's band.  
 Yet still they war, 'till all their foes—  
 Are stark and grim in death's repose.  
 They war 'till not a foe is left  
 Whose head and morion is not cleft.  
 Or whose thick plates of broken steel—  
 Through breasts broad, horrid wounds  
                   reveal.

They war 'till every foe is found

Amidst the reeking carnage round  
His task once more had Hagan done,  
And once again his Hagar won;  
And ere that day went down the sun—  
To him his Hagar was restored;  
Hagar the adoring and adored.  
Soon back unto their native land  
They journeyed with their trusty band,  
Lived long a life of joy and love,  
Serene as shines the sun above.  
And if from out the dreary past,  
A shadow e'er their bliss o'er cast,  
It only served to make their love  
Rise surer all their cares above;  
Kept ever on a vast increase—  
Their weal, their happiness and peace.  
And may the just and righteous lord  
For ever thus true love reward.  
Though more than thousand years have past.  
And shadows o'er the story cast,  
Yet their memory doth not fade;  
And still the deep, deep well they made,  
In use by Castle Flame is found,  
Deep delved amidst the rocky ground.  
Old bards of it this story tell:  
And it is call'd, The Lovers' Well."

## XVII.

Then, just as ceased Guy Harold's lay,  
Noiselessly as might glide a fay,  
Off the roof Ianthe stole away;  
And all alone the twain stood there,  
With none their words of love to hear  
And their alone they still remain'd—  
'Til shades of evening round them reign'd.

They heeded not the sun's decline,  
Nor marked his parting glories shine—  
With tints of lustre all divine  
O'er distant forest, hill and brine.  
Saw not the clouds of glowing gold  
That over half the heavens roll'd;  
Heard not the roaring thunder blast,  
That dark'ning all the world o'er cast,  
That all the sea in fury tost,  
'Till it in mist from sight was lost,  
And looked like one vast cloud of spray,  
When gleam'd on it the sun-set's ray,  
Nor marked the rainbow's glowing form  
That sanctified the roaring storm,  
That spread its arch across the world,  
Like hope's bright banner there unfurled.  
That promised peace and joy to man,  
And all that did its glory scan.  
Their souls were full of bliss and love,  
These rose all other thoughts above.  
Their hearts were full of only joy  
Unmixt, untainted with alloy.  
All the bright happiness they knew,  
From their pure vows of friendship grew;  
But of the vows that passed between—  
Were useless now to tell, I ween,  
Save this, ere from the roof they moved,  
His promised bride was Alice proved.

## XVIII.

The shades of night began to fall,  
The mists from seas commenced to crawl,  
And spread o'er earth their silent pall,  
'Till darkness gathered over all.  
Yet through the misty folds of night

The stars sent forth a feeble light,  
Sent through the gloom their welcomed  
    glow,  
As though to cheer the earth below ;  
Glimmering amidst the murky cope  
Like feeble rays of bliss and hope—  
That faintly light a troubled soul,  
When sorrow holds the chief control.  
But long ere night its gloom had shed,  
Hunyadi'd from the castle sped,  
To a place in Roger's cavern drew,  
Where he unseen, all things could view.  
Down through a winding shaft he went  
Which air unto the cave gave vent,  
A secret passage dense with gloom,  
Which led to that cave's largest room,  
A passage which full well he knew  
Save unto him was known to few.  
Concealed amidst its gloom he lay,  
So silent as is lifeless clay ;  
And in the spacious room below,  
Where did but one small taper glow,  
Right plainly could Hunyadi see—  
George Mosman and old Roger Lea.  
Right keenly from his hiding place  
He looked on each man's anxious face,  
Lea's greater signs of sorrow wore  
Than it had borne one month before.  
Upon his pale, sad, wrinkled brow,  
Seemed gathered sorrows past and now ;  
But though 'twas shadowed all with care,  
It bore no symptom of despair.  
Sad was his face, but bold his mien,  
And in his pale gray eyes were seen  
A light that still unceasing glared,

As if through them his spirit stared,  
And told with speech that all could hear—  
That spirit was unknown to fear,  
Nor had it ever harbored there  
The slightest atom of despair.  
Before a table long and broad,  
That was with strange devices scored,  
He reclined within a cushioned chair,  
His feet did on the table bear,  
His brawny arms at perfect rest,  
Were folded o'er his swelling breast,  
His round and stately head was bare,  
Down hung at length his thin gray hair,  
'Neath huge white brows his eye-balls  
glared,  
And on the face of Mosman stared:  
O'er the board opposite of him,  
George Mosman sat with features grim  
His feet were on the table thrown,  
Within his mouth a pipe was shown,  
And 'tween each sentence that he spoke,  
His mouth gave volumes vast of smoke.  
Strong semblence he to Omar bore,  
The same black bushy hair he wore,  
The same thick, heavy, sable beard,  
Was over all his features laired,  
The same hooked nose and forehead high,  
And black, wily, treacheous eye,  
That flashed 'neath shaggy brows like flame,  
But tall and broader was his frame.  
But sluggishness was round it thrown,  
Which never was to Omar known;  
Though greater far its breadth and length,  
It showed not half the skill and strength.  
The tough and hardy, agile mien,

As was in Omar ever seen,  
Nor had he the bold, dauntless air,  
That did his kinsman Omar bear.  
Mosman would truckle, stoop and bend  
Alike to any foe or friend,  
Lean and depend on other's aid,  
And ever to offend afraid,  
While Omar on himself relied  
And every living thing defied.  
His voice was soft and meek and mild,  
Gentle as speech of maid or child,  
But that of Omar's deep and loud,  
Sonorous, boisterous and proud;

## XIX.

Thus at the table sat the pair.  
Talking o'er past and coming care;  
Lea seem'd to have a larger share  
Of trouble than he well could bear,  
Grief seem'd to all his being range,  
For on that morn at Mosman's grange,  
He did with Zurn and Omar part,  
Who did for poor Ianthe start;  
Receiving gold the day he spent,  
To him was paid a whole year's rent  
Of all his houses and his lands,  
And hoard was poured unto his hands,  
Treasure a thousand pound and more,  
In silver bright and yellow ore.  
Within a sack the coin he flung,  
Across his steed the bag he swung,  
Behind where his bright treasure hung,  
Old Roger in his saddle sprung.  
And onward with his precious load  
Towards the Bower of Bliss he rode.

Night o'er took him, and through the dark  
Scarce any object he could mark.  
So dense the bushes round him grew  
He could no more his path pursue,  
Soon to a tree he tied his steed,  
So it might on the grasses feed,  
That rank beneath the bushes grew,  
Grass rich as ever courser knew,  
And over worn with that day's toil  
Lea lay down on the grassy soil,  
Ten minutes perhaps, not more,  
Sweet slumber stole his senses o'er;  
But when from slumber he awoke,  
A pang as from a lightning's stroke—  
Throughout his soul and senses broke,  
For all his sack of gold he found,  
Which he had to his charger bound,  
Some thief had come and made his prey,  
Yea, stripped it clean, ta'en all away.  
Down near the earth he placed his ear,  
In hopes some footstep he could hear,  
But not a footstep, stir nor sound,  
He heard o'er all that bushy ground.  
When morning came he searched around,  
But no where could his hoard be found,  
Nor sign of any one was seen,  
O'er all that wilderness of green.  
And with a soul with trouble fraught,  
Alone the Bower of Bliss he sought,  
Vowing that he the thief would find,  
And deal most deadly with the hind.  
One thought the while possessed his soul,  
And held all others in control.  
And thus in speech that thought he gave,  
As fast he sought his lonely cave,

It was Hugh Mosman stole my gold,  
No other thief would be so bold,  
Else his brother George did the deed,  
'Twas some one of the Mosman breed.  
But this thought he to none revealed,  
Close kept it in his soul concealed,  
Waiting with anxious, fixed belief—  
He'd shortly find the cunning thief,  
Though well he knew none of the hoard  
Would ever be to him restored.  
But other troubles dark and drear,  
Weighed down his soul with gloomy care,  
Murdered had Peter Zurn been found,  
And tidings had been noised around,  
That Brady and all of Zurn's crew,  
The crime on Lea and Omar threw.  
And soon they'd come and on the twain  
Pour vengeance down like floods of rain.  
But for this Roger was prepared,  
And all their hate and fury dared.  
It seemed De Vaux's sudden fall,  
Stirred up his sorrow worst of all.  
Since Omar I have lost he said,  
In him my truest friend is dead,  
With him through perils I have past,  
And by his aid won treasures vast,  
And by his aid I still had plann'd,  
To win me treasures vast and grand.  
But since he's dead, those plans are o'er  
For such aid will be mine no more.  
I've roamed the world, and know 'tis true  
Such men as him are all too few  
To aid in deeds that I pursue,  
Therefore his death I deeply rue,  
I never thought that any hand

Like his could wield the knife or brand,  
Nor with a pistol hit its mark,  
In day time or at midnight dark.  
His worth I never rightly knew  
While here the breath of life he drew,  
Oh, often have I slighted him,  
And used him all too harsh and grim,  
Which never should be done again,  
Where he not sleeping with the slain,  
Alas, we mortals never know,  
The worth of things possessed below,  
'Till they are taken far above,  
Our reach of use, hate and love!  
Yes, this seems to be our fate,  
To learn it, when it's all too late  
As thus he spake his voice grew hoarse,  
And instant lost its deep, strong force,  
Silent he sat a little space,  
A tear rolled down his wrinkled face,  
The first one ever caused through woe,  
That ever down his cheek did flow.  
But soon he dashed his grief away,  
As rocks beat off the ocean's spray,  
Disdainful hold its flood at bay,  
However fierce its billows play.  
With voice all free of dole and pain  
He thus began to speak again.

## XX.

Ianthe all the lands will win,  
Be proved the Heir of Lyolynn,  
And you've no chance by fraud or stealth,  
To gain one atom of the wealth,  
All is beyond your power now,  
It's fate and you to Fate must bow,

And Mosman, I would like to hear  
How all the intrest in arrear,  
And mortgages now long since due—  
Can unto me be paid by you,  
Some way you must at once propose,  
Or I shall all my claims foreclose,  
I can for you no longer wait,  
For I must settle my estate.  
To this George Mosman answer made:  
I trust all claims will soon be paid,  
For all the lands I soon shall win,  
Yea, heir each foot of Lyolynn,  
I have a plan that will succeed,  
And none of Omar's aid I need.  
You need not look on me with scorn,  
To Castle Flame this very morn  
I brought my daughter Alice fair,  
And left her with the youthful heir,  
A month or more she'll there remain,  
They'll one another's friendship gain,  
And this will happen you will see,  
For these young maidens cousins be,  
And in the very first degree.  
And when my child shall homeward range,  
She'll bring Ianthé to the grange,  
And sure when once I have her there,  
You trust I'll make myself the heir.  
But in what shape and way and how  
I will dispose of her, I trow,  
I need not stop to tell you now.  
But I shall heir all Lyoylynn,  
However great will be my sin,  
This will be done, you need not fret,  
And I will pay to you each debt,  
For one year's rent from off those lands

Would satisfy all your demands,  
At least all you by law could win!  
Right here abrupt old Lea broke in.  
You like a parrot talk away,  
Or like some simple chattering jay,  
That has not sound of sense to say;  
You know you are on ruin's brink,  
By me you either swim or sink.  
And loath am I, for times gone past,  
To see you to destruction cast;  
And I will give you one more year,  
To pay all interest in arrear,  
If you will find my stolen hoard,  
And see it unto me restored,  
But think not you by any way,  
Can e'er Ianthe make your prey.  
Too many friends are round her now,  
For you to dare to harm, I trow,  
She has the sculptor Ulrick there,  
I've known him well many a year.  
And he will guard her safe and sound,  
E'en though she had none others round,  
His wakeful eye both day and night,  
Will always keep that child in sight.  
Besides there is a numerous band  
Of servants aye at her command;  
Also she has Guy Harold there,  
In courage and in strength a peer  
To twenty mortals such as you;  
There's Bracklinn, and O'Conna too,  
And he who wrought poor Omar's fall.  
Since they took her out of Omar's thrall,  
They will be lionised by all,  
And strut like peacocks through her hall,  
And I trust they will linger there

Round the castle many a year,  
And there they'll loaf in sloth and ease,  
Disdain to earn their bread on seas.  
You have no utter chance, I trow,  
In any way to harm her now.  
Should she visits with your child exchange,  
You treat her kindly in your grange :  
Who harms her, risks both life and limb,  
His fate would be the gallows grim. /  
Here as Lea spoke upon the floor  
Outside a step was heard, the door  
Received one hasty, sudden knock,  
And from its iron frame the shock  
Reechoed through that cave of rock.  
Whose hand had dealt that sturdy blow—  
Right well did hoary Roger know,  
He oft had heard that knock before,  
And that same foot upon the floor.  
Up from his seat in haste he sprung,  
Back from their holds the bolts he swung,  
Whose rusted hinges creaking rung.  
Soon as the door admittance showed,  
Firm o'er its threshold Johnson strode.

## XXI.

Roger, he said, I wish with you  
To hold a private word or two,  
So send George Mosman straight away,  
And you'll know all I have to say.  
Hardly had Johnson's words been said,  
Than Mosman from the room had fled,  
Right gladly did he hear the door  
Close on its sills with sullen roar,  
For weary had he grown of Lea,  
With Ellenore he wished to be ;

Strong love he had for her conceived,  
And she for him, so all believed.  
Her wished for presence, soon he found  
As through that cavern's lanes he wound,  
And though her beauty much was marr'd,  
For Omar's blows her face had scarr'd,  
Yet comely still that woman seem'd,  
And still her eyes all dazzling beam'd,  
Her step was light, her voice was sweet,  
Her stately form superb and neat.

## XXII.

Soon as was closed that iron door,  
And bolted all secure once more,  
Johnson the hardy out-lawed man,  
To Lea his speech again began  
Lea, I have learned it's all true  
That Zurn's murder is thrown on you,  
And shortly will his force be here  
To deal on you revenge severe,  
And straight for this we must prepare,  
To triumph o'er the coming foe,  
And cause his lasting overthrow;  
I have my plans this evening laid,  
And have all our men arrayed.  
Yea, armed each member of your band,  
With pistol, rifle, knife and brand,  
And pledged and sworn is every man  
To slaughter all the foes he can.  
And meanwhile wakeful keep his eyes,  
So none shall take us by surprise.  
From here unto the distant sea  
Only three narrow paths there be,  
Which will be chosen by the foe,  
Nor you nor I can now foreshow.

So to let no surprise befall,  
We must keep watch and ward o'er all.  
Zurn's crew all told can scarcely boast  
A hundred able men at most,  
So we can match them two to one,  
Though fifty of your band were gone.  
Within each pass an ambuscade  
Of sixty men this eve I laid,  
And so defended is each post.  
Sixty men can repel a host,  
An army vast, a mighty mass,  
And shoot it down like beaten grass,  
O'er which the mountain hail-storms pass,  
Rout it complete ere it could know—  
Whence came the volley of its foe.  
So if they dare to come to night,  
They'll learn how Roger's men can fight.  
Not only this I've done, but more,  
Have placed an ambush near the shore,  
And in it fifty men are seen,  
The choicest of your force, I ween.  
Where they are posted, constant view  
Have they of vessel and of crew,  
It anchored floats a league from shore.  
And has been there a week and more,  
Patiently waiting the return  
Of its bold captain, Peter Zurn,  
Who had with Omar gone they say  
To young Ianthe bring away.  
The fix'd time arrived, but no return,  
So off they went in search of Zurn,  
Whom they found a mass of senseless clay,  
Buzzards eating all his flesh away.  
Then straight on Omar and on you,  
The cause of his decease they threw.

But for their talk we do not care,  
To it we'll turn a deafened ear.  
Defy all they can say and dare.  
Well as I've said, hard by the shore,  
I've placed an ambuscade secure,  
Who must wait silent in their hive,  
E'en when the foes on shore arrive,  
Yea, let them unmolested land,  
And draw their boats upon the strand.  
Let them towards us their way pursue,  
'Till they are out of sound and view,  
Then swift the boats in ocean throw,  
With speed unto the vessel row.  
Push on until they mount its deck,  
Like men who nought for danger reck,  
Search it right through from stern to stem,  
And take all treasure found by them,  
Let not a single prize be lost,  
Nor care what blood or life it cost.  
Some of the crew on her will stay,  
And I suppose there'll be some fray,  
But if there is, there's ample pay  
For every life that's cast away,  
For in that ship I know is stored,  
Of golden coin a mighty hoard;  
I know there's twenty tons and more  
Of silver, gems and golden ore.  
And shortly you'll be well repaid—  
For that huge loss you lately made.  
These are the plans I have devised.  
But Lea, you rather look surprised!  
I see it's just as I surmised—  
You would not like my plans too well,  
But I would like to hear you tell  
What sort of plans you would pursue—

To carry all things snugly through.  
If, then said Lea, I looked surprised,  
'Twas caused not at the plans devised,  
But it doth me surprise afford—  
To hear Zurn had so rich a hoard,  
Within his leaky vessel stored.  
I thought he little kept on board.  
If this is true, this very night  
We must straight forth from here take  
flight,  
And join the distant ambuscade,  
You have beside the ocean made.  
For when they search that vessel through,  
Which they I know are sure to do,  
Some little gems of mighty cost,  
May amongst our men be lost,  
If neither you nor I am by,  
To keep on them a watchful eye.  
So we had better soon be off,  
But hark! methought I heard a cough!  
Yes, and so did I, Johnson said,  
It came as if from over head.  
Then still as death they sat a while,  
Eyeing each other with a smile,  
Their shoulders o'er the board were bent,  
And steady on their elbows leant,  
As they listened for a while intent;  
Then round the room their gaze they sent,  
Then midst the dusky rocks o'er head  
That were with cobwebs over spread.  
Unto the gloomy shaft on high—  
Each listener turned a piercieng eye,  
But nought but rock as black as night,  
Met either listener's eager sight.  
Silent they sat, till Lea began,

Johnson, think you that any man  
Would be so venturous and daft  
As dare to venture in yon shaft?  
E'en though should he its entrance find,  
Which is quite doubtful in my mind.  
For you know it starts within a line  
Of rocks that o'er a tarn incline;  
Midst a precipice, from whose brink  
Methinks all living men would shrink.  
Only one man I know, Johnson said,  
Who through yon shaft would dare to tread,  
Many a day and night ere now  
He's travell'd through its gloom, I trow—  
If all I've heard be really true,  
And this I should have told to you  
Five years ago methinks and more,  
But I from all of this forbore,  
For private causes just and good,  
And you would say so, yes, you would,  
If you but all things understood.  
To tell you those causes, I trow,  
Were all too long and needless now,  
Since he has nought of trouble brought,  
Or to you aught of mischief wrought.  
Here Johnson paused, back in his chair  
He stretched his form in sluggish air,  
A yawn and long, deep breath he drew,  
His feet upon the table threw,  
Folded his arms across his breast,  
Placed on his chair his head at rest,  
Drest up his face with lively smile,  
Whistling a spritely tune the while,  
As thus his form he careless bent,  
He looked the acme of content.  
Lea on the speaker fix'd his eyes,

But showed no symptom of surprise,  
To hear that any man had dared  
To pass through shafts his cavern aired,  
Yes, had him all so little feared  
As to have in his cave appeared,  
And more perhaps, trod through and  
through,  
And all its secret windings knew ;  
Yes, viewed perhaps the mighty hoard  
He had within his cavern stored,  
Pass'd the strong guard that day and night  
He kept watching o'er that treasure bright,  
And this had done for years no doubt,  
His knowledge and consent without.  
Can it be possible he thought,  
They have me any evil wrought ?  
Can it be true that those I trust  
Are secretly to me unjust ?  
Am I deceived, betrayed, disgraced  
By those in whom all faith I placed ?  
Had always deem'd were true to me  
As is the shadow to the tree,  
Which ever by its source is found  
E'en should it fall upon the ground.  
Whom I had deem'd were trusty men  
As ever guarded robber's den ;  
Or as on gory battle field  
Did ever strive their prince to shield,  
And round him formed a gallant ring.  
And fought and died to save that king.  
Yes, like the shadow to the tree,  
No doubt they'll prove themselves to me,  
Which only meets the gazer's sight  
When sun or moon or stars give light,  
But when comes on the rayless night

It with no warning takes its flight.  
Yes, yes, by men I've reared to wealth,  
Though true it's been through fraud and  
stealth,  
Have well for all their toil repaid,  
Perhaps e'en now I stand betrayed.  
Although these thoughts through Roger's  
soul  
Like floods of seething lava roll,  
Heat it all through from crust to core  
Like furnace full of molten ore.  
And grim distrust throughout his mind  
Sweeps like the desert's burning wind,  
Seem'd blood to rankle in his eyes,  
And on the wall fell spectres rise,  
And every thing his vision sought  
Seem'd into waving motion wrought,  
Like shadows of a blazing fort,  
Or ships that flame in stormy port.  
Yet neither Roger's face nor eyes  
Displayed one atom of surprise,  
Nor showed one slightest sign at all  
Of his dread feelings rise and fall,  
Gave not the faintest trace to view  
Of that grim hell his spirit knew.  
He looked all placid as some lake  
O'er which no ruffling tempests break,  
And after scarce a moment's pause,  
Replied, I care not to know your cause,  
Since doubly sure I know that you—  
And all my men to me are true.  
In fact if it were otherwise,  
And you connived with any spies,  
Or yet with any mortal foe  
That would my deeds and secrets know,

And through it was caused your leader's fall  
Then ruin would o'er take ye all,  
For when on earth the tree is cast,  
The life of all its limbs is past.  
But say who is this fearless one  
Who often through yon shaft has gone?  
If not a secret, let me know,  
Is he to me a friend or foe?  
For he who through yon pass would wend,  
I'd surely like to make my friend,  
And with him roam the nations wide.  
To you, the other swift replied,  
He's neither aught of friend nor foe  
At least as well as I do know.  
But he's a man of spirit bright.  
Full of indomitable might.  
And with a form that nobly bears  
The lofty spirit that it wears,  
For he's endowed with thew and limb,  
And so much strength is born in him  
He is in strife a foeman grim,  
And makes for life one's chances slim.  
If met in combat hand to hand  
With either pistol, knife or brand.  
Him from his boyhood I have known,  
And nought to me he's ever shown  
But kindliness, goodwill and love,  
Me on that road he's strove to shove  
Which leads to peace and bliss above.  
At wrestling oft we've measured strength,  
As oft, I measured my full length—  
On earth, like some poor clumsy clown,  
For never could I throw him down.  
He's all a lion's strength and spring,  
And any man to earth can fling.

'Tis he who waged that fearful strife  
With Omar, and cut short his life.

## XXIII.

At this, off from his seat Lea sprung  
Sudden as if by adder stung,  
As if with all that vigor strung  
That he possessed when he was young.  
And swifter than a flash of thought  
His hand round Johnson's throat he  
brought,  
And with a crash prone on the floor  
He down his hardy chieftain bore.  
Desperate was the struggle there,  
And long it lasted 'tween the pair.  
In vain fierce Johnson tugged and strained,  
He still beneath old Lea remained.  
In vain he struggled, for Lea's hold  
He could not from his throat unfold;  
There firmly placed as iron bands  
Remain'd the old man boney hands.  
From the vantage Lea'd ta'en at first,  
In vain the other strove to burst.  
And all in vain he struck and tore  
At his old foeman grim and hoar,  
His blows he dodged, and on the floor  
He thumped his head until the blood  
Gushed out, and stream'd in ample flood.  
A hue, dark, livid and aghast,  
The visage of his foe o'er cast.  
Fainter and fainter came his breath,  
Till it was almost still as death.  
I'll teach you, I this place command,  
Am master over all my band,  
Nor is there one amongst you all

Need fancy he o'er me can crawl;  
Old as I am, and bent and hoar,  
My days for fighting are not o'er,  
I can the strongest man o'er throw—  
Who dares to call himself my foe,  
And how dare you let any man  
The secrets of my cavern scan?  
Yes, all its wealth and wonders see  
Without permission straight from me?  
You for such deed my foe I hold,  
How dare you act so rash and bold?  
How dare you any man call friend,  
Who did the life of Omar end?  
Here paused old Lea, for on his foe  
A sudden glance he chanced to throw,  
And saw he wore the hues of death,  
Nor any symptoms showed of breath.  
Then terror stricken and amazed,  
He on the ghastly features gazed,  
For he found his desperate grasp  
He could not from the throat unclasp.  
His hands would not his will obey,  
Nor to his will his fingers play,  
Grown rigid all as stone had they,  
Nor from the throat would move away.  
All horrified did he behold  
His will no more his grasp controll'd.  
Oh, God! aloud he cried, my rage  
Has over come the strength of age!  
Oh' God! my rigid, vice-like grasp.  
I cannot from his throat unclasp!  
And by my men will I be found  
To Johnson's lifeless carcass bound!  
Ah, wherefore did I wage this strife  
With him I love as my own life!

Sooner I'd lost my treasures all  
Than ever to have wrought his fall.  
Rise, Johnson, rise, oh, God arise,  
Nor look at me with glaring eyes!  
Rise, Johnson, rise, my grasp unfold,  
For it's by me no more controll'd,  
God, is it my hands or what I hold.  
That is fast growing icy cold!

## XXIV.

While thus the old man raved and strove  
With all his might his grasp to move,  
From out that shaft so grim to view  
A coil of rope Hunyadi threw,  
From shaft it hung unto the floor  
Tied to the rocks above secure,  
And down it gliding swift as light  
When it's most rapid in its flight,  
Hunyadi met old Roger's sight,  
The floor he trod, and twixt the twain  
He placed his thewy form amain,  
And swift old Roger's rigid grasp  
He did from Johnson's throat unclasp;  
The fingers cracked with harsh loud sound  
As they were from their hold unbound.  
Prone on the floor he Roger threw  
And from it senseless Johnson drew,  
Whose feeble breathing faintly showed  
A spark of life yet in him glowed.  
Unto his feet old Roger drew,  
And to the door with speed he flew,  
The bolts threw back, the door threw wide,  
Through it swift as an eagle hied.  
Sped through a passage of his den.  
As he had never sped 'till then,

E'en when his slaves through it he spurn'd.  
Soon with cold water he return'd,  
To Johnson's livid face he drew,  
And o'er it fast the liquid threw.  
The instant that he felt the flood,  
That moment seem'd to move his blood,  
Breath after breath he stronger drew,  
His visage donn'd less death-like hue.  
When Lea the door had open thrown,  
A vent unto the air was shown  
And strong between it and the shaft  
Rushed through a stream of chilly draft,  
And into this the man was brought,  
Which soon his form with vigor fraught.

## XXV.

Wild and vast was the joy that burn'd—  
In Roger Lea when he discerned—  
His man to consciousness return'd.  
As some young lamb he skipt and sprung,  
His arms around his man he flung,  
And him more lovingly he press'd,  
Than ever he a maid caress'd.  
Craved pardon for the strife he waged,  
And Jonnson's wounded pride assuaged.  
And for his sake he welcome gave  
His friend Hunyadi to the cave.  
And thus unto the bard he said—  
As smiles his wrinkled face o'er spread.  
“When on that awful reef of stone  
An utter wreck our ship was thrown  
And the floods high o'er it were cast,  
Hurl'd up by the terrible blast,  
And on the jaws of the reef were churned  
Into foam, as there their rage was spurned.

You dragged me from the roaring brine,  
Safe brought me up the steep incline  
And sav'd this wretched life of mine,  
As did you four of that sad nine.  
And frankly I must now confess,  
While we were on that awful ness,  
You always wore so dumb a mien,  
When ever you by me were seen,  
My treatment to you was all exempt,  
Except with scorn and deep contempt,  
I only dealt you ridicule  
'Cause I deem'd you the greatest fool  
That ever dunce hat wore in school,  
Whose back e'er felt the teacher's rule.  
But had I for one moment thought  
That you with any brains were fraught,  
Far different I had treated you,  
And yielded you all reverence due,  
Had it e'er entered in my mind  
That you were aught but clumsy hind,  
Could well in strife the broad-sword wield,  
Make it your weapon and your shield,  
I'd strove, nor had I strove in vain  
A trusty friend in you to gain,  
For these I've lost through my long life,  
On sea and land by toil and strife.  
And more around me now I need—  
To with me peril daring deed,  
And if to this you are agreed  
A boundless hoard shall be your meed.  
In you I trow a friend I'll find,  
And one just suited to my mind.  
Life is but a beautiful night,  
In which, as some stars set from sight,  
Others rise and glitter just as bright,

Yes, round us shed an equal light.  
Since my friend Omar's soul has trod  
The solemn precincts of his God,  
And while I tread this mortal shore  
His friendship I shall have no more,  
The place he fill'd for years gone past,  
You keep long as your life shall last.  
Join your lot with mine, and you'll find  
I'm congenial to your mind ;  
Though hoar I am, I'm full of mirth  
As any man that walks the earth.  
For when the prime of life is o'er  
The frame all feeble, bent and hoar,  
Age may be sunny and serene,  
Chirping as when its life was green,  
A merry heart still bright and warm,  
May nestle in a feeble form.  
Like some glad bird that builds its nest  
'Midst bowers all in ruin drest.  
Your task an easy one will be—  
Only to roam the world with me.  
Say quick, do you my offer choose,  
Or with disdain do you refuse ?  
Speak forth, nor look with such grim scowl,  
All solemn as a hungry owl,  
And startled as some lazy fowl,  
That sees the hawk hard by it prowl."

## XXVI.

Hunyadi with a smile replied.  
"To roam the nations far and wide,  
A constant partner by your side,  
And share your fate what e'er betide,  
Such task by me is not denied,  
Midst toils on land or ocean's foam,

You'll find Hunyadi all at home.  
With you right gladly I will wend,  
And be your partner and your friend,  
And one on whom you can depend,  
Ready a helping hand to lend—  
In all task fate to us may send,  
And you in every broil defend.  
For only have I pleasures found  
In travelling through the nations round,  
And oft with joy I've trod this cave,  
Nor ever feared its scenes to brave.  
No evil I have wrought your men,  
Nor stolen aught from out your den,  
Though never in it until now  
I've looked upon your sage-like brow.  
But if I had you may depend,  
I'd strove to make you my firm friend,  
For well you love the stalwart arm,  
And mine had won you like a charm,  
But it shall never deal you harm,  
Nor cause to you the least alarm."  
As thus he spake a happy smile,  
Gathered o'er Roger's face the while,  
The brightest one for long years past,  
That had his wrinkled face o'er cast.

## XXVII.

But swift as ever lightning sped  
The smile from Roger's visage fled,  
For thoughts of treasure and of gain,  
Darted as lightning through his brain.  
Thought he, if here we tarry more,  
We may loose all Zurn's golden store,  
And 'twas the thought of loosing it  
Which made the smile his visage flit.

“Come, come,” he said, “we must to night  
Be off in search of treasure bright,  
Zurn’s men must yield us all the hoard  
That’s in their leaky vessel stored.  
If they refuse us this, the breeze  
No more shall waft their ship o’er seas,  
For all on it shall soon be mine,  
That doth like gold or treasure shine,  
And then their ship I sink in brine,  
Or burn it to its water’s line.  
So come, let’s forth from out this cave,  
And treasures win, and perils brave.”

## XXVIII.

He ceased, and from the rocky den—  
In haste sped forth those fearless men,  
Well armed with weapons good they strode  
From out that rocky, drear abode;  
And long before two hours had past  
They’d trod o’er glens and mountains vast,  
And soon they reached the ambuscade—  
That Johnson by the sea had laid,  
And just as morning’s first faint ray  
Gave tokens of the coming day—  
They saw the boats with that ship’s crew,  
Come rowing o’er the waters blue,  
They saw them reach the lonely strand,  
And draw up high their boats on land,  
And onward up a rocky path,  
In a wild and dangerous strath,  
They move in silence and in wrath,  
With stalwart tread and hearty breath,  
To swift avenge their leader’s death.  
But all their wrath and hate was vain,  
Not one of them return’d again;

Within a deep and lonely pass  
They died in one grim, gory mass,  
No, no, not one of them return'd  
To see their vessel robbed and burn'd.

## XXIX.

Far, far along the pass they wound,  
Where scarcely they a foot-way found,  
For roaring torrent strong and deep,  
Did through that narrow passage sweep,  
And on each side rose flinty wall—  
Of dark gray rock abrupt and tall,  
Which at its base small foot-way show'd,  
That was not with the flood o'er flow'd,  
Only a scanty foot-way gave,  
All else did roaring torrent lave,  
These walls so o'er the torrent lean'd,  
And all so well that foot-way screen'd,  
No mortal on their head could scan—  
That at their base there moved a man,  
There loosen'd rocks in mighty mass  
Hung tottering o'er the narrow pass,  
As if a breath of storm might throw  
Them headlong to the gulf below.  
And here and there as on they wound,  
Not any path by them was found.  
Save scattered rocks that midst the flood  
Just o'er the torrent's level stood,  
By which the parted waters flowed  
As if to tear them from its road;  
And on them threw its foamy spray,  
As wrathful they should bar its way,  
Loud, loud they heard the water roar,  
'Till they had passed a mile or more,  
And here a wider pass they gained,

Where less the roar of water reigned,  
Where less the huge rocks barr'd its way,  
Where less it chafed its floods to spray,  
Where less its eddies fell and rose  
And did its foamy wreathes disclose.  
Though still by rocks it strain'd and toil'd,  
And in vast eddies spumed and boil'd.  
Here less abrupt and steep and tall,  
Rose o'er that flood the rocky wall,  
Here less it lean'd o'er floods below,  
And plainly did the path-way show,  
To those who on its head would trace  
The scanty foot-way at its base,  
And o'er its head a network grim  
Of briers and of thorns grew frim,  
Here stealthily they looked around,  
To see if any foe be found.  
No fear that such dense thorns would know  
The presence of an ambushed foe,  
Amidst its growth the timid hare,  
Might all in safety make its lair,  
For neither man nor hound could pass—  
Through such a dense and thorny mass,  
At least so fancied all these men,  
While there they paused to view the glen;  
Little they deem'd that Roger's crew  
Had often pass'd that thicket through,  
And that amidst it even then  
There lurked a dozen of his men,  
Who saw them halt, and every word  
And syllable they spake o'er heard.  
This scene a moment's space they view'd,  
Then up the pass their way pursued.  
Five hundred yards or more they sped  
And save on rocks their footsteps tread—

No other sound amongst them stirr'd,  
For they spake not a single word.  
And here they reached a deep defile  
That did in awful grandeur smile,  
Tall on each side the mountains stood,  
All densely covered o'er with wood,  
And o'er these vines and creepers grew,  
Decked with flowers of every hue.  
Down its uneven, rocky bed  
The roaring torrent onward sped,  
Leapt o'er many a lofty fall  
In sheets of water broad and tall,  
Whose flood the canyon all pervades ;  
Form'd into beautiful cascades,  
As ever down a valley ran,  
As ever met the eye of man.  
All up the canyon gleam'd the tracts  
Of never ending cataracts,  
Which break upon the rocks below—  
In floods of foam as white as snow.  
Which gleam'd beneath the beams of day  
With every hue 'neath splendor's sway,  
An endless robe of beauty wore  
As from fall to fall they thundered o'er.  
And here across that torrent wide  
Another canyon they espied,  
On each side a towering line  
Of hills o'er grown with fir and pine,  
Of ash and gum and poplar tall  
Made never ceasing shadow fall  
Upon a stream that deep below  
Did through that narrow canyon flow,  
A rapid stream that found its source  
From roaring linnas, and down its course  
Swept o'er rocks in headlong force,

With roarings deep and wild and hoarse.  
But little time had they to gaze  
Upon the water's winding ways,  
Or see it o'er the huge rocks toil  
In everlasting fierce turmoil,  
Or view the hills that round them stood  
All over grown with stately wood,  
Though ne'er a landscape so sublime  
They'd seen before in any clime :  
For sudden as an earth-quake's shock,  
From bush and wood and naked rock  
The blare of musketry loud roar'd  
And storms of bullets 'mongst them pour'd,  
Down went before that fatal roar  
A score of men to rise no more :  
Without a shriek or groan or yell,  
Upon the earth they dying fell.  
Behind the rocks that thronged the strath.  
Lay thick along its winding path,  
Down instantly their comrades kneel'd  
And had just there their forms concealed  
In safety 'neath their granite shield,  
As fierce another volley peal'd.  
And o'er their heads the missiles flew,  
Their deadly force on granite threw,  
From this at times with crumbs they chipp'd  
They o'er the torrent's surface skipp'd  
And gave a little line of spray  
To show which course they'd sped their  
way.

Another storm of bullets sped,  
But not a drop of gore they shed.  
Another, and another flew,  
But not a drop of gore they drew.  
For close behind their rocky shield

Those seamen kept themselves conceal'd.  
And there remain'd 'till shades of night .  
Began to shroud the mountains' height.  
With arms prepared for deadly fray,  
Moody and still as beasts at bay,  
Round which the savage bloodhounds bray,  
Zurn's terrible avengers lay.

## XXX.

'Twill never do for us at all  
To let the shades of evening fall,  
Hide yon seamen from our sight,  
For they will from us take their flight.  
And if we do not slay them all,  
Roger Lea will work our fall,  
So we must down upon them go,  
And bravely meet them foe to foe,  
Right sternly give them blow for blow,  
Fight them in every style we know,  
'Till we shall bring their overthrow,  
'Till all are still and stiff and low,  
So let's rush on them sword in hand !  
Thus spake the leader of Lea's band.  
And from him swift three rockets flew,  
And high in air they burst, and threw  
Their flames where all his men could view,  
A signal which full well they knew,  
Was straight to charge upon the foe,  
Nor to them aught of mercy show,  
Then noiseless as the fall of snow,  
When not a breath of breezes blow,  
Noiseless as moves the aspen spray,  
When not a breath of zephyrs play,  
Or noiseless as the rushes stray  
Down streams that silent keep their way,

Noiseless as moves the tiger, when  
He nears his prey amidst the fen,  
So on their hands and knees Lea's men—  
Moved down in utter silence then.  
Nor knees, nor foot, nor hand at all—  
Upon the earth was heard to fall,  
Nor any sound how ever small,  
As did they towards their foemen crawl,  
Hid midst the foliage dense and tall,  
And shadows of night's coming pall.  
And when upon their feet they rose,  
'Twas face to face amongst their foes,  
Did in terrific combat close—  
'Midst shot and thrust and storms of blows,  
With pistol, gun and sword and knife,  
They urged the awful waste of life,  
With vengeance every heart was rife,  
So terribly they waged the strife:  
There mongst them blared nor horn nor fife,  
Nor shout nor yell was mongst them heard,  
Nor shriek nor groan, nor any word,  
'Mongst those desperate foemen stirr'd,  
Save blare of guns and heavy blows,  
From the strife no other sounds arose.  
At least there rose not any sound  
As in the human voice is found,  
Though face to face in mortal strife  
They fought 'till either lost their life,  
Or fell on earth with wounds o'er come,  
Yet every voice the while was dumb.  
No faintest tone from human tongue,  
Amidst that din of carnage rung.  
Such mode of fighting Zurn and Lea  
Had taught their men on land and sea  
Never were they to cheer nor shout,

In either victory or rout,  
It help'd to waste the strength they taught,  
And none of good towards conquest  
wrought.

A silent foe on battle field—  
Who spake not when the tumult peal'd,  
Though with his mortal wounds he reel'd,  
An awful majesty reveal'd,  
Struck deeper sense of awe and fear,  
In every fighting foeman there,  
Than if he pour'd within his ear,  
A deafening shout, or stunning cheer.  
For the wounded to groan or shriek,  
Did real unmanliness bespeak,  
To show by any sign their throes.  
Gave only pleasure to their foes.  
And to these rules their men held fast,  
All rigidly unto the last.

## XXXI.

The shades of night had gathered in,  
And hushed was all the battle's din,  
No more beside the roaring flood  
Mortals all grim with wounds and blood,  
Were seen to midst it waters fall,  
Pierced through with either brand or ball,  
No more, no more was heard the sound  
Of dead men falling on the ground,  
As down they fell with sudden shock,  
And headlong went on solid rock ;  
For all that came from out Zurn's hive,  
Which numbered just four score and five,  
Were stretched in grim and deep repose.  
As were the foes that 'gainst them rose  
Within that wild and awful glen ;

For only one of Roger's men  
Had strength enough to crawl away,  
When ceased that grim and fearful fray,  
And only a short space he went.  
Before his vital force was spent,  
And on the earth, grim, red with gore,  
He silent sank to rise no more,  
A feast for wolves and birds of prey,  
As cold and still as stone he lay.  
Soon Autumn came with flood and rain,  
And swell'd that canyon's stream amain,  
Then were the bones of all the dead,  
That were within that canyon spread,  
Swept up before the torrent vast,  
And to the depths of ocean cast,  
Nor left one faintest trace behind,  
To tell their fate to human kind.

## XXXII.

While in the pass this fray was fought,  
Another on the sea was wrought,  
For when the seamen took their path,  
Up that wild and dangerous strath,  
And had all pass'd from Roger's view,  
He and his men from ambush drew;  
The boats within the sea they placed.  
Well mann'd was each, as forth in haste  
They row'd across the watery waste,  
And towards the distant vessel faced.  
They reached the ship, and towards its deck  
They climbed as men that little reck  
The presence of their mortal foe,  
That bravely meet them blow to blow.  
Many a foe those seamen slew,  
Ere half way up their ship they drew,

Hurl'd them to sea a gory wreck,  
Just as they climbed beside their deck  
But of those seamen only ten  
That vessel held, and these were men  
That with their foes waged fearful fray,  
And long kept Roger's men at bay.  
But o'er powered with numbers vast  
They sank in gore and breathed their last.  
From stem to stern, from deck to floor,  
Was searched that spacious vessel o'er.  
And tons of gold and silver bright,  
Soon gladdened greedy Roger's sight,  
And all this pile of shining hoard,  
Within the boats was swiftly stored  
But some small gems of mighty cost,  
That glow'd like sun-illumined frost,  
Least they should 'mongst the men be lost—  
Lea in his spacious pockets tost.  
When they had searched that vessel  
through,  
And ta'en all treasure they could view,  
Upon the deck old Roger stood—  
Eyeing the piles of plunder good,  
Yet all unsatisfied he seem'd,  
For still within that ship he deem'd—  
Some little cupboard might be found—  
If careful they would search it round,  
Wherein might priceless gems abound,  
As with yet ever queen was crown'd.  
And unto all, these thoughts he told,  
And straight to search that vessel's hold—  
Small inch by inch, all through and through,  
Beneath the deck again they drew.  
But scarce beneath the deck they came—  
Than round them burst a ruddy flame,

And columns tall of curling smoke  
Through all the spacious hatchways broke,  
Soon from the hold the bright flames tore,  
With a harsh, fierce, bickering roar :  
And on like angry fiends they sped,  
'Till masts and deck with flames were red,  
And swift to sails and spars o'er head  
Flames like a whelming deluge spread.  
Meanwhile within the boats around—  
Lea and his men had safety found,  
And as unto the shore they row'd,  
Lingering looks they oft bestow'd  
Upon that ship, that brighter grew  
With every breath of breeze that blew,  
'Till stem to stern did only show  
But one broad sheet of ruddy glow ;  
Till sail and spar and lofty mast  
A universal flame o'er cast,  
Till these with tones of thunder fell  
Below amidst the flaming hell,  
And from out their fiery lair  
Sent up a million sparks in air.  
The sun went down, and night apace,  
Its mantle threw o'er ocean's face,  
And far and wide o'er ocean's flow  
That ruin pour'd its ruddy glow.  
To distant shore as well as wave,  
A fearful light that ruin gave,  
Beneath its glow the rippling flood  
Look'd like a moving sea of blood,  
And over land and sky was spread  
A universal hue of red.  
Far down that burning deck below  
Fire rushed on with rapid flow,  
And soon the flames with awful sheen—

Swept round the fearful magazine ;  
Where piled high bomb and shell were seen,  
Guns and many a dread machine,  
Grim weapons used in war's routine,  
Rifles and gleaming broad-swords keen.  
Then came a burst of thunder sound,  
That shook earth, air and floods around,  
From sky to sea, from sea to sky,  
Did grim, infernal echoes fly,  
And mountain unto mountain call'd  
As though with some dread fright appall'd.  
Or rent with overwhelming throes,  
And from the sea to sky arose  
An all terrific sheet of flame,  
Which burst in air, and downward came  
In countless sparks of ruddy glow,  
That did all shades of color show,  
Which scattered wide o'er ocean's flow,  
And hissing lit on floods below,  
And while that sound still shook the air,  
Right clean from off its watery lair,  
That burning wreck one instant rose,  
Did all its shattered frame disclose,  
Then back with one terrific crash,  
'Twas on the waters heard to dash,  
Then came a gurgling, bubbling sound  
As doth a sinking craft surround,  
And swift as ever sparrow flew—  
That flaming ruin pass'd from view.  
As 'neath the closing flood it went  
Far round a hissing spray it sent.  
And long after that ruin red,  
Had 'neath the gurgling waters sped,  
Bubbles on ocean's face arose,  
And did the place it sank disclose.

Thus pass'd with one terrific roar—  
From human sight for ever more,  
The ship that o'er the ocean bore  
The most ruthless crew that yet wore  
The likeness and the shape of man,  
Since ever this wide world began.  
The most base in heart, soul and mind,  
That e'er claim'd kin to human kind,  
As ever wore the human frame,  
Or ever wreckers yet became.  
Within their day o'er nations broad,  
Were they detested and abhorred,  
And shunn'd by all save those alone  
Who ship-wreck'd on some reef were  
    thrown,  
And these on reefs they often left,  
If of all earthly goods bereft,  
Left them alone to starve and die,  
If they their rescue could not buy.

## XXXIII.

Soon in the Bower of Bliss was stored  
By Roger's hand the shining hoard.  
All save the mites he gave as meed—  
To those who with him dared the deed  
The lion's share of that vast hoard  
He in his cavern's coffers stored,  
Of discontent no slightest word  
Amongst his followers was heard.  
Gladly each man took his scanty share,  
And did from out the cave repair,  
As if he had most amply fared  
And been well paid for all he dared.  
Such sway o'er them old Roger held,  
He might have every one compell'd

To go without the slightest share,  
 Himself kept all the shining gear,  
 And none amongst them would have dared  
 To e'en hint he had unjustly fared.

## XXXIV.

On lightning wings a month had past—  
 Since in old Roger's coffers vast—  
 Had the spoils of Zurn's ship been cast:  
 And Autumn's frost and blighting blast,  
 Had o'er those mountain lands been shed,  
 And turn'd the forest leaves to red,  
 Made all the rolling landscape wear  
 A solemn aspect, sad and sear.  
 For nowhere o'er the earth was seen  
 Save 'mongst moss and grass a shade of  
     green,

Or where some cedar or some pine  
 Might o'er tall, craggy rock incline.  
 And all this while had Roger Lea  
 Prepared to roam o'er land and sea,  
 A journey vast o'er every clime  
 The hoary chief proposed this time,  
 And take Hunyadi by his side,  
 And him to fame and fortune guide.  
 O'er the map whole hours he lean'd,  
 While with one hand his eyes he screen'd—  
 From lamps that on his table glow'd,  
 And pointing with the other show'd  
 Unto the bard some little spots  
 Which swift his pen marked round with  
     dots,  
 Whereon he said huge cities rose,  
 Wherein did boundless wealth repose,  
 Where they could wend and rob and cheat,

And do it all adroit and neat,  
And if detected they could beat  
A hasty and secure retreat.  
Dodge all the officers of law,  
Though keenest any city saw.  
The day arrived, for them to start,  
And they were ready to depart.  
In rocky vaults deep under ground,  
Which by small secret paths were found,  
And these by iron doors secured  
Old Lea had hid his precious hoard.  
The doors he locked and o'er them threw  
A mass of rock to hide their view,  
And unto where that hoard he drew—  
None save he and Hunyadi knew.  
And there thought Roger it will stay  
Secure until the Judgment-day,  
If back I never more repair,  
For none will dream there's treasure there.  
Then from the rocky cave they sped,  
Did through the mountain footway tread,  
Which to a far off city lead,  
From whence a bark was soon to sail  
Unto a clime they wished to hail.  
'Twas early morn, the cloudless sun  
Had just beam'd o'er the mountains dun,  
And lit that solitary world.  
Back from the glens the mists were curled,  
Had to the mountain peaks repaired,  
And high upon their brows were laired,  
Stretched far and wide their shining fold.  
Which sparkled all like ruddy gold,  
And to those lofty summits clung,  
To and fro upon the breezes swung,  
As earth had there broad ensigns hung,

And all her pride on breezes flung,  
And sweet its rays the sun-beams pour'd,  
On floods that down the mountains roar'd,  
And unto every foam-wreathed wave—  
A brilliant hue of glory gave.  
On reddened leaves of gum and vine,  
Which crown'd each hill side's tall incline,  
Which to each rocky crevice clung,  
And o'er the vales their branches hung,  
On leaves of scarlet, red and gray,  
All mingled with the green wood's spray,  
For cedar, oak and gum and pine,  
To clothe those hills did all combine.  
The sun pour'd down his laughing ray  
And did in beauty all array,  
And there displayed a scene sublime  
As ever yet was known to time,  
As ever yet on Autumn's shrine,  
Was placed by nature's hand divine.  
Of color every hue and shade,  
Which God e'er yet for nature made,  
Where midst that glowing scene displayed,  
In perfect harmony arrayed.  
All, all the varied hues and tints,  
He o'er His glowing rain-bow prints,  
And every varied tint besides  
That in His boundless work abides,  
All round upon that landscape gleam'd,  
As bright o'er it the sunshine beam'd,  
And forth its latent glory brought,  
All, all its charms to being wrought,  
And over all a beauty fraught—  
Beyond the soaring reach of thought.

## XXXV.

Upon this scene Hunyadi gazed  
As one bewiidered and amazed,  
For never, never 'till that time—  
He'd seen a landscape so sublime,  
Never 'till then through all his life  
He'd gazed upon such beauty rife.  
And ne'er had dream'd that nature's frame  
Could half such magic beauty claim,  
And swift through all his form and soul—  
He felt poetic ardor roll.  
He paused and o'er the landscape threw  
A lingering and joyous view;  
Enraptured with the scene he gazed,  
Nor once from it his vision raised.  
Though all impatient Roger grew,  
With hasty step beside him drew,  
And urged him there no more to stay,  
No more their journey to delay,  
But haste with him upon their way,  
And reach the town ere close of day.  
But still Hunyadi kept his place,  
And spell-bound gazed o'er nature's face,  
In spite of all old Roger's haste—  
He steadfast view'd the glowing waste,  
And the more impatient Roger grew—  
The more entranced he seem'd to view.  
At length his moody silence broke,  
And thus he unto Roger spoke.  
Oh, Lea, behold down yonder hill  
How sweetly streams yon sparkling rill!  
Behold its foam, how grand it flows  
As now the sun upon it glows!  
Ten thousand brighter hues are there  
Than in Zurn's choicest gems appear!

And lo, on yonder mountain's brow  
How bright the clouds are basking now  
Beneath the glowing beams of morn,  
Was e'er till now such splendor born!  
They with far brighter lustre glow  
Than all Zurn's golden urns can show.  
These are the sights that fill my soul  
With rapture all beyond control,  
And I could gaze for days, yes, years,  
On sights like now all nature wears.  
One moment let your vision rove—  
To where is seen yon maple grove,  
Through it the morning breezes blow,  
Its leaves in wild commotion throw,  
Oh, what a scene those seared leaves show,  
While now on them the sunbeams glow.  
Like some bright tossing sea they gleam,  
And all of gold and amber seem.  
And see yon giant oak and gum,  
Each bends as if with age o'er come,  
Lean forward with a rocky mass,  
That beetles o'er yon gloomy pass,  
On its grim, awful verge they wave,  
Stand like two old men o'er the grave,  
And seem the storm will shortly throw  
Them headlong to the gulf below.  
But what glorious robes they show,  
While now on them the sunbeams glow;  
Each like a waving peak of flame  
Rears o'er the dell its lofty frame  
And see afar yon stately pine,  
Now o'er its leaves the dew-drops shine.  
No brighter gems all earth can show  
Than what upon yon pine-tree glow.  
And none more vapory and thin,

Old Lea replied, and here broke in.  
Frail as the bubbles children blow,  
To which the soap gives feeble glow,  
Which burst ere on the earth below  
They light, and not a vestige show  
Upon the spot that they were thrown—  
To prove that they were ever blown;  
And yonder pomp that nature shows,  
As brief a date as bubble knows.  
'Twill pass away with all its pride—  
As foam wreathes down yon torrent ride—  
That rush into the gurge below—  
And pass away from sunshine's glow.  
Frail as the schemes of mortal brain,  
As fleeting, shadowy and vain,  
That come one moment on life's shore,  
Then pass away for ever more.  
Yon pageantry is brief and vain,  
Soon winter comes with storm and rain,  
By sleet and hail and icy blast  
Yon leaves shall o'er the earth be cast,  
Be strown by all the storms that blow,  
Or rot their parent stems below.  
In one short month from this, I trow—  
No mortal will remember how  
O'er yonder vale and mountain's brow,  
They made such pageantry as now.  
So let's journey on our way,  
And no more trifle and delay.

## XXXVI.

Scarce had these words from Roger past  
Than rang a scream all wild and 'ghast  
From out the darksome dell below,  
And with it came a curse and blow.

The voice from whom that scream had flown,  
Full well to Roger's ear was known,  
And who had cursed down in the dell,  
Was known to Roger full as well.  
There, now, said he, as savage grin  
Played o'er his face from brow to chin,  
Scarce have I left my mountain cave,  
Than Mosman that base hearted knave,  
Has from it carried Ellenore ;  
But he for this I'll punish sore,  
Yes, yes, I'll teach the stubborn fool,  
That in my land I yet hold rule.  
I told him plain, and meant it too,  
That Johnson only her should woo.  
And that her grief o'er Omar's fall  
Had quite upset her senses all ;  
But when her grief had past away,  
No longer o'er her held such sway,  
That straight with she should Johnson wed.  
And bade him never dare to tread  
Across the threshold of my door,  
If there he came for Ellenore.  
My words he promised to obey,  
And from her presence keep away,  
But unto this he's proved untrue,  
And for it he shall deeply rue.  
Thus spake in haste that hoary man,  
And down a craggy path he ran—  
Which led unto the dell below,  
From whence had come that scream of woe.  
Down the precipitous rock he sprung,  
As if with youthful vigor strung,  
And soon he trod beside the verge  
Of roaring, deep and darksome gurge.  
The black abyss all grim and lone,

In which had Omar's corpse been thrown,  
Down which it past from human sight—  
Into unfathomable night.  
And here hard by that whirlpool's roar,  
Sat Johson holding Ellenore;  
Grim was her grief o'er Omar's fall,  
His death upset her senses all.  
Wildly she call'd on Omar's name,  
And fiercely strove to rend her frame  
From Johnson's vice-like hold, and there  
Within those waters dark and drear  
Plunge in and end her grief and care,  
Her agony and deep despair.  
And close beside them near that flood,  
With face and nose all smeared with blood,  
Upon the rocks as still as clay  
Insensible George Mosman lay.  
Where he'd by Johnson's hand been thrown,  
When on Lea's ear his curse was blown.  
And this is how it chanced that here  
Beside that whirlpool dark and drear,  
These wretched mortals did repair.

## XXXVII.

After Lea had from his Bower sped,  
With Ellenore George Mosman fled,  
For so her charms on him had wrought.  
His soul with love was over fraught,  
And her he sought to woo and wed,  
For this he from the Bower fled.  
But of their flight soon Johnson learn'd,  
And like fierce flame his anger burn'd,  
Swift on his rival's path he flew,  
And did him to this gurge pursue,  
Here on the twain his hands he laid,

Ellenore back to the cave he bade ;  
And here pass'd parley long and stern,  
But Ellenore would not return.  
"No, go not back," George Mosman said,  
"Nor step with this grim out-law tread,  
For he's the man that now you view,  
Who in yon gurge poor Omar threw,  
Instead of giving him a grave  
Such as might well besem the brave,  
They cast him like a dog or knave,  
In yonder whirlpool's gloomy wave."  
"Is this all true?" the woman cried,  
As keenly both those men she eyed,  
"No word of it by me's denied,"  
Bold Johnson carelessly replied.  
At this the eyes of Ellenore  
An all unearthly brightness wore,  
And to her cheeks, in crimson flood,  
One instant rushed the bounding blood,  
Then ebbing back, with sudden flow,  
Left all her visage white as snow,  
The brightness of her eye-balls fled,  
And left them rayless as the dead.  
One long, heart rending shriek she gave  
And rushed to meet the whirlpool's wave  
But ere she touched those waters vast.  
Bold Johnson's arms were round her cast  
While from its awful brim he bore  
The fair and frantic Ellenore,  
George Mosman with a bludgeon sped  
A heavy blow on Johnson's head,  
Which roil'd his rage, and on his foe  
He dealt one overwhelming blow,  
Which made him lie so still and grim,  
When Roger Lea discovered him.

From effects of that blow and fall  
Right soon revived his senses all,  
Yet, not from off the earth he rose,  
But lay as if in deep repose,  
Planning fell vengeance on his foe,  
And how to deal a secret blow.

## XXXVIII.

Sudden as from the fowler's snare  
The wild bird starts to distant air,  
And sends forth one small note of glee,  
To tell all space that it is free,  
So with a scream that woman sprung  
From those strong arms around her flung,  
And far out on the whirlpool vast  
With lightning speed her form she cast,  
But swift as ever wild bird fled,  
He springing to her rescue sped,  
Scarce had she touched the boiling tide,  
Than seen was Johnson at her side,  
Around that whirlpool's awful brim,  
With fearless heart and pliant limb.  
Three times with her did Johnson swim  
And kept her from the eddies grim,  
And every time he near'd its rim  
She strove to rend herself from him,  
And every time he strove to bear  
Her from the eddies' swift career,  
She every time his effort foil'd,  
And bore him back where waters toil'd  
Around the rocks with ceaseless flow,  
• And plunged to unknown depths below,  
Yet still with strength no toil destroy'd  
Her head above the flood he buoy'd.

While with screams that deafened and  
appail'd  
On Omar, Omar wild she call'd.  
Though her unutterable woe  
Was wild as was that whirlpool's flow,  
And haggard was her face with care,  
And furrowed o'er with grim despair,  
Yet still her comely features wore  
Fixed Beauty which no sorrow sore,  
Nor grief could wholly cover o'er;  
Still o'er those features sad and wild,  
Though then they neither frown'd nor  
smiled,  
Bright beauty's grandest charms and best,  
Did over all her visage rest;  
With long, thick tresses flowing free  
As mist above a stormy sea,  
With face and neck and hand and arms,  
Displaying all of Beauty's charms,  
That woman looked though she might be—  
A Venus rising from the sea.

## XXXIX.

Amidst that whirlpool's awful roar,  
Right nigh unto its rocky shore,  
A foot-hold Johnson gain'd at length,  
And from the waters with a strength  
That seem'd beyond those of this world,  
On shore the woman's form he hurl'd.  
And as himself he strove to save  
From that grim torrent's roaring wave;  
Swifter than darts the startled mew,  
George Mosman at his rival flew,  
A pistol forth he drew apace,  
And aiming, shot through Johnson's face,

Through cheeks that bullet passage found  
Though made not any fatal wound,  
But as through them the missile tore,  
Some teeth from off their base it bore,  
And soon upon the whirlpool's flood,  
Was seen to stream a streak of blood.  
The while amidst the waters flow,  
He staggered from the bullet's blow,  
Another pistol Mosman caught,  
But while it to an aim he brought,  
Lea on him swift as magic flew,  
And from his hand the weapon drew;  
As from his hand the pistol came,  
That instant burst a flash of flame,  
And with that flash a sudden roar,  
And through Lea's thigh its bullet tore.  
But ere had Mosman time to think,  
Lea shoved him o'er the whirlpool's brink  
Pain'd by his wound that gushed forth gore,  
Down Roger sank by Ellenore!  
Wild was the scream that Mosman gave,  
When on that whirlpool's darksome wave.  
And just amidst its fiercest tide,  
He found himself by Johnson's side,  
Who instant grappled with his foe,  
And forced his head the flood below.  
From whence a line of bubbles rose,  
But never more did him disclose.  
While Mosman 'midst the water's flow  
Swept down to the abyss below,  
One loud, wild shriek gave Ellenore  
And midst the whirlpool plunged oncemore.  
Lea caught her ere she touch'd the wave,  
He caught her but he could not save,  
Like quick-silver to his dismay

She from his fingers slips away ;  
As glides the eel from angler's hand,  
She from him darted o'er the strand,  
And plunged within the flood below,  
To end her all consuming woe.  
In vain, in vain did Johnson strain,  
To lift her from the flood again ;  
His strength was spent, no more his force  
Could with her stem the whirlpool's course,  
No more upon those waters grim,  
He with that woman's form could swim,  
To save her then his strength was vain,  
Though for this strove with all his main,  
They sank and rose, then sank again  
But rose, at last down went the twain,  
Nor rose again those waters o'er.  
Thus sank from sight for evermore,  
Beneath that whirlpool's gurgling roar,  
The true, the faithful Ellenore,  
For whose unutterable grief,  
And woe, death only had relief.  
Whose sorrow over Omar's death,  
Ceased only with her mortal breath.  
And with her midst the water's flight,  
Johnson past ever more from sight,  
The boldest out-law that e'er trod—  
On rock, on mountain, deck, or sod,  
Whose heart though stern, yet off at times,  
Its virtues triumphed o'er its crimes.  
They 'neath the flood had disappear'd,  
Ere had the gurge Hunyadi near'd.  
For he the while on heights o'er head,  
Still view'd the scene that morning spread,  
The all enchanting, dazzling glow,  
That gleam'd o'er hills and vales below ;

And he had come on Roger's call,  
Who then could neither stand nor crawl,  
Whose thigh-bone by that pistol's ball,  
Had been crushed, shattered, splintered all.  
And whose grim wound was dripping gore,  
Upon his back old Lea he bore,  
Then up a craggy path he strode,  
Precipitous and awful road,  
And soon he lodged his gory load  
Within the cavern's lone abode.

\*       \*       \*

## PART VII.

## I.

O'er Castle Flame the shades of night,  
Had cast a mantle grand and bright,  
For not a cloud was seen to roll  
O'er stars that decked the azure pole,  
The full sphered moon its lustre shed,  
Its silver light o'er nature spread;  
Though winter robed the earth with snow.  
No breath of breeze was heard to blow,  
And calm and sweet pour'd down the light,  
On icy vale and mountain height,  
And on the distant sea below,  
Where not a ripple seem'd to flow,  
But bright did stars and heavens show,  
Serene the moon pour'd down its glow,  
Blue looked the sea, blue looked the sky,  
Stars gleam'd below, stars gleam'd on high,  
And twinkled through the frosty night,  
In all their majesty of light.  
And utter stillness reign'd around,  
A silence solemn and profound,  
For all the beasts slept on their lair  
As silent as the azure air,  
Through which no breezes breathed a breath  
But gave to it the calm of death,  
Not e'en was heard a watch dog's howl,  
Nor yet the hooting of an owl,  
No heathcock's crow the midnight stirr'd,  
Nor bleating from the fold was heard.

All was still as the biting frost  
Whose wand was over all things tost.  
Still as the ice-bergs on the beach,  
Which glow'd far as the eye could reach.  
Reigned such dead silence over all,  
One might have heard a feather fall.  
From starry skies to earth below  
Was silent as the cedars grow.  
Silent as did the shadows fall.  
By moonshine cast from poplars tall  
Which spread on earth their changing pall  
And darkened o'er the castle wall.  
And all look'd solemn and serene,  
As e'er in winter night was seen.  
Yet, this night so calm and sweet,  
Came after day of storm and sleet,  
For all that day had roar'd the blast,  
And sleet and snow o'er earth had cast,  
And tree and shrub and weed all o'er,  
Were clothed with robes of sparkling frore.  
Fierce had the blasts o'er ocean storm'd,  
Its floods to giant billows form'd,  
On rocky shores waged fearful fray,  
And chaf'd themselves to foamy spray,  
Nor had the sun through all that day,  
Cast on the earth one faintest ray,  
Through all that day behind the frow  
Of clouds was he, 'till he went down.  
And only after set the sun,  
The fury of that storm was done;  
And only when the night began  
Clouds ceased Heaven's broad arch to span  
From zenith to horizon's rim,  
Soon pass'd away the cloudfolds grim,  
'Till over all the heavens wide,

Was not the slightest cloud espied,  
But show'd a starry, azure sky,  
With moon full spher'd and mounted high  
Thus it must be with every man,  
Whose life through all its mortal span  
One constant stream of sorrow ran,  
Yea, closed in grief as it began,  
Whose soul was virtuous and good,  
And such before its Maker stood.  
When he casts off his vital breath,  
And wanders through the night of death.  
Serene all things must round him glow,  
Joy must ever take the place of woe,  
On him no clouds their shadows throw,  
Nor any bitter tempests blow.  
A solemn light must fill his soul,  
And peace and God pervade the whole.

## II.

In Castle Flame a glimmering light,  
From one high window shone that night,  
On that broad window placed on high  
Long, long I fix'd my eager eye.  
For there methought I could espy,  
Mongst figures that there flitted by,  
Oft to and fro across it drew,  
And shadows down beside me threw.  
Methought in these I oft could view,  
Semblance to mortals that I knew.  
Something seem'd passing in that room  
Which made each wear an air of gloom,  
Made the castle look like some vast tomb,  
Or some dread place of woe and doom.  
As by that casement there aloft,  
With Ulrick I had journied oft,

And well the winding staircase knew  
That to that high apartment drew ;  
I, journied from that wold of snow,  
Did in the lofty castle go,  
Swift up the flight of stairs I flew,  
And into Ulrick's room I drew.  
Upon his couch the sculptor lay,  
With visage white as billows' spray,  
When on a cloudy day it grows,  
And the toss'd wave from whence it rose,  
In centre of the ocean flows,  
And yet no taint from headland knows.  
And as his visage hoary hair'd,  
Was on its crimson pillow lair'd,  
It seem'd like wreath of snowy flood,  
On coral reef the hue of blood.  
From his broad head of stately air,  
Down hung at length his thick gray hair,  
And o'er his broad and ample breast  
Whereon his folded hands did rest,  
Wherein life's tide was ebbing low,  
Hung down his beard as white as snow,  
Ere from the cloud where it is wrought,  
In contact with the earth 'tis brought,  
With all its cloud-born whiteness fraught,  
Nor yet a taint from earth has caught.  
And that old man's attendants there,  
Hunyadi and Ianthé were.  
So gently in that room I drew,  
None of those three my presence knew,  
Until I passed before their view,  
And hat upon the table threw.  
Save the clock that clicked on the wall,  
And whose dread sounds ne'er ceased to fall,  
And save the breathing of their breath,

That room the while was still as death,  
And plain I saw the glistening tear  
Like crystals flow from fountains clear,  
And thick o'er every eye appear,  
Except that old man's lying there.

## III.

That old man's hand I took in mine,  
'Twas growing cold as freezing brine,  
But in his eyes did lustre shine,  
An azure brightness all divine.  
An all celestial, holy light,  
Unearthly, spiritually bright.  
And o'er his manly face the while.  
There beam'd an all angelic smile,  
Which over all his visage spread  
A radiant light, and halo shed.  
'There beam'd for man good will and love,  
And faith and trust in God above.  
There showed a spirit all resigned  
To what e'er will'd the Almighty mind.  
And as I view'd those features all,  
And that huge frame so broad and tall.  
Methought, if ever yet above,  
Amongst God's choicest heirs of love,  
Any the form of mortal bore,  
Then they that old man's image wore.  
Just an hundred years and one that night,  
Since he was born had ta'en their flight,  
And through this time, of grief and care,  
Fate unto him had dealt full share.  
But as the seaman on the deck,  
Which storms have vainly strove to wreck,  
Whose bark from floods and stormy air,  
Is moor'd beside the friendly pier,

But looking back o'er ocean's face,  
He yet the awful rocks can trace  
That just o'er ocean's surface stand,  
Lie scattered thick on every hand,  
Dread rocks, best pilots seldom shun,  
Round which are roaring eddies spun,  
And sees amidst these rock-shoals dun,  
Huge ice-bergs glowing in the sun,  
And also sees the headlands grim,  
That border all that ocean's rim,  
By which his bark he safely steer'd,  
Though fierce the waves and storms  
career'd.

Then heavenward lift his dauntless eye,  
With thanks and praise to Him on high,  
So from his mortal frame, his soul,  
Which ne'er was thrall'd neath sin's control,  
However grand the tempter stood,  
And evil clothed in guise of good,  
Its vision all enraptured cast  
Adown the ocean of the past.  
Through all his joys and hopes and fears,  
Through all its sorrows and its cares,  
Its storm and shine, its smiles and tears,  
Through all its century of years.  
And with a cheerful, manly voice,  
Which made a list'ners soul rejoice  
To hear its rich, flowery flow,  
What e'er its subject, joy or woe,  
He thus to us began to speak,  
While with moist eyes and dewy cheek,  
We listened to the hoary man,  
Whose language in this current ran.

## IV.

“My life is ebbing fast away,  
But little while have I to stay,  
As yonder clock clicks forth to chime  
A death dirge for the passing time,  
It also tolls a knell for me,  
Tolls for the death that soon must be.  
And ere to God my spirit wends—  
A word to you I’d speak my friends.  
Yes, soon my soul shall leave this shore,  
And you will hear my voice no more;  
So what I say take to your soul,  
And let it all your lives control.  
Love God with all your soul and mind,  
And keep him ever there enshrined,  
Fear Him and only Him adore,  
Evil shun, and sin abhor,  
And as throughout this world ye wend,  
Be man and brother to the end,  
To other’s woes your pity tend,  
But still keep God your foremost friend.  
I’ve lived a hundred years and more,  
And I’d live that century o’er,  
With cheerful heart and willing mind,  
Unto my Maker all resigned.  
I’d pass again through all its woe,  
If my God will’d me to do so.  
Though the demons woe and want,  
All dreadful eyed and grim and gaunt,  
Have never ceased my path to haunt,  
My trust in God they ne’er could daunt.  
That trust my feelings all control,  
And is eternal as my soul.  
I have looked fondly for this time,  
When I should hear His voice sublime

Which now rings plainly in mine ear,  
But is not meant for ye to hear.  
Yes, I hear my Maker say,  
Come, come my Ulrick, come away.  
He now to sunshine turns the gloom,  
His glory all pervades this room."  
Here closed his eyes, his voice grew weak,  
But thus unto himself did speak.  
Lo, oh, lo! what a glory bright,  
What a holy, heavenly sight!  
A spirit all array'd in white,  
Whose wings are plum'd for instant flight,  
Has just beside me come and smiled,  
Her features are all calm and mild.  
And it is she, my only love  
Whose grave for years I've wept above.  
She whose voice full many a time,  
When I have bowed 'neath sorrow's rime,  
Have deep in sorrow's flood been hurl'd,  
By scornful treatment from the world,  
All the praise it gave, and all the spoil  
For long nights and years of patient toil,  
She cheer'd me into hope and joy,  
Which all the worlds could not destroy.  
Yes, it is she that spirit bright,  
And gentle soul, who on this night  
A hundred years and one ago,  
Brought me within this world of woe,  
Who caused my being on this earth,  
Whose pains of travail brought my birth,  
And to the household in the morn  
'Twas gladly told a babe was born.  
And fill'd my father's heart with pride.  
She who he wept for when she died.  
Oh my earthly mother sweet and mild,

Oh, take back, take again your child,  
Take me to your arms as on that night,  
When first I bless'd my mother's sight,  
Yea, made her soul with joy grow bright,  
Fill'd all her being with delight.  
Oh, mother, mother, take me now,  
For I am weary, let me bow  
My head upon your gentle breast,  
Take me like when a babe to rest.  
Oh take me forth I care not where,  
With you my guide I cannot fear.  
But hark, sweet music now I hear,  
And God is breathing in mine ear,  
I see the heavens brighter glow,  
Like rain bows round their glory throw,  
I see the angels all arow,  
I hear their hymns eternal flow,  
Come mother mine through weal and woe,  
God calls us forth, and let us go,  
For I am weary.

## V.

Here his head—

Sank deeper in the crimson bed,  
A paler hue his visage spread,  
And hoary Ulrick's soul had fled;  
Upon that awful pathway trod,  
Which brings us face to face with God,  
Without a struggle or a throe,  
It silent left this vale of woe,  
Then was dead silence in that room,  
A silence awful like the tomb,  
Even the clock upon the wall  
Had ceased its solemn clicking all,  
Had stopped, gave not a single chime

To tell the knell of passing time ;  
At length half stifled sobs confest  
That sorrow labored in each breast,  
Each eye was moist, and every cheek  
Did glist'ning, falling tears bespeak.  
The old man's hands across his breast  
I placed in everlasting rest,  
His eyes and mouth I gently closed,  
Which soon in rigidness reposed.  
Smoothed down his hoary beard and hair,  
And he lay on his stately lair,  
Like one who slept and sweetly dream'd,  
For with a smile his visage beam'd,  
Beam'd as if his immortal soul  
Still o'er that body held control,  
Still lingered round its cherished clay,  
And lit it with a deathless ray.  
Unto the window swift I drew  
And wide the spacious casement threw,  
And pure and sweet the midnight air  
Rushed in from off its frosty lair,  
With noiseless tread, and silent breath  
I moved from out that hall of death,  
But as from out the room I drew,  
A lingering look behind I threw,  
For that moment the moon's bright beam,  
Did through the open casement stream,  
And did awe inspiring glow,  
Upon that dead man's features throw,  
So life-like 'neath the light he seem'd,  
You would have sworn he lived and dream'd,  
That he was living you would vow ;  
Back I return'd and felt his brow,  
But it was cold as was the snow,  
That clothed the silent earth below,

O'er which the moonbeams' silver glow  
Did its increasing glory throw,  
Then from that room with silent tread,  
And eyes that fast their tear drops shed,  
His few attendants swiftly sped,  
And unto silence left the dead.  
The night wore on, the heath cock crew,  
And o'er the sky the morning grew,  
And far across the snowy wold  
Was heard the bleating of the fold,  
The roisy geese across the snow  
Moved forth with measured tread and slow,  
To where a crystal sparkling lake,  
Stood mirroring a firry brake.  
The watch dogs from their kennels crawl'd,  
And to the coming morning brawl'd,  
The drowsy horse within the stall,  
Was startled out of slumber's thrall,  
Paw'd, switched his tail and pricked his  
ears,  
For plain his keeper's tread he hears,  
Heard crib door ope where lay the corn,  
Then neighing did salute the morn.

## VI.

Then soon the morning's golden light  
Like conqueror burst on the night,  
The sun arose and o'er the earth  
All god-like splendor had its birth.  
The world was robed in dazzling white,  
Far as could roam the human sight—  
O'er wold and glen and mountains high,  
Whose icy peaks blazed in the sky,  
And far below the ocean's mass,  
Gleam'd like a world of molten glass;

And glowing ice-bergs throng'd its beach,  
Far as the human eye could reach.  
With morning came a lively breeze,  
Which in bright motion set the seas,  
And shook the icy sprigs of trees,  
Which stood with boughs and tiny stems,  
Glittering with ten thousand gems,  
Of every varied shape and hue  
That yet the realm of nature knew,  
All things in brilliant forms were tossed,  
Fantastic as e'er vision crossed,  
Winter its dreariness had lost,  
By the enchanting wand of frost.  
Waved trees enrobed in dazzling light  
Hung o'er with pearls and diamonds bright,  
And there the morning's sunshine kissed  
The glowing, purple amethyst,  
A thousand gems with beauty fraught,  
Beyond the soaring realm of thought,  
Out of the realm of frost were wrought,  
And unto every thing were brought.  
The topaz and the ruby red,  
And stones that flashing crimson shed,  
The jasper and the chrysolite,  
And stones of sardine gleaming bright,  
With emeralds of flashing green,  
Were all in mingled glory seen;  
With the sapphires glowing gem,  
Hung over every bough and stem.  
There were the stately cedars seen  
With pines bedecked in gold and green,  
Holly, firs, and all the green wood,  
Enclosed in gold and silver stood.  
The weeping willows bowed their heads  
In grand array of shining threads,

Which lair'd on earth their drooping stems,  
O'er burden'd with their flashing gems.  
From brittle ash trees tall and slim  
Oft times came down a broken limb,  
And showers of gems of every hue  
From crashing branches sparkling flew.  
The dark cypress, that tree of gloom,  
Which aye frequents the silent tomb,  
The flashing, frosty gaud assumed,  
And with a thousand gems was plumed.  
The meanest shrub that grows on mead,  
The most unsightly bush and weed,  
Things most deformed, the rugged thorn,  
The sapless bough by lightning torn,  
Displayed o'er earth their branching arms,  
Bedecked with gems of flashing charms.  
Gems fair as ever yet were wrought,  
As e'er from nature's mines were brought.  
With every hue of Beauty fraught,  
Yet sprung from out her teeming thought.  
The poplar, gum and giant elm,  
And oak the monarch of the realm,  
Where ever stately forests grow,  
Or lofty woodland shadows throw,  
Like waves of flame of ruddy glare,  
Toss'd their huge branches in the air.  
The breeze arose, far stronger blew,  
And all the trees that tallest grew,  
That were the comeliest to view,  
To earth their gaudy jewels threw,  
Cast them to earth with mute disdain,  
Displayed their rough, thick bark again.  
So the lion from his slumber wakes,  
And from his mane the raindrops shakes,

Which through the night have gathered  
there,

And moisture cast around his lair.  
The sun moved up his destined way,  
Still warmer grew his glowing ray,  
And drop by drop the gems were cast  
Upon the earth that hid them fast,  
Away the baseless fabric past,  
Wrought out of frost by storm and blast,  
Dissolved away in flowing tears,  
Like human hopes and joys and fears.  
For they are just as vain and frail,  
As fleeting and of small avail,  
As pomp wrought out of storm and hail,  
When morning's beams its gauds assail,  
All's but a vapor and a breath,  
Fate in a moment gives to death.

## VII.

Some half a mile from Castle Flame,  
A rock rear'd high its giant frame,  
And with its head all wrapped in snow,  
Looked o'er the ocean far below,  
To this obscured from other's view,  
Guy Harold and Hunyadi drew.  
Here they'd been an hour and more,  
All their past actions talking o'er;  
They all the past minutely scann'd,  
And for the future schemed and plann'd.  
Each heart was fill'd with mirth and hope,  
Ready with any toil to cope.  
For never in their lives before,  
Such golden hues the future wore,  
It all a glowing promise gave,  
Secure as either heart could crave.

For while old Roger in his cave  
Lay groaning with his ghastly wound,  
No ease at all from leechcraft found,  
Nor signs of healing gave to view,  
He one night delirious grew,  
And in his sleep he muttered low,  
About his deeds of long ago  
The while alternate joy and woe  
Throughout his spirit seem'd to flow,  
At times he roam'd o'er land and flood,  
Mingled 'midst scenes of strife and blood,  
Muttered defiance to some foe,  
Would at him fearful curses throw,  
And fiercely deal him kick and blow,  
Till he in death had stretched him low—  
A grave with curse and laugh he made,  
And in it swift his victim laid.  
At times some house he sacked and burn'd,  
And smiled as it to embers turn'd.  
At times far milder grew his mood,  
And o'er religion seem'd to brood.  
At times he prayed for others good,  
Or preaching in the pulpit stood.  
Then suddenly would change his theme,  
Some murder straight would plot and  
    scheme,  
Show signs of sufferings extreme,  
Then sing or terribly blaspheme,  
Then straight again his theme would change,  
Through cities vast he'd seem to range,  
Meet men and call them all by name;  
Serious oft his speech became.  
With those he met, at times it seemed,  
In tricky case at law he schemed,  
From case to case he quickly ranged,

Forged wills, and title deeds he changed,  
It seem'd he roam'd the country round,  
The lands of absentees he found,  
O'er these huge mortgages he made,  
Which to some dupe were soon conveyed,  
And unto him his price was paid,  
And long he'd chuckle to himself,  
When he'd received the shining pelf.  
At length with Apgar all alone,  
He schemed to fly to parts unknown;  
A corpse placed in a cask of oil,  
Was brought to him from distant soil,  
Unto his home 'twas soon conveyed,  
Securely in his cellar laid,  
A corpse which strong resemblance bore—  
The form and face that Roger wore.  
The oil was pour'd his cottage o'er,  
Well soaked in it was roof and floor,  
Then in the night from it he fled,  
Left Apgar there the flames to spread.  
And that night from a ship at sea,  
He gladly watched it blazing free.  
Then muttered to himself with glee,  
Aha, what faith they placed in me,  
How nicely I have all deceived,  
But it will never be believed—  
But that I died in yonder flame,  
Nor will they dream I've played such game,  
'Gainst me not one, right well, I ween,  
Will ever hold a thought of spleen,  
Nor dream I'd do an action mean,  
For such in me was never seen.  
While thus the fever racked his brain,  
And throbb'd his form with mortal pain.  
And all the actions of his past

Came trooping o'er his senses fast,  
And he lay raving on his lair,  
Displaying joy or grim despair,  
Alternate triumph and defeat,  
As he would friend and foeman greet,  
There every word he said or sung,  
Each syllable that from him rung,  
Was in the tongue of some strange land,  
A language none could understand—  
Save Hunyadi. To him 'twas known,  
All quite familiar as his own.  
And 'midst his ravings Roger told,  
How once a vast estate he sold,  
Which to an infant heir belonged,  
And told all how the child he wronged,  
Told how he did the child defraud  
Of all her lands and all her hoard,  
Robb'd, swindled her of all her right,  
Left her without one single mite.

## VIII.

Her mother died the very morn  
On which her infant had been born,  
Ere a year from her birth had past,  
Her father had in battle died,  
And she upon the world was cast  
With one old uncle for her guide.  
Vast was his wealth, his fortune laid  
In broad and fertile tracts of land,  
Rich as o'er yet have cattle strayed,  
Or e'er were 'till'd by human hand.  
Nigh to a city vast and great  
Which day by day still larger grew,  
Stood all this old man's broad estate,  
And fast the city towards it drew,

And to his mansion grand and fair  
Which all could from that city see,  
He took this child, his only heir,  
None other living kin had he.  
But soon by death was he removed,  
On all his wealth was she enthroned,  
For when, his will was read it proved  
To her he'd given all he owned.  
But as the child was all too young  
To manage an estate so broad,  
And so nought should from her be wrung  
By any acts of human fraud,  
William Stewart a lawyer learn'd  
His executor he had made,  
A man who had in that city earn'd,  
A fame to which all homage paid.  
All right had he to sell the lands,  
Or do with them as he saw fit.  
All such power was in his hands,  
Thrice in the will was plainly writ.  
The lands for building sites were sought,  
So for this purpose it was sold,  
And soon by builders all was bought,  
Converted into shining gold.  
Where he invested it again,  
Was to none in that city known,  
But ne'er flashed the thought in any brain  
He had the heir injustice shown,  
And when amidst the embers grim,  
The charr'd and ghastly corpse was found,  
All deem'd some one had murder'd him,  
Then burn'd his cottage to the ground.  
And that the deeds and papers all  
Which showed where he the wealth had  
placed,

Which unto just and righteous call  
Each farthing of that fortune traced,  
Had with himself and cottage wall  
By flames been ever more effaced.  
And though the records of that land,  
In all its cities far and near,  
Where search'd by eager heart and hand,  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And not the slightest trace was caught,  
To show where he had placed the hoard,  
Yet not a man was found who thought,  
Stewart had meant to rob his ward.  
Years flew on, and to womanhood  
The robb'd, the swindled heiress grew,  
But still a mystery it stood  
To where that ample fortune flew.  
Years swift flew by and she was wed,  
And one all noble son she bore,  
That son Hunyadi was, he who shed  
On earth the ruthless Omar's gore.

## IX.

His ravings ceased, the fever broke,  
Old Roger in the morning woke,  
All wistfully he gazed around,  
None save Hunyadi near him found,  
A tear well'd from his large gray eye,  
And came a long and heavy sigh.  
O'er brows his boney hand he spread,  
As if to hide the tear that sped,  
Which glistened bright upon its bed  
Beneath the glare that tapers shed,  
With unshaved face and uncombed hair,  
And haggard face with gloomy air,  
He seem'd upon his filthy lair.

A perfect image of despair.  
For grim remorse and mortal pain,  
O'er form and spirit held their reign;  
Silent he lay a little space,  
Then drew his hand from off his face,  
With elbow resting on the bed,  
His hand from pillow propped his head,  
As thus he spake with mournful tone,  
That thrill'd through marrow, nerve and  
bone,  
Which echoed through that gloomy room,  
Like night winds sighing round a tomb.

## X.

Oh, God, I've been a sinful man,  
And never since my life began,  
To men I've aught but evil wrought,  
Alike in action and in thought.  
Many I've ruin'd and betrayed,  
Many a wretch I've homeless made,  
Cast them out with hate and scorn,,  
Their forms and spirits crushed and torn,  
Many through me with woe have throbbed,  
Many an infant heir I've robb'd,  
Orphans to ample fortunes born,  
I've turn'd to beggars all forlorn,  
Set them within the alms-house door,  
Took all their wealth and kept them poor.  
And many a man at night I've slain  
Only a little spoil to gain.  
From year to year kept on this course,  
Nor ever felt the least remorse,  
And although through these years I've past,  
And hoarded piles of treasures vast.  
Yet I'm of every friend bereft,

To tend me now not one is left,  
Yes, no one but a stranger now  
Is here to lave my burning brow.  
Apgar's gone and Omar too,  
And every friend that once I knew.  
And a feeling dread and grim,  
Is stealing o'er my form and limb,  
And well I know with every breath  
I'm hasting to the arms of death.  
'Tis sad to lie so ill at ease  
And think of awful things like these.  
And now there is but one relief,  
To all my mortal throe and grief,  
And that is wine, yes, ruddy wine  
Will soothe this pain and woe of mine,  
So haste and give me wine, and pain  
And grief shall fly with all their train  
Of dark infernal fiends and imps,  
Which from huge elephants to shrimps  
All forms and shapes and sizes show,  
That ever yet did mortal know.  
Give me wine, in its ruddy glow  
Is balm for my infernal woe.  
He ceased, and straight a mighty draught  
Of ruddy wine the old man quaffed,  
Then for a moment wild he laughed ;  
Hunyadi's hand in his he caught,  
And said, just now a happy thought  
Like lightning flash'd within my brain,  
Nor could I from a laugh refrain,  
For it roused the blood in every vein ;  
Though unremitting is my pain,  
I've been puzzled of late in deed,  
How I should pay you ample meed,  
For all your patient toil and care,

While I have been bedridden here,  
There is a little cave that's known  
To none that breathe save me alone ;  
It is amidst a lofty line  
Of rocks that o'er a tarn incline,  
A waste of granite lone and wild,  
There all of Omar's hoard is piled.  
It chanced upon one stormy day,  
I thither saw him plod his way,  
In secret on his path I went,  
See on what errand he was bent,  
I climb'd the crags and look'd around,  
But no where Omar's form I found,  
An hour full I view'd the ground,  
Of Omar caught no sign nor sound.  
But still in secret there I lay,  
Where I could far the tarn survey,  
Where none could catch a view of me,  
But just where I could all things see.  
Sudden, emerging from a rock,  
A dark-gray, lofty granite block,  
The form of Omar I espied,  
Near an opening in that rock's side,  
A bulky rock I saw him lift,  
Which so completely fit the rift,  
Yes, so exactly fill'd the space,  
Scarce any passer by would trace  
Though viewing it by noonday beam—  
That round it was small zigzag seam.  
When Omar from the place withdrew,  
Had past entirely from view,  
I went and searched the place around,  
The rock that fit the rift I found,  
Swiftly away the rock I slid,  
And opened wide the hole it hid,

A passage small there met my sight,  
But all within was dark as night.  
A light I lit and onward sped,  
With watchful eyes and cautious tread,  
But soon a solid iron door,  
With bolts and locks all covered o'er;  
And fitted to the walls secure,  
Grim stoppage to the passage made;  
But picking locks has been a trade  
From early boyhood I have known,  
Ere I had unto manhood grown,  
Full many a lock had I undone,  
And entrance to rich coffers won.  
So soon these locks I open threw,  
And from their holds the bolts I drew,  
Right soon the door I opened wide,  
And there a pile of gold espied,  
There far more shining treasure glow'd,  
Than I e'er thought his coffers show'd,  
Yes, yes, far more than I e'er thought,  
Friend Omar had together brought.  
But not a coin away I bore,  
Although to leave that tempting store  
All untouched, grieved my spirit sore;  
I locked again the iron door,  
Fix'd every lock and bolt secure,  
As they had been arranged before.  
Back in the rift the rock I placed,  
And from the cave my steps retraced.  
I was the last of mortal man,  
That did the glowing treasure scan,  
Omar ne'er trod that cave again,  
For he soon after this was slain.  
There all that hoard doth still remain,  
And can by you right easy ta'en.

Full nine times more than you can bear  
Upon your back from there to here,  
Of shining gold lies piled up there,  
With silver bars of glowing sheen,  
And stones as bright as e'er were seen.  
But there secure that hoard will lay  
From men until the judgment day,  
Deep buried in that rocky ground,  
If I tell not how it can be found.  
So promise now that you will bring—  
To me one half of every thing—  
You'll find within that cavern stored,  
Then I'll tell how to find the hoard.  
I promise it, Hunyadi said,  
Then spake Lea, The pathway tread  
To where that lofty dark-gray earn,  
Towers above the sable tarn,  
Where midst the cliffs projecting round,  
The entrance to that shaft is found,  
Through which you've oft in secret past,  
And in this cave your vision cast,  
The one from out whose darkness rife,  
You witnessed mine and Johnson's strife.  
From where is seen that fissure's mouth,  
Step forty paces towards the South;  
There midst that wall of cliffs you'll find  
A rock that seems of different kind,  
It's the sole one of brownish hue,  
You 'midst the dark-gray cliff will view,  
Just move that stone from out its place,  
Behind you'll find an open space,  
Which has the hue of midnight gloom;  
Through at its mouth there scarce is room—  
To pass a man of form like you,  
But when by this you have past through—

You soon a spacious vault will win,  
So fear you not to enter in—  
If yon would treasure win with ease;  
On yonder wall hang Omar's keys,  
Take them along, and haste and bring  
From out that cave each shining thing;  
And if all square with me you share,  
The shining treasure you find there,  
I know where is another hoard,  
That Johnson in a cavern stored,  
Now speed you forth upon your way,  
I have no other word to say."  
But I know better far than you,  
Where Johnson's hoard is hid from view.  
Thus to himself Hunyadi thought,  
As from the wall the keys he brought.

## XI.

Forth from the cave Hunyadi sped,  
And sought the craggy path that led  
To where the lofty dark-gray earn  
Towered above the gloomy tarn.  
He reached the fissure's gloomy mouth,  
Stepped forty paces towards the South,  
And midst the cliff of dark-gray hue,  
The brownish spot did shortly view.  
From out its place that rock he slid  
Which straight reveal'd the hole it hid.  
He entered in that place of gloom,  
Which scarce unto his form gave room;  
On, on he sped with light in hand,  
The secrets of that cavern scann'd.  
It was a cavern dark and lone,  
Dug in a ridge of solid stone,  
Which Apgar thirty years before—

Had delved, wherein to hide his store,  
And unto none save him alone,  
And his son Omar was it known,  
And there was hidden all the wealth,  
The twain for years had won through stealth.  
The door Hunyadi opened wide,  
And there the shining hoard espied,  
Two heavy sacks of coin he caught,  
And from the cave the treasure brought,  
And straight from there to Castle Flame  
He with his shining treasure came.  
And in that castle all secure  
He shortly lodged his golden store,  
Then back with Harold quickly drew,  
With Bracklinn and O'Conna too,  
And all that cavern's shining store,  
To Castle Flame they safely bore.  
Then said the bard, I know the den  
Of one of Roger's other men,  
So come, we'll go this very day—  
And bear his shining hoard away.  
Then straight to Johnson's cave they past,  
And bore away his treasure vast.

## XII.

Thus caused it, why that frosty morn  
Bright smiles did either face adorn,  
Why hope and joy each bosom fill'd,  
And either heart with rapture thrill'd,  
As there beside the rock they drew,  
Obscured from other mortal's view.  
Treasure they had a shining store,  
Yet still their bosoms craved for more,  
Like all the race of human kind  
When glowing Fortune once they find,

It matters not how grand and vast  
Bright hoard within their lap is cast,  
Still, still they long for greater store,  
Unsatisfied still crave for more.  
And this is why their past they scanu'd,  
And for the beaming future plann'd.

## XIII.

Now we must haste to Roger's den,  
The bard to Harold said, And then  
Before one little week flies round  
You'll see we've far more treasure found,  
You trust to me and soon you'll find  
Your coffers with vast treasure lined.  
Now one whole day and night have past,  
Since I on Roger gazed my last.  
Since I in quest of Omar's gold,  
Left on his bed that miser old,  
To fret and grieve and curse and swear,  
'Till I should back with it repair,  
And give to him an ample share.  
But as I did not then intend  
To back with any treasure wend,  
Should I the hoard of Omar find,  
I told him just to ease his mind,  
That sleet and snow were falling fast,  
And rife was air with storm and blast,  
And not unless the hoard I found,  
Would I return 'till days went round,  
But stay and search that rocky ground.  
Now there the four of us must go,  
Then I can talk to Roger so  
As it may just beseem me best,  
Should he think in vain I did not quest  
For Omar's hoard, for well I know

On me he'll strong suspicion throw,  
And think I've found the treasure bright  
And forth with it have ta'en my flight,  
Nor share with him a single mite.  
Nor do I care to go alone  
This time within his gloomy den,  
Sooner to him would I be shown,  
With three or four good stalwart men.  
For false I've acted unto him,  
And every member of his crew,  
'Twas I prompted that carnage grim,  
Which for Zurn's supposed murder grew;  
One day I to that vessel drew,  
And soon I made that spiteful crew  
Believe, 'twas Roger Lea alone  
Who had their leader basely slain,  
Nor did I tell them this in vain,  
All swore to make old Lea atone,  
Yes, deal upon him vengeance grim,  
And carve his body, thew and limb.  
And straight they fix'd upon a day  
To slay old Roger in his den,  
And then to bear his hoard away  
In spite of all his many men.  
They swore to pass through every glen.  
O'er every mountain, carn and fen,  
Over which held old Roger sway,  
And slay each member of his crew,  
Or make them cease his wilds to range,  
Other ways for livelihood pursue,  
And all their deeds and masters change.  
When I had roil'd their hate and spleen,  
And stir'd up all their vengeance grim,  
Right swift by me was Johnson seen,  
And all Lea's danger told to him.

Through my advice he placed his men—  
In ambush midst each lonely glen,  
Which pathway gave o'er rock and fen,  
From ocean to old Roger's den.  
I wished to see each robber band  
By one another waste away,  
For this I've brought them hand to hand  
In mortal and in fatal fray.  
In secret to each band I claimed  
A firm and trusty friend to be,  
While I the hate of each inflamed  
Unto a wild and dread degree.  
I made them grim and fiercer foes  
Than either band would e'er have been,  
If I had ne'er amongst them chose  
To dwell, and stir their evil spleen.  
I taught them how to deal their blows,  
And 'gainst each other wage their fray,  
In deadly strife I made them close  
'Till all in slaughter round me lay.  
Their rage and hate I served to roil,  
Since ever I amongst them came,  
Gave them advice like pouring oil  
Upon a huge barn wrapt in flame.  
And on the day I went with Lea  
To go with him to foreign lands,  
I did intend ere night to see  
In jail this chief of robber bands.  
But fate has nobler done for me,  
For soon a greater prize I'll draw,  
Than had it chanced I'd placed old Lea  
Within the shackles of the Law.  
By wounding him as fate has done,  
The fever caused by mortal pain,  
Has quite upset the old man's brain.

And made his tongue his secrets tell,  
That he's the one, he's made it plain,  
Who did my mother's coffers drain,  
Yes, every farthing from her won,  
And soon my mother's wealth, her son  
Shall take back from the thief again.  
And handle him with vengeance fell.  
Stewart, whom all thought dead and burn'd,  
To life in Roger Lea has turn'd,  
A stranger tale than this, I trow,  
Ne'er chanced since nature's dawn 'till now.  
Oh, what a tale to tell that town,  
Where once he flourished his renown!  
When in his cave I tread once more,  
He'll ask me after Omar's store,  
But trust to me I'll tell no lie—  
Though hundred of his men be nigh,  
I'll make the thieving villain know  
That I am Mary Jolliffe's son,  
Betide it peril, pain and woe,  
I'll make the gray-haired Roger show,  
What he with all her wealth has done.  
Back, he shall every mite return,  
By me shall every mite be won,  
Or I will make his cavern run  
With streams of reeking crimson glow,  
And with his gore that stream shall flow;  
For him I thoughts of mercy spurn;  
His rocky cavern will not burn,  
But I will cause its overthrow,  
Fell powder in its vaults I'll place,  
Then with a spark, to azure space,  
The cursed Bower of Bliss I'll blow.  
The whole to ruin soon shall go,  
And every gold and silver urn,

And bars and coins of glowing ore,  
That make up Roger's ill got store,  
Which with contempt I once did spurn,  
Though me it lay in piles before  
All heaped around his cavern floor  
And for some treasure I did yearn,  
For I was threadbare, starved and poor  
And needed shining treasure sore,  
To pay my way to foreign shore,  
Was prompted long by Peter Zurn,  
Yes, yes, full two whole weeks and more  
To help myself and pay my way,  
Yet all untouched by me it lay,  
Yea, not a coin from it I took,  
Although so tempting it did look,  
No, it I touched not at that time,  
Because I deem'd it was a crime,  
A burning shame, a glaring sin,  
By stealth the least of hoard to win.  
Though at that time I knew full well  
That hoard through fraud to Roger fell.  
Yet not a coin of it I'd touch,  
Although I needed it so much.  
Though at that time my pride was such.  
Proud thoughts no more my feelings crutch,  
When e'er they bar my road to wealth,  
That has been ta'en from me by stealth,  
All hoard he's in his cavern set,  
Has stolen from his friends and foes,  
Shall go for interest on the debt  
He to my poor dead mother owes  
But Guy Harold I brought you here  
To breathe a secret in your ear—  
I wished not Alice now to know,  
For it would only cause her woe;

Though joy is out of sorrow born,  
With grief I wish not Alice torn,  
And more it might delay the morn,  
She shall your side as bride adorn—  
If you my awful secret knew,  
For 'twould be told to her by you.  
Though earth is but a world of lies,  
Where lives deceit, and virtue dies,  
Yet betide it woe, and none of weal,  
Should I my tale to you reveal.  
You would right off to Alice go  
And let her all that secret know.  
And this would do no good, what e'er  
To haste the wedding now so near;  
So what I purpose here to tell,  
A secret still shall in me dwell,  
Until the wedding day is past,  
I would not it with clouds o'er cast,  
But unto you this much I'll tell,  
And let it with you secret dwell;  
At your wedding one well known man  
Amongst the guests you will not scan,  
One you expect, you will not see,  
For there George Mosman will not be.

## XIV.

Silent those men a little space—  
Stood gazing on each other's face,  
'Till from the gaze Guy Harold broke,  
And all surprised, astonished spoke.  
“Hunyadi do you mean to tell  
That 'neath your hand George Mosman fell?  
Come trust in me and tell me all,  
No word I'll breathe about his fall,  
I for his death feel nought of woe,

Say, have you laid that villain low?"  
 "I did not cause his blood to flow,  
 Nor ever gave I him a blow,  
 But ask no more, just let it rest,  
 For silence in this thing were best,  
 What e'er has happ'd is God's behest,  
 To know it, show but little zest.  
 Death oft becomes a welcomed guest,  
 When after peace and joy we quest,  
 If he some incubus removes,  
 Which against our welfare proves.  
 As time whirls down its changing grooves,  
 It often much a man behooves  
 To lock some secret in his breast,  
 And there forever let it rest,  
 All undivulged unto the end,  
 To mortal foe or bosom friend.  
 Enough of this. Let's forward range,  
 This place for Roger's cavern change.  
 Come, come, I need some aid from you,  
 From Bracklinn and O'Conna too."

## XV.

Well arm'd with pistols, dirk and brand  
 With willing heart and stalwart hand,  
 Soon those four men were on the road  
 Which led to Roger's grim abode.  
 O'er hilly lands all clothed with snow,  
 Which blinding gleam'd 'neath morning's  
     glow.

By rocks precipitous and vast,  
 Bare, desolate, sublime and grand,  
 Whose awful forms with ice o'er cast  
 All gleaming stood on every hand,  
 Where lins arrested in their flow,

And chain'd by winter's wand of frost,  
Beneath the morning's ruddy glow,  
Ten thousand forms fantastic show,  
In which their fettered waves were tost.  
Through forests dense as ever threw  
Their shadow over hill or glen,  
And thickets dense as ever grew,  
In haste those four together drew,  
And soon they reached old Roger's den.

## XVI.

Upon his lair of filth and straw,  
Ill at ease still lay the old out-law.  
A mournful look his visage wore,  
And signs of coming death it bore.  
Yet still his mind for golden ore—  
Was just as eager as of yore,  
And scarce Hunyadi trod his floor,  
Or crossed the threshold of his door,  
Than straight he asked for Omar's store.  
And though his wound was stiff and sore,  
Was matted thick with filth and gore,  
Nor had been washed a week and more,  
Yet upright sat he on his lair,  
And on Hunyadi fix'd his stare,  
And said with voice deep, strong and clear,  
Why come you empty-handed here?  
Say, are you willing now to swear,  
You found not Omar's treasure where  
I told you it was safely stored?  
Then answer made the bard, The hoard  
I found just where you said 'twas stowed,  
And now it doth my coffers load,  
And not a coin that 'mongst it glow'd,  
Shall ever enter this abode.

And Johnson's hoard is also mine,  
Doth safe within my coffers shine,  
Nor ever shall one single mite  
Of all their treasure vast and bright,  
In your accursed possession fall,  
Long as God moves this earthly ball  
He ceased, and stood a little space,  
With his eyes fix'd on Roger's face,  
Folded his arms at perfect rest  
Across his brawny swelling breast,  
A minute full he silent gazed,  
Nor once his eye from Roger's raised.  
But in neither Roger's face nor eyes—  
Was seen one atom of surprise.  
Placid and undisturbed he lay,  
As some grim image wrought of clay.  
Tomb-like silence a little space  
Reigned over all that gloomy place,  
Nor was its awful silence broke,  
'Till thus again Hunyadi spoke,  
But what he said was in the tongue  
Lea spake when with the fever wrung,  
The language of a foreign land  
Which not one there could understand,  
Save he and Lea. But what they spake,  
This is the meaning we shall take.

## XVII.

"Lea, I am Mary Jolliffe's son,  
What with her treasure have you done?  
Back every mite to me you give,  
Or I will prove you yet do live,  
Tell every one within that town,  
Where once you spread such grand renown,  
That William Stewart is not dead,

But yet alive the earth doth tread,  
Did never with his cottage burn.  
My mother's wealth to me return,  
And I will ne'er the truth reveal,  
And secrets which I now conceal,  
Which were I once to spread abroad—  
Would give you to the hangman's cord.  
I ask you in this tongue unknown  
To all save you and me alone,  
Because I wish not others here  
To know you William Stewart were.  
So back my mother's wealth give me,  
And you may ever more go free.”  
Back on his reeking, filthy bed,  
Old Roger threw his hoary head,  
His arms across his breast he flung,  
And answered in that unknown tongue.  
“Think not because my wound is sore,  
And I have lost my strength of yore,  
Now cannot rise from of my bed,  
To cleave in twain your cursed head,  
And from you tear your lying tongue,  
That insult can on me be flung  
Without a punishment all dread  
As ever fell on mortal's head,  
I hold you as my deadly foe,  
And all your friends that here you show,  
Though I can't rise to strike you low,  
I'll fearful odds against you throw,  
From here you never more go free  
To tell your lies of Roger Lea,  
That awful vengeance you shall greet  
Which for such knaves as you is meet.”  
This said, a fierce, wild shriek he gave,  
Which echoed through the rocky cave.

And swift as moves a flock of tern,  
When coming huntsmen they discern,  
Or swift as rush a drove of hounds—  
To where their masters's whistle sounds,  
So swift within that rocky den  
Rushed full two score of Roger's men,  
The best and bravest of his crew,  
That then his hills and valleys knew.  
As desperate and savage band,  
As ever out-law'd roam'd a land,  
On, on they came with gun and knife—  
To wage for Roger gory strife.  
Children of the Bower of Bliss,  
He fiercely shrieked, I never miss  
To vengeance deal on mortal foe,  
So strike yon four base villains low.  
Down with the robbers, smite them dead,  
And cleave in twain each cursed head,  
And he who sheds Hunyadi's gore,  
Shall have of gold a boundless store.

## XVIII.

In vain old Roger cheer'd his men,  
In vain they waged the combat then  
For their old Leader grim and hoar,  
Down went they 'neath those dauntless four,  
And soon in pools their reeking gore  
Streamed red along that cavern's floor,  
For they were met by shot and blow,  
By whizzing ball and powder's glow,  
By flashing sword and gleaming knife,  
And men that little recked for life.  
Right swift beneath Hunyadi's blade  
A corpse was sable Osman laid,

With head cleft through down, down he  
went

As if by bolt of lightning rent,  
And right and left his gory way  
Hew'd red 'mongst Roger's grim array ;  
While by Guy Harold's reeking sword  
Their blood around in puddles poured ;  
By Bracklinn and O'Conna too  
On floor and walls their life blood flew,  
And soon a score of Roger's men  
Lay dead or dying in his den.  
And all the while the strife was waged,  
Upon his lair old Roger raged,  
And scream'd and swore and tore his hair,  
And writhed all frantic with despair.  
For fast he saw his chieftains fall  
By either blade or pistol's ball.  
And though their muskets ceaseless blared,  
And dread each flashing volley flared,  
Yet harmless on those four they brayed,  
And not a single wound they made.  
Unharmed those four stood up before  
Each volley's blazing, deafening roar,  
And back their frantic foes they bore—  
Through narrow passage to a room—  
Where two huge lamps dispelled its gloom,  
And there they rallied once again,  
And on the four rushed on amain,  
But as on rocks falls down the rain,  
Their volleys and their blows were vain,  
To wound or move those dauntelss four,  
Who still shed fast their foemen's gore.  
Right at the threshold to that room  
They stood and sealed their foemen's doom.  
There the bard and Harold sword in hand

Kept back at bay all Roger's band ;  
While Bracklinn and O'Conna stood  
Right between those champions good,  
And swiftly did their pistols load,  
And on their foes their shots bestowed.  
Again they charged, and shot again,  
'Till every wretch in Roger's train  
Down, down was shot like driven deer,  
Lay either dead or dying there.  
Then back to Roger's room they sped,  
And gathered round that miser's bed,  
'Midst the dense, sulphureous smoke  
That all throughout that cavern broke,  
A ghastly hue his visage wore—  
Perhaps as ever mortal bore.  
His eye balls glowed like coals of flame,  
And wild there glare through darkness  
came.  
And fired grim with rage and hate,  
He all undaunted braved his fate.

## XIX.

Across Lea's face of ashy hue.  
His reeking sword Hunyadi drew,  
"Now yield my mother's hoard," he said.  
"Or cleft shall be your cursed head."  
"Your threats base villain I defy,  
Think not that Roger fears to die,  
Nor deem one mite of all that hoard  
Shall ever be to you restored.  
Where it is no one knows save me,  
And told to you, 'twill never be.  
The secret where that treasure vast  
Amidst these vaults and cave is cast,  
Will never be to mortal known,

When life from Roger Lea has flown.  
Though you've out witted all my men,  
And murdered all within my den,  
You cannot frighten Roger Lea,  
More than a rock by roaring sea,  
Nor wring one secret out of me,  
I do not choose to tell you free  
The thing that you now seek to know,  
Though me 'twould save from death and  
    woe.

I'll never breathe to mortal man,  
So do the worst base wretch you can.  
You'll find unto the bitter end  
Whatever fate may 'gainst me send,  
Though I cannot myself defend,  
That Roger's soul you cannot bend—  
Nor do a deed nor speak a word,  
Not done of his own free accord.  
Think not I heed your reeking sword,  
Or fear your violence and fraud,  
Base villain, I have trusted you—  
As I have only trusted few,  
Placed more faith in you than any man  
I've ever met since life began,  
My arsenal within your charge  
I placed, yes, every thing at large  
That was within my cavern stored,  
That locked like pistol, gun or sword,  
Like powder, caps and shot and ball,  
Yes, in your hands I trusted all;  
And with blank cartridges, you knave,  
You've charged each weapon in my cave,  
And when my men their volleys poured,  
They all unharming at you roared.  
But think not you shall 'scape my wrath,

Nor pass from here all free of scath,  
For you shall die a death all grim,  
I'll have you broken limb by limb,  
Behold in yonder room the wheel,  
You soon shall all its terror feel!  
I've drawn a cord that rings a bell,  
That rests upon my highest fell,  
Its sound will fly o'er hill and dell,  
My need for aid to all will tell—  
For never is it heard to sound—  
Save when grim dangers me surround,  
And soon it to this cave will fetch,  
Men who your cursed form will stretch,  
Break, tear and crush on yonder wheel,  
Yea, on you grim revenge will deal.  
They'll pierce you through with burning  
steel,  
And all the agony you'll feel,  
That can by mortal flesh be felt,  
Or yet to any wretch was dealt,  
You soon will find that Roger Lea,  
Can never, never conquered be.”  
“Flatter not yourself,” the bard replied,  
“That any aid will seek your side,  
For I have climbed that lofty fell  
And torn the clapper from your bell,  
Away I brought its iron tongue,  
And it within a gurge I flung,  
'Twill never more by you be rung,  
Nor by that cord be ever swung,  
It with my knife I did divide,  
Its end unto a sapling tied,  
So you can pull that cord, old man,  
And please yourself as best you can  
But not a man by it will come,

As well seek answer from the dumb.  
When first at you I shook my sword,  
I saw you grasp and pull that cord,  
And I was really forced the while  
To turn from you my face and smile.  
And think how the sapling on the fell  
Was rocked and swung in place of bell.  
My plans 'gainst you are all complete,  
And you can bring them no defeat.  
First every gun in this abode—  
With blank cartridge I did load,  
Left nought in them could wound or maim,  
With every pistol did the same.  
Then in each cartridge box did look,  
The ball from every package took,  
And in its stead I powder placed,  
Taking good care, none looked defaced,  
Yea, tied up each so firm and neat,  
That none would e'er detect the cheat,  
And every shot and ball I threw  
Where they would never meet the view  
Of any of your cursed crew;  
Then blades from out their sheathes I drew,  
And swift a strong cement I made,  
It painted thick o'er every blade,  
Then in each sheath the paste I poured.  
Back placed each ataghan and sword,  
And there they rest glued so secure,  
From their sheathes none will draw them  
more,  
'Twas only in the time of need,  
You or your men found out the deed,  
Yes, it discovered all too late  
To any way avert your fate.  
All in vain 'gainst me they fought,

And have their own destruction wrought,  
And every scheme 'gainst you I've laid,  
You'll find I have all perfect made,  
Will all in triumph end to me—  
As this has done, you'll shortly see.  
Vast trains of powder I have laid,  
Ready with fuses all are made'  
Were I to them one spark bestow,  
I'd into air your cavern blow,  
Make it whirl midst fiery glow,  
And give you lasting overthrow,  
To me my mother's wealth restore,  
And I will never harm you more,  
Will let you roam from shore to shore,  
And steal alike from rich and poor."  
"No, not one mite from it I'll give.  
Though thousand years through it I'd live,  
Nor all the force on land and sea  
Can daunt the soul of Roger Lea,  
Smite on, do all the worst you can,  
For I defy all force of man.  
On me all violence you waste,  
And where I have that treasure placed—  
Save me no breathing mortal knows,  
And ne'er will I its place disclose,  
And when I'm dead then none will know,  
Or where I placed that treasure show."  
Thus spake old Lea and from his lair  
Gazed on his foe with dauntless air

## XX.

Then you shall die, Hunyadi said,  
And poised his sword o'er Roger's head  
But ere the gory weapon fell,  
There burst a wild, unearthly yell,

From old Matilda's throat it rung—  
As 'neath the sword her form she flung.  
Swift at the gory blade she sprung  
And screaming to the weapon clung.  
Dread was her mien and wild her look,  
All o'er like aspen leaf she shook,  
Down hung at length her thin, gray hair,  
O'er features grim with dread despair,  
O'er wrinkled visage pale and thin,  
O'er toothless mouth' and long, sharp chin,  
O'er furrow'd forehead broad and high,  
And heavy brows that shaggy lie,  
O'er sable eyes that flame beneath,  
Like daggers darting from their sheath.  
Which with a wild, unearthly glare,  
Fix'd on Hunyadi rigid stare.  
Her form was broad, erect and tall,  
And massive bone and sinew all,  
And all so lank and lean and gaunt,  
She looked like hunger grim and want.  
But vigor lay within her frame,  
Which only few of men could claim.  
Close bending to Hunyadi's ear  
So what she said Lea could not hear,  
Strike not, she said, Deal not a blow,  
And where that wealth is placed I'll show,  
That is, if you will truly swear,  
No more with us will interfere,  
Leave us alone in every thing,  
Nor aught of harm against us bring."  
Then swift replied he in her ear,  
"I promise it," Hunyadi said,  
In whispers none but she might hear,  
"For this I pledge my life, my head,  
Soon as my treasure you restore,

I'll ne'er molest or harm you more."  
"Then come with me," she whispered low,  
"And you shall all about it know."  
And with her boney hand still laid  
Upon Hunyadi's gory blade,  
Leaving the others by Lea's bed,  
Hunyadi from the room she led.  
Trode through an entry dense with gloom,  
Until they reached a spacious room,  
Where flared a smoking taper dim,  
And where upon the wall all grim  
A human skeleton was hung,  
Whose ghastly bony fingers clung,  
Around the hilt of dagger sheen,  
Which glowing through the room was seen,  
She strode that skeleton before—  
And thus commenced to speak once more,  
But while to speak she thus began,  
With tears her sable eyes o'er ran.

## XXI.

"In yon grim skeleton you see  
All's left of one once dear to me.  
Although 'twas he my ruin wrought,  
And me unto this cavern brought,  
Yet still his fleshless bones I love  
Far, far all earthly things above.  
He brother was to Roger Lea,  
And husband unto me was he,  
He lived 'till he had hoary grown,  
And much of shining wealth did own;  
Nor known was there o'er land or sea—  
A richer man than Orla Lea.  
With Hugh De Vaux it chanced one day  
Through forests vast he took his way,

Unto a lonely place they drew,  
And Hugh De Vaux my Orla slew,  
On earth his precious life blood poured,  
And robbed him of an ample hoard;  
Nor had I known how Orla died,  
Had not Ulrick the deed espied;  
Who did to me the story tell.  
Then limned the scene on canvas well,  
A huge painting of the scene he drew,  
And hung it up to public view,  
It now at Mosman's grange you'll see,  
At least so Roger told to me,  
For years the murderer was sought,  
But never unto justice brought,  
To distant lands the villain fled.  
A fearful life of crime he led,  
Dreadful as ever mortal knew,  
And died amongst a ship-wrecked crew.  
But late I learned from Johnson's tongue,  
You were the only one among  
That crew where Hugh De Vaux had died,  
Was living on the raft espied,  
And more I learned, that it was you,  
That ruthless Omar's life blood drew,  
Him I abhorred with mortal dread,  
And I am happy, he is dead.  
When Orla fell, this cave I'd fled,  
And sought some distant bield or shed,  
Where in to shield my aged form,  
From summer's heat and winter's storm,  
But I was watched both day and night,  
And ne'er from here could take my flight.  
At length unto my fate, my mind  
Grew all tranquil and resigned,  
I mistress of this cave became,

And here I reign supreme, my name  
Is well revered by every man  
That ever joined old Roger's clan.  
Yes, me, they every one revere  
With reverential awe sincere,  
To me his share of spoil they bring,  
I watch and guard o'er every thing.  
And vast, yes, countless is the hoard  
I have within this cavern stored.  
In counting it I spend my time,  
And deaden thus remorse for crime,  
But never Roger ever knew,  
The secret I from Orla drew,  
How of her wealth he did defraud  
An orphan that became his ward,  
Nor that Orla to me disclosed  
Where that poor orphan's hoard reposed,  
For had he known that I knew this,  
Me he had murdered straight, I wis,  
And had with me the secret hid—  
For ever 'neath the coffin lid.

## XXII.

Just yon grim skeleton behind  
A little secret vault you'll find,  
Within it rest the bonds and deeds,  
And they are all that mortal needs  
To show where Mary Jolliffe's hoard  
Is all in lands and houses stored.  
Yes, every mite he stole from her,  
He did to Orla Léa transfer,  
And in a city huge and great,  
Was bought a vast and grand estate.  
But search the papers, they will tell  
What of your mother's wealth befell."

## XXIII.

Where that grim skeleton was hung  
With tempest's speed Hunyadi sprung,  
Upon the floor the bones he flung,  
A door of stone he open swung,  
Whose rusty hinges screamed and roar'd  
And far and loud their grateings poured,  
And swift from out the vault he drew,  
All papers there that he could view,  
And straight he read with lightning speed  
All o'er each mortgage, bond and deed.  
Though much with time and damp defaced,  
They showed where mighty wealth was  
placed,

And in the name of Orla Lea  
Was placed all treasure he could see,  
To Orla every thing belonged  
Of which his mother had been wronged.  
A treasure vast, a mighty hoard,  
Placed in dominions fair and broad.  
While did the deeds Hunyadi scan,  
Matilda with a sigh began.  
"Were all your mother's wealth on earth  
Appraised at double its full worth.  
Her houses, lands and every thing—  
She own'd, they would not the treasure bring  
To-day, if in the markets sold,  
As would these deeds you now behold,  
So Roger you will see knew best,  
How all her treasure to invest.  
No mite of it from you he's ta'en,  
But only placed it to your gain,  
No mite of interest he has spent,  
But to increase the whole it went,  
Nor was it ever Lea's intent

To wholly rob your mother, he meant  
To have it all restored some day,  
When he from earth had past away,  
And here I have a will he's made,  
Where in it's back to her conveyed."  
She ceased and to a vault she flew,  
From thence a roll of parchment drew,  
And it right swiftly she unroll'd,  
Smooth'd out each wrinkle, crease and fold,  
From off it shook the dust and sand,  
And thrust it in Hunyadi's hand;  
It to the light Hunyadi drew,  
And o'er it cast his eager view,  
'Twas written o'er from end to end,  
In writing bold as e'er was penn'd.  
The language was that foreign tongue—  
Lea spake when with the fever wrung.  
To Mary Jolliffe it restored,  
With interest all her stolen hoard,  
And unto it was added thrice  
Its full amount at highest price,  
After it all to her conveyed,  
Or in favor of her heirs was made,  
The will went on to tell the cause,  
Why the guardian robb'd his ward,  
"Let those who fancy 'twas through fraud  
I have deprived her of her hoard,  
Just for one moment list'ning pause,  
And hear a word or two from him—  
Who may seem to have acted grim—  
Unto his little orphan ward  
Whose welfare he had sworn to guard,  
I care not if the world condemn  
My acts, and for them me contemn,  
Or if men with pity look on me,

And from all censure set me free.  
Their vengeance, pity or their hate,  
I prize alike at equal rate,  
Nor are they heeded more by me—  
Than granite cares for stormy sea,  
Nor for the drowning ship-wrecked wretch  
The roaring waves beside it fetch.  
When that orphan my ward became,  
I loved her with a holy flame,  
Though many years had o'er me fled,  
And time had grizzly made my head,  
And she a little infant then,  
Of scarcely more than summers ten,  
My spirit grew to love her more  
Than I had mortal loved before,  
I loved the ground on which she trod,  
I loved her more than self or God,  
I loved her more than fame or hoard,  
The very air she breathed adored.  
She was a bright and lovely child  
As ever yet on nature smiled,  
Where Beauty all her gifts had piled,  
Yet holy, meek and calm and mild,  
Her spirit pure as seraph's love,  
Glorious as the saints above.  
Oh, God, to think of her pure soul,  
And mine so bow'd 'neath sin's control!  
By her I seem'd a devil grim  
Placed near a holy Cherubim.  
I cursed my fate and Maker too,  
For letting me such pureness view.  
The time would come, full well I saw—  
Her wealth would round her wooers draw,  
And some one would her woe and wed,  
And me these thoughts to vengeance led.

Straight I commenced to plot and plan—  
So that might never mortal man—  
The maid and also treasure own,  
While mongst the living I was known,  
No mortal man should both enjoy,  
I would such happiness destroy,  
Fate had upon me treasure cast,  
And unto me had poured it fast.  
And glowing on the cliffs of Fame  
For learning had rear'd high my name.  
Of these I had such boundless store,  
No mortal heart could wish for more,  
They came to me unasked, unsought,  
And I held all those gifts as nought,  
For fate forgot one gift to give  
For which I only cared to live,  
A boon I prized all else above,  
An object worthy of my love,  
For this I sought, but could not find,  
Though long I searched 'mongst woman-  
kind,  
Until my rosy ward I saw,  
Who fill'd my soul with love and awe;  
But her I never could hope to wed,  
As well mate the living with the dead.  
Yes, all too young and fair was she,  
To love a hoary man like me;  
Grim, ruthless Fate had 'tween as placed  
An all unmeasurable waste.  
It seem'd fate placed her by my side—  
To twit me with the bliss denied.  
Perhaps, when a few years had flown—  
And she to womanhood had grown,  
Had I but waited there and tried,  
I might have made my ward my bride.

I could have made her wed with me,  
Had I seen fit it so to be,  
For guardians do as they please,  
And wards are theirs to pet or tease.  
But just suppose I had her wed,  
Oh, what a joyless life she'd led!  
Mated with one she could not love,  
Though she was prized all else above!  
No, though depraved and vile I am—  
A life so sweet I could not damn.  
Nor could I ever wedded be  
With one I loved, who loved not me.  
So from her presence straight I fled,  
Making all fancy I was dead,  
For I intended never more  
To tread again her native shore,  
Nor view the form I did adore,  
All, all the wealth I took from her,  
And did to Orla Lea transfer,  
When I on earth have breathed my last  
Shall be return'd with interest vast.  
Perhaps, when I am born again,  
My soul o'er other flesh shall reign,  
We'll meet once more, equal years maintain,  
And me to love she'll not disdain,  
Perhaps again on earth we'll move,  
And then each other's partner prove.

## XXIV.

Much more, written in this odd strain,  
Those sheets of parchment did contain,  
But here to read Hunyadi paused,  
For one wild pang of pity caused  
A strange emotion in his soul,  
And straight his tears began to roll,

A moment's space that pity glow'd  
And throughout all his spirit flow'd,  
But in a moment it had fled,  
And hatred in its place had sped,  
It came, it went like lightning's flash,  
Which only brings the thunder's crash,  
And makes the cloud's torn, tawny form  
Still darker grow midst roaring storm.  
The tears he from his eye lids threw,  
Wiped from his cheeks their briny dew,  
Swiftly did he the parchment fold.  
It to a little parcel roll'd,  
And it securely placed to rest  
Within the pocket of his vest,  
And from that place to Roger's bed,  
Burning with rage and hate he sped.

## XXV.

Far milder mood old Roger wore  
Than he had one hour before,  
No more his aged form and soul,  
Were swayed 'neath rage and hate's control,  
For Harold with vast draughts of wine—  
Had roused his joy that lay supine.  
A smile o'er all his visage broke,  
As thus of life and death he spoke.  
“Preachers tell us, that when man dies,  
His soul takes immediate rise  
To happy bowers in the skies,  
And basks before its Maker's eyes;  
That is if it ne'er did a sin,  
And strove God's paradise to win,  
But oh, if it has wicked been  
And loved iniquity obscene,  
He then shall go 'till endless time—

Amongst the fiends of sin and crime—  
Where everlasting fires burn,  
And devils shall it broil and turn,  
Yes, fry and roast and flog and spurn  
That spirit through a seething urn,  
While fiends shall dance and mock its cries !  
I wish that I could stop such lies.  
Now where is this heaven and this hell?  
Can any preacher come and tell?  
If either place they can me show,  
I would with them most gladly go,  
If but for an hour or so,  
And view each place of bliss or woe.  
They tell us heaven is above,  
A place of bliss and joy and love,  
Where souls do nought but shout or sing  
Their praises to all Nature's King.  
Now if we could only take a rise,  
And journey through the spacious skies,  
We nothing there would view, I ween,  
But mighty worlds with air between,  
Worlds similar to this we tread,  
I think would be around us spread,  
And there we'd also beings find—  
Perhaps much like us human kind,  
But of far higher, nobler mind,  
For far mightier works designed.  
Beings that would deem it disgrace  
To kinship claim with Adam's race,  
Who think all things in nature grown—  
Are for their use and theirs alone.  
No, preachers do a mortal sin,  
To teach such gospel flimsy, thin,  
They should their congregations teach—  
When of heaven or hell they preach,

That heaven is around them here,  
Not in some far off starry sphere,  
Teach, this is the place of bliss and love,  
That heaven is round them, not above,  
And if for burning hell we scan  
Throughout creation's boundless plan,  
Where shall we find this blazing clime  
Doom to consume the souls of crime?  
They tell, this world of ceaseless glow—  
Where spirits groan with endless woe,  
Is deep beneath, in realms below,  
But where they don't exactly show,  
We must take their word for the deed,  
And without proof believe their creed,  
Their tale I'd soon believe, as reed—  
Could carry me as well as steed,  
And to such stuff I pay no heed  
More than unto some worthless weed.  
Which under foot in haste I tread,  
When on important business sped.  
They tell, the soul that lives in man,  
Whose being did Jehovah plan,  
And as Himself immortal made,  
Which never can decay invade,  
Is to die a lingering death—  
Midst flames of sulphureous breath.  
Why man's spirit itself is flame,  
And from deathless fire it came,  
How shall fire, fire destroy?  
How can fire, fire annoy?  
Such tales of heaven and of hell  
Preachers may to idiots tell,  
Who may such foolish stuff believe,  
And as fixed truth the whole receive,  
But this earth is man's hell or heaven,

Is true as six and one are seven.  
Worthless yeast makes worthless leaven,  
And bakes into bread that's sour—  
Dough made from the best of flour.  
This earth we a hell or heaven make—  
As we good and ill choose or forsake.  
It may to me a heaven bloom,  
While to my friend it seems a tomb—  
Where every joy is buried deep,  
And he is left to groan and weep,  
To mourn with spirit crushed and sore  
O'er joys that shall return no more.  
God places man upon this earth  
With spirit of immortal birth,  
And this soul is man's only worth.  
It sways the form with stubborn will,  
Makes it do either good or ill.  
Some men are born with feeble soul,  
That can't its mortal form control,  
And it is Fate and Nature's fault—  
If on the path of good it halt,  
And turns aside to follow ill,  
That is, if done against its will,  
And those feel really more of hell—  
Than flames can give however fell.  
Remorse for deeds of evil done,  
And paths we've trod we should have shun,  
On which we still keep our course,  
As led by some terrific force,  
Is greater hell to any soul  
Than flames however fierce they roll.  
As we conceive the wrong from right—  
We create sorrow or delight.  
The idiot's frail, shattered mind—  
To every sense of reason blind,

Completely to his fate resigned,  
No evil in his deeds may find.  
He knows no more than beasts we goad,  
To move off a miry road,  
So they can draw the loaded wain  
O'er path they'll have no need to strain,  
And life of sin may seem to him  
A heaven all complete and trim,  
While others that around him dwell  
May deem his life a perfect hell.  
Heaven and hell are lost and won  
As good or ill we greet or shun,  
And depends how is form'd the mind—  
Which most to good or ill resigned.  
Some men amongst the race we find  
Whose intellects surpass their kind,  
Who mountain-like stand up sublime—  
Through all the ceaseless change of time—  
For majesty of deed and thought:  
Spirits that seem far nobler wrought,  
And all with greater glory fraught—  
Than most on earth the Godhead brought.  
Who seem by works they've left mankind,  
God inspired their soul and mind.  
These deathless souls to forms of earth  
Ages before had given birth,  
To men had given breath and life,  
And fill'd them all with vigor rife,  
But ne'er warm'd forms of other plan  
Than that of woman or of man,  
For their spirits are all the same,  
Though different be their mortal frame,  
All sparks of an immortal flame,  
Which from the boundless Godhead came.  
Every thing in Nature's bower

Teems with recreative power,  
Man and beast and grass and flower,  
Trees that o'er the broad earth tower,  
Are endowed and teeming rife  
With germs of generative life,  
But only after its own kind  
This power is to each assigned,  
Souls that have beasts with being warmed,  
Ne'er life to man or woman formed,  
Souls that have been to dogs bestowed,  
Ne'er in elephants or lions glowed.  
For nothing can its being change  
That's in Creation's boundless range,  
Every thing that breathes, when it dies  
Shall again in its own nature rise,  
All things that die, again shall live,  
Its life, life once more to matter give,  
Ne'er of this power will it be free—  
'Till all save God shall cease to be.  
My soul when I cease my being here  
May wander to some other sphere,  
And mingle with the spirits there—  
Who forms and natures like us wear,  
But beings of far greater thought,  
And with sublimer feelings fraught,  
In one of them I may be born,  
Their nobler form this soul adorn,  
And there a thousand years or more  
I'll mingle with those beings pure,  
This while my soul from them has caught  
Purer feelings and sublimer thought,  
And in all things more perfect grown  
Than while it here on earth was known.  
And while my being thus is fraught  
With those grand spirits' glowing thought,

In all their ways most perfect taught,  
As if of their grand being wrought,  
Through time the form that I have there  
Will die just as this will die here,  
And I my sphere again must change,  
And back once more on earth may range,  
Prometheus-like I come to earth  
Bringing flame of heavenly birth;  
Soon life unto some germ I give,  
And in an embryo I live,  
Am born again in mortal man,  
And thus is life once more began.  
Soon I am reared to manhood's prime,  
And give to men my thoughts sublime,  
And stand a land mark through all time—  
On wisdom's page in every clime.  
Thus to earth, methinks those spirits came  
Who seem all wrought of heavenly flame,  
Who for wisdom have placed their name—  
Eternal on the cliffs of fame;  
Who mountain-like stand up sublime  
For learning through all changing time,  
Who sun-like do illume the earth  
With thoughts to which they've given birth.  
Triumphant on the car of time,  
For useful thought they stand sublime;  
And loud upon the world's broad tongue  
Their names shall evermore be rung,  
Like sound that doth no ending know  
Above a torrent's ceaseless flow.  
In times of war as well as peace,  
Men oft diminish or increase,  
A war may last a single day,  
A million men die in the fray,  
Yet, ere a fleeting year shall go,

The census of that land may show  
A million extra males were born,  
A million extra babes adorn  
The birth roll of that teeming shore,  
Than known in any year before,  
These are the souls of those men slain,  
Reborn in mortal flesh again.  
Or every one of them find birth  
In other quarters of the earth,  
With men increase that land thus more  
Than it had ever known before ;  
The nation where those men were slain,  
Those numbers ne'er may know again.  
The census of the world to-day,  
If it we carefully survey,  
No greater mass of men can show.  
Than shown two thousand years ago ;  
If in some land they have increased,  
At once their growth in others ceased,  
And smaller down their numbers drew,  
As they elsewhere still vaster grew.  
There's Spain, some centuries ago,  
She eighty millions souls could show ;  
How small to-day her throng compared—  
'Gainst that she in past ages reared ;  
So over all the world's vast face  
Changes are ever taking place ;  
And spirits change from clime to clime.  
And are reborn throughout all time ;  
They may increase on this world here,  
And diminish on some other's sphere,  
Or they may decrease on this earth a while,  
And to some other planet file.

## XXVI.

Here ceased old Lea, for to his bed  
With savage look Hunyadi sped,  
And fiercely o'er that hoary head  
He shook his sword all gory red.  
And he had stretched old Roger dead,  
Had not Harold to his rescue fled,  
Who 'tween them thrust his giant strength,  
And parted them his arms full length.  
"Stay, stay Hunyadi, stay," he said,  
"Oh, cleave not thou so hoar a head !  
If left alone he'll soon be dead,  
So there's no need his gore to shed ;  
He's sinking fast 'neath death's control,  
May God have mercy on his soul,  
An hour back I saw a change  
Steal o'er his features grim and strange,  
And it has every moment grown.  
More death-like aspect o'er them thrown,  
Look on his ghastly corpse-like brow,  
Behold the man is dying now."  
"Let him dare strike," Lea calmly said,  
"He can do nought but smite me dead,  
For nearly five and ninety years  
I've journeyed through earth's vale of tears,  
But ne'er to sorrow would I bow,  
And ne'er have wished for death 'till now;  
This sore and grievous wound of mine,  
Which finds no ease from leach nor wine,  
Now pains me to such wild degree,  
I wish death would straight set me free.  
Cursed be the wretch who did the deed,  
May endless torture be his meed.  
If in spirit world I meet his soul,  
I will deal on him endless dole,

Yes, he shall feel my vengeful arm,  
If spirit can a spirit harm."

## XXVII.

He ceased, for fast upon the floor  
From off the bed there stream'd some gore,  
Fast on the floor the crimson ran,  
And weaker grew the hoary man.  
From off Lea's form Guy Harold drew  
The sheets, and placed the wound to view.  
An artery there had burst, and blood  
Had from it gushed in ample flood,  
From out the wound the tide stream'd fast,  
And soon the lair with gore o'er cast.  
He strove to stop the fatal drain,  
But all his skill and toil were vain,  
Out, out it gushed anew, anew,  
And Lea each moment weaker grew,  
"Let it bleed on," Lea calmly cried,  
"I love to see its crimson tide,  
Nor be to me this joy denied,  
So take your hands from off my side!  
Hunyadi think not even now  
I quail before your angry brow,  
I do not dread your gory brand—  
More than I fear an infant's hand,  
If were pointed at me every sword—  
That is within earth's kingdoms broad,  
They would not daunt old Roger Lea,  
More than the rock fears raging sea,  
But come and listen calm to me,  
Ere I of you and pain am free.  
The wealth you so much crave to own—  
Will shortly in your grasp be thrown,  
Some thirty years ago and more,

A letter I to Ulrick bore,  
I seal'd it sure and made him swear—  
That he would not it open tear,  
Nor read what I had written there,  
'Till I was dead and on my bier.  
But soon as this was to him proved,  
That seal should then by him be moved,  
And he should read that letter through,  
Perform what there in asked to do.  
That letter gives to him the clue—  
What place to find a will I made,  
Where to your mother's wealth conveyed.  
So when I've ceased my vital breath,  
Am silenced on the lap of death,  
Then straight to him the news convey,  
From him learn all I have to say,  
If much your mother's wealth you crave."  
"Ulrick is dead and in his grave."  
"When died the man?" "Three days ago."  
"By heaven, is it really so?  
He was the only man I'd trust.  
The only one I deem'd was just,  
And upright in his soul and mind,  
That I o'er all this world could find—  
Amongst the sons of Adam vast.  
And since he from this life has past,  
Earth is of honor now bereft,  
I'd trust not one that's living left,  
Though on religion's highest perch;  
But go and mongst his papers search,  
And you will there my letter find,  
Which will make plain all to your mind,  
'Twill tell you on what spot of ground  
The will I made is to be found.  
And through that will you'll shortly know

O' all my wordly bliss and woe,  
Down from the cradle to the grave."  
"Is not that will within this cave?  
Now if you have it hidden here,  
Why not tell me the secret where?  
I can't for Ulrick's papers go,  
Where they are placed, I do not know.  
Why not this will unto me show—  
If you are more my friend than foe?"  
"Hunyadi, I was once your friend,  
But 'twas you who did that friendship end,  
And you hence forth I wish to know,  
That Roger is your deadly foe,  
If I could rise from off this lair,  
I'd make you all my wrongs repair.  
If e'er in spirit land we meet,  
A deadly foeman you shall greet,  
Whose hate for you shall not decay,  
When million years have past away.  
Where is the will you'll never know  
'Till hoary Ulrick's papers show.  
When dies my form, to dust is turn'd,  
And by the winds or nature spurn'd.  
Perhaps I may return to earth,  
And cause another mortal's birth,  
But should you e'er that mortal meet,  
In him a foeman you will greet;  
I curse you with my latest breath,  
And I will curse you after death."

## XXVIII.

While thus old Roger fiercely spoke,  
Smiles o'er Hunyadi's visage broke,  
The parchment from his breast he drew,  
And wide its folds he open threw,

Then held it close to Roger's view.  
That pageant well old Roger knew.  
A while all silent and aghast  
His glaring sight he on it cast.  
"This is the will then I suppose,  
And will to me all, all disclose."  
To this old Lea no answer made.  
But o'er his brow his hand he raised,  
As though his glaring eyes to shade  
From flickering lights that round him  
    blazed,  
And one all piercing gaze he threw  
On Matilda who there met his view,  
And while on her his eye balls glow'd,  
With light they ne'er before had show'd—  
Through all his earthly bliss or woe,  
Twice to himself he muttered low,  
Betrayed, Betrayed. He said no more,  
An ashy hue his features wore,  
Far whiter than his hoary head,  
And aged Roger Lea was dead.  
Then, one wild shriek Matilda gave,  
Which echoed through that rocky cave.  
On Roger's corpse her form she threw,  
And round his neck her arms she drew.  
Raised up his head from off its lair,  
Smoothed back his thin, long hoary hair  
From off that forehead pale as snow,  
Which did death's whitest shadows show,  
And with voice weakened with her woe,  
His name she muttered sad and low,  
Upon his breast she dropped her head,  
And fast her streaming tears she shed,  
While she lay weeping o'er the dead,  
In search of hoard the others sped.

For it through all that cave they sought,  
And from its vaults vast treasure brought.  
Bright stones of every hue e'er seen,  
The scarlet, red, the purple, green,  
And precious gems of dazzling sheen,  
As ever decked the brow of queen.  
Broad massive urns of silver bright,  
That flashed around their glowing light,  
Carved with devices strange and old;  
Huge, heavy sacks of shining gold,  
And solid bars of gleaming ore,  
Made up old Roger's mighty store.  
And all that treasure vast and grand  
That Lea had won on sea and land,  
Had gain'd through craft and toil and fraud,  
And in his gloomy cave secured—  
Through sixty weary years and more,  
Those men from out that cavern bore,  
And unto Castle Flame that day  
They brought their glowing spoil away.

## XXIX.

'Twas midnight ere those sturdy four  
Had from the cave ta'en all that store,  
Ere over wastes of ice and frost  
They had with all their treasure cross'd.  
Cold was the night, and high the blast,  
Though not a cloud the sky o'er cast,  
And from the zenith o'er the snow  
The moon poured down her silver glow.  
Bright o'er glittering frost wreathed trees,  
Which to and fro waved to the breeze,  
O'er granite rocks that darkling gleam,  
O'er frosty floods and frozen stream,  
And broad ice covered o'er lagoon,

... cloudless beauty shone the moon.  
As for the last time those four men  
With treasure left the gloomy den,  
Which Lea, Bower of Bliss did name,  
And with them old Matilda came.  
Close by Hunyadi's side she strode  
Who helped her o'er the icy road ;  
Grief seem'd her spirit to o'er load,  
And sorrow all her being goad.  
At times a sob, or stifled groan,  
By her was on the night winds thrown,  
But forth her aged form was led,  
Till far they'd from the cavern sped,  
Till they had gain'd a mountain's head—  
That looked down o'er that cavern dread.  
And here they rested for a space,  
While to the cave was turn'd each face.  
Though where they paused that cave to view  
'Twas bleak, and keen the night winds blew  
Those men felt not the tempest's sting,  
They thought but of one coming thing.  
One only thought each bosom knew,  
All else unnoticed past them flew,  
And while they here the cavern eyed,  
It's Christmas eve Hunyadi cried.  
This is the night that brings the morn,  
On which the Saviour child was born.  
He who woe, death and hell has braved,  
That we poor sinners might be saved,  
Who for us want and sorrow bore,  
And felt all nature's anguish sore,  
Who on earth through misery trod,  
Who bore His cross o'er thorny sod,  
O'er burning sands, and broken clod,  
With feet unsaddled and unshod,

And felt for us the scourging rod,  
Though sole begotten child of God.  
Who felt each anguish, want and woe,  
That mortal flesh could ever know;  
Who died and filled the gloomy grave,  
So he might us poor sinners save.  
Who for us wore the crown of thorn,  
And braved the nation's hate and scorn.  
Oh, hail, hail to the blessed morn—  
On which was Christ the Saviour born!  
Oh, may that morn be ever blest,  
By every soul in mortal breast!  
By every soul that ere on earth,  
Shall unto mortal man give birth!  
Hail, Christ my Saviour, King and Lord,  
Forever be Thy name adored!  
Oh, teach my soul while here I live—  
My endless praises Thee to give!  
Nor let it while it warms this mold,  
In love or faith for Thee grow cold.  
Teach it to sing Thy praise and worth,  
In tones to charm the sons of earth.  
Send inspiration from above,  
And teach me how to sing Thy love.  
So all lost spirits I shall bring—  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,  
Yes, make them turn for aye to Thee,  
And be of sin and darkness free.  
Hail Saviour, ere shall blush the morn,  
We greet as day that Thou wert born.  
I'll make these hills of ice and snow,  
Shake to their very base below,  
And will yon den of sin and woe  
To azure air in fragments blow.  
Long ere the beams of morning glow,

I will the gloomy den o'erthrow,  
Within it now the fuses burn  
That shall to utter ruin turn  
Yon den of crime.

## XXX.

He said no more,  
For vast their startled gaze before  
There flashed a broad stupendous glare,  
Which did o'er hill and valley flare.  
Tall, taller shot the flames in air  
As though all hell was rising there,  
And came with it such deafening roar,  
Seem'd nature it to atoms tore ;  
And earth and trees and rocks apace—  
Were lifted into azure space,  
And where in air that cavern rose,  
Grim, horrid sights did it disclose.  
And as it rose from off its lair,  
In dread commotion shook the air,  
And all those hills beneath the shock  
Seem'd to and fro to reel and rock  
Like waters when by tempest stirred,  
Echo was after echo heard.  
Seemed mountain unto valley call'd,  
And valley unto mountain brawl'd,  
As if that moment disenthral'd  
From silence that had them appall'd,  
And held them 'neath its potent spell,  
As silent as the buried dwell.  
Died out the broad and ruddy flame,  
And dark all objects swift became,  
The trees and rocks that rose in air—  
Did black as tempest clouds appear,  
As back they rushed in swift career,

And on the earth found solid lair,  
Some flew afar o'er hill and dell,  
And with terrific tumult fell,  
Some on the frozen streams around  
Came crashing down with thunder sound,  
And as they fell with sudden blow  
On lakes of ice and frozen snow,  
All dazzling 'neath the moon's bright glow  
Their gleaming forms the splinters show,  
As in bright clouds through moonlit air  
They fly from off their frosty lair,  
And far and wide through space repair,  
Then gleaming fall in swift career.

## XXXI.

Thus, thus to air, from off the world—  
Roger's Bower of Bliss was hurl'd,  
Thus midst infernal flame and roar,  
It pass'd from use forever more.  
When rosy morning dawn'd, his men  
Who dwelt afar o'er hill and glen,  
Where stood the cave came crowding round,  
But nought save broken rocks they found,  
Huge trees uprooted from the ground,  
And all in utter ruin crowned,  
A waste of devastation vast,  
At which they silent stared aghast,  
With parted lips and glaring eyes,  
Bewildered with their fix'd surprise.

## XXXII.

While flames from that explosion flow'd,  
Terrific from the cavern glow'd,  
All, round a moment's space they show'd,  
To all a ruddy hue bestow'd,  
And well revealed a moment's space,

Unto his friends Hunyadi's face,  
Glad smiles o'er it they well could trace,  
While he gazed on that flaming place,  
That blazing flew o'er nature wide.  
Oh, what a joyous roar, he cried—  
To herald in the blessed morn  
On which was Christ the Saviour born!  
As in mid air was hurl'd the cave,  
A piercing shriek Matilda gave.  
And sorrow shook her aged form,  
As shakes the leaf in mountain storm,  
Down sank she on the frozen snow  
Upon her breast her head dropped low,  
As driven there by sudden blow,  
And muttered faint, "Ah, where will go  
This homeless wretch of want and woe?  
Will none to me some mercy show?"  
Around her fierce the night winds blew,  
On them her hoary tresses flew,  
Her face a wretched aspect wore,  
As ever fiend or mortal bore.  
And ne'er methinks did nature show—  
So grim a monument of woe,  
Such wrinkled face and haggard brow,  
Was never seen 'till then, I trow.

## XXXIII.

Time sped on, a full month had flown,  
Since in the air the cave was blown.  
And a warm, cosy, cheerful bield,  
Did from the blasts Matilda shield,  
For while lying midst wind and snow  
Her abject misery and woe—  
Upon Hunyadi's feeling wrought,  
His soul for her with pity fraught,

Her form within his arms he caught,  
And here the wretched woman brought.  
Although a being all forlorn,  
And meet for mortal's hate and scorn,  
Of every human virtue shorn,  
Whose soul did every vice adorn,  
He left her not midst tempests' breath,  
For frost and blasts to freeze to death,  
But let this warm and cosy bield  
Her aged form from tempests shield.  
And well, right well it chanced for him,  
He saved that woman hoar and grim.  
For in that month through her alone  
His claim to boundless wealth was shown,  
And all his mother's stolen hoard  
Was in that month to him restored;  
To fertile lands of surface broad—  
He swift was proved the rightful lord.

## XXXIV.

'Twas rosy morn, the winds were still,  
Bright shone the sun o'er vale and hill,  
And white o'er hill and dell below—  
Was stretched earth's robe of fleecy snow;  
Right merrily the church bells rung,  
And o'er the hills their music flung,  
O'er distant vales their sound was borne—  
To hail Guy Harold's bridal morn.  
And to a church all stately piled,  
Both young and old in columns filed,  
And at the foremost column's head  
With beaming brow the preacher led,  
Then next with souls with joy aflame  
Ianthé and Hunyadi came,  
Her bright blue eyes with rapture gleam'd,

And her fair face like seraph's beam'd,  
Next Harold trod, and at his side  
He led his blushing, promised bride.  
The rosy face of Alice wore  
The happiness her spirit bore,  
Her eyes aglow, her cheeks abloom,  
Did all of Beauty's charms assume.  
Next Bracklinn and O'Conna came,  
Each led along a blushing dame.  
They reached the church, and up the aisle  
Did that gay throng in order file,  
And soon around the altar kneel'd,  
While organs holy music peal'd,  
Stood at the altar side by side  
Guy Harold and his willing bride.  
Their prayers were said, their vows were  
made,  
The preacher's blessing on them'laid,  
When some one 'midst the rabble cried,  
Who's here to give away the bride?  
Why's not Mosman at his daughter's side?  
That task, Hunyadi said, is mine,  
George Mosman did it me assign.  
In distant lands he's forced to stay  
Could not be here at all to-day—  
This joyous wedding to survey;  
So I must give the bride away.  
The bride was given, the wedding done,  
And Harold's married life begun.  
When thus to the reverend man  
Hunyadi with a smile began,  
Two more loving pair we have here,  
Who would the bonds of marriage wear.  
Now I will call their names aloud,  
Arundel Bracklinn, Mary Cloud,

James O'Conna, Eve Ethelred.

Let them come forth and now be wed.

They at the altar took their stand,

The preacher join'd them hand in hand.

Their prayers were made, their vows were  
said,

And each gay, happy pair was wed.

Then loud its tones the organ wakes,

And while the holy music breaks,

The church to its foundation shakes,

Away his bride each bridegroom takes.

And high above the organ's sound,

Which all sublimely floats around,

Comes hoarse, and wild, and deep, and loud

The blessing from the joyous crowd—

Upon each happy couple there,

As they from out the church repair.

May endless be their joy and weal,

Void of all griefs poor mortals feel.

And fate no woes to them reveal,

But show for them eternal zeal.

Oft such is heard amongst the throng

As by the crowd they pass along,

And homeward joyous wend their way—

With brides that bloom like rosy May.

Then from the church the crowd pours fast,

And as they go the eye is cast,

On robes of every hue and shade

That was ere yet by dyer made,

There float robes of satin, velvet, silk,

Some hue of blood and some of milk,

Some are green, violet and blue,

Yes, every shade e'er dyer knew.

From that church, from that crowd the last,

Hunyadi and Ianthe past.

Fair is the maid as any child,  
That ever yet on nature smiled,  
Or did yon glowing sun survey,  
Yet, fairer waxes day by day.

## XXXV.

Time sped on, and down in that dell,  
O'er which looked that grim, lofty fell,  
Upon whose brow old Roger's bell—  
Was often rung at night to tell,  
A band of ruffian thieves 'twas time  
To arm for deeds of blood and crime.  
Whose brazen jaws and iron tongue—  
Has oft at solemn midnight rung,  
And over hill and valley flung,  
The sounds for which fierce robbers sprung  
From slumber off their dismal lair,  
And arm'd did to the cave repair.  
Only to receive orders there  
For robbery and murder drear,  
Which had been plann'd by Roger Lea,  
Or who e'er in his place left he,  
When in far realms he chanced to be,  
Or after plunder sail'd the sea.  
Down through that dell a torrent flows,  
And o'er that flood a building rose,  
Which right across the waters spann'd,  
And this was for a sawmill plann'd.  
Deep down amidst the waters sheen  
A huge revolving wheel was seen,  
Both day and night it ceaseless turn'd  
Around by rushing waters spurn'd,  
And as around the wheel was spun,  
Through mighty logs the saw it run :  
Groves of hemlock, oak, cedar, pine,

Which did that winding valley line,  
All tall and straight and comely wood,  
Beneath which once fierce robbers stood,  
Whom no laws of God or men e'er awed—  
Were into useful lumber sawed.  
And out of it were buildings framed—  
Which the names of factories claimed,  
Huge edifices broad and long,  
Grand buildings, stately high and strong.  
In which did men and children throng,  
And o'er their labor sang their song,  
Yea, at their useful labor wrought  
With happy soul and teeming thought,  
And these were owned by those four men  
Who had destroyed old Roger's den,  
Who had been friends and partners true  
Midst scenes of danger not a few,  
Men whom had fate together thrown,  
Had wrecked and on a headland blown,  
Who had as friends and partners toil'd  
Midst dangers that around them broil'd,  
From which most men with fear recoil'd  
Who ruffians' ruthless schemes had foil'd.  
Together dwelt those sturdy hearts—  
As partners in the useful arts,  
And all the shining hoard they won  
As they'd the ruffians' schemes undone,  
Which had in caves lain dead and waste,  
They in a useful channel placed,  
Let it no longer lay as void,  
But through its aid they men employed;  
Yes, soon they brought unto that glen—  
Vast droves of children, women, men,  
Who earn'd through toil their daily bread,  
And useful lives in safety led.

And that self same huge brazen bell—  
Of Roger's on the lofty fell,  
Still there remain'd upon that height,  
And daily morning, noon and night—  
Except on Sabbath days was rung,  
And far o'er hills its music flung,  
And through the valleys poured its sound—  
To tell the thrifty toilers round  
Who wrought in shops or on the soil—  
'Twas time to rest or start their toil.  
And never from that vale, I ween—  
Was Bracklinn and O'Conna seen,  
Daily amongst their works they moved,  
True friends to all their toilers proved,  
By every toiler 'neath their sway,  
Right well and truly loved were they;  
With all they toil'd and lived in peace,  
And daily did their hoards increase.  
A jolly, happy life they led,  
And well their mortal men they fed;  
The fish, flesh, wine and healthy food,  
Which aye supplied their hungry mood,  
They to no other men denied,  
But saw that all were well supplied.  
For all who for them ever wrought—  
From them full pay that labor brought.  
True kindness to all mankind  
Forever swayed their heart and mind,  
A frankness through their deeds they bore,  
Like the kind, candid looks they wore.  
Time flew on in its rapid flight,  
And sons and daughters blessed their sight,  
Soon, soon they saw within that glen—  
Their likenesses in maids and men.  
Many of these to each appeared,

And were to useful mortals reared.  
From Harold and fair Alice too,  
Sprung sons and daughters not a few ;  
And soon the offspring of these men  
Found useful call within that glen,  
And they 'mongst one another found,  
Wives and husbands as time roll'd round  
And those four mortals lived to see  
Their children's children climb their knee,  
Saw them of every sorrow free  
Beneath the May-pole dance with glee,  
And lightly skip o'er rock and sod.  
These, these in time those mountain's trod.  
And search'd for wealth in shape of ore  
That in vast mines those mountains bore.  
Iron, zinc, copper, tin and lead,  
Were largely through those mountains  
spread,  
And coal in pure and ample veins,  
Lay thick o'er all those broad domains.  
There sturdy labor swift they brought,  
And for these hidden treasures sought,  
And soon they made each hill and glen,  
Hum with its hives of busy men :  
Factories, Furnaces and Mills  
Soon sent their smoke along the hills.  
Labor was plenty, yet toil for all,  
What e'er their trade, what e'er their call,  
And every soul seem'd full of glee—  
O'er realms once ruled by Roger Lea.

## XXXVI.

Five fleeting, joyous years had fled—  
Since Harold and were Alice wed,  
And time within these years had shed

Bright beauty o'er Ianthe's head.  
Has rear'd her to as fair a maid—  
As ever mortal eye surveyed,  
As ever trod upon this earth,  
Or 'mongst the human race had birth.  
Her fair round arms were white as snow,  
Or cloud on which the moonbeams glow,  
When full and grand she sheds her light,  
And turns them all to spotless white.  
And like the far off ocean's mist,  
When by the morning's sunbeams kiss'd,  
And turn'd to gold and amber glow,  
And gently waves as breeze's blow,  
So o'er her shoulders white as snow—  
Did her long golden tresses flow;  
And hung o'er forehead grand and fair,  
As e'er was fann'd by morning air;  
Waved o'er as fair and noble brow  
As ever nature saw 'till now;  
Around a swan-like neck it flow'd,  
Where hues of whitest foam were show'd.  
And waved around a ruddy cheek—  
That did her perfect health bespeak;  
The lily white and crimson rose  
Did there their mingled hues disclose,  
While ruby lips displayed beneath  
Her perfect rows of pearly teeth,  
And in her pure, clear, sparkling eyes  
Was seen the azure of the skies;  
And through them look'd as pure a soul  
As ever wept o'er human dole,  
One all as gentle, good and kind  
As e'er to mortal flesh assigned.  
As ever God to nature gave,  
Or Christ the Saviour died to save.

That soared along the noblest walks,  
Where ever knowledge sings or talks  
Where ever holiness was known,  
Or only noble thoughts were grown.  
And never yet did limner paint  
The face of angel or of saint,  
That half so beautiful e'er seem'd  
As the all sweet Ianthe's beam'd.  
And never human life blood warm'd  
Mortal that was more perfect form'd.  
She was erect and strong and tall,  
Agile, active and graceful all,  
And her deep, wide, fair, heaving breast,  
The ruddy health it own'd confessed,  
And ne'er a foot more firm and light—  
Has trod the earth by day or night.

## XXXVII.

'Twas rosy morn, the sky was fair,  
For lurked no clouds in azure air,  
The summer sun's effulgent form  
Had made the gentle breezes warm,  
And calm and bright fair nature lay—  
Beneath his all enlivening ray ;  
And mongst her flowers moist with dew,  
That blushed to morning's glowing hue,  
And from their variegated bloom  
Fill'd all the air with sweet perfume,  
To breezes waved their bloomy spray,  
Young, fair Ianthe bent her way.  
And to a bower wreathed with vines,  
Beside which towered stately pines,  
Along a dewy, glowing sod—  
The beautiful Ianthe trod.  
Early she had risen that morn,

For had the news to her been borne,  
That one she loved with deathless flame,  
And who adored her just the same,  
Loved with love that knew no decay,  
Was to return to her that day,  
One long, tedious year had past—  
Since she on him had looked her last.  
Since with that one her soul did crave,  
The parting kiss she took and gave.  
That one Hunyadi was, 'twas he  
Whom on that day she hoped to see.  
'Twas just a year that very morn,  
Since he had from her sight been torn,  
To distant lands he'd ta'en his way,  
To realms that o'er the ocean lay,  
But letters did to her convey  
The news he would return that day,  
This news her soul with rapture fraught,  
Fill'd all her mind with happy thought,  
Towards that bower in haste she drew,  
For by that place full well she knew  
Must come the idol of her soul,  
He who did all her thoughts control,  
For it stood by the only road,  
Or path that led to her abode.  
In the bower she took her stand,  
A book of songs was in her hand,  
Sweet songs that had Hunyadi wrought,  
All teeming full of glowing thought,  
Songs that were sung all o'er the earth,  
Where ever human kind had birth,  
Where e'er the race or creed is known,  
Who love a song of stirring tone.  
That poet's songs in every clime—  
Had won a praise and fame sublime ;

And shall be sung each stirring rhyme—  
Through all the changing grooves of time.  
That book Ianthe open threw,  
At it cast a lingering view,  
While thus aloud with sprightly tone  
Her voice was on the breezes blown.

## XXXVIII.

“ I’ll think of thee at early morn  
Ere yet the sun shall rise,  
When his beams the world adorn,  
The stars chase from the skies,  
I’ll think of thee at glowing noon,  
When earth is bright and gay,  
Think of thee when the glowing moon  
At midnight sheds her ray,  
I’ll think of thee at day’s decline,  
When stars begin to rise,  
And as I gaze upon their shine,  
I’ll think upon thine eyes;  
I’ll think of thee at dead of night,  
When rain is on the roof,  
When tempests rage with all their might,  
And morn is far aloof.  
I’ll think of thee ’midst song and mirth,  
When pleasures revel free,  
And all the fairest forms of earth  
Would charm my heart from thee.  
I’ll think of thee when all alone  
On either land or sea,  
And when to the eternal throne  
In prayer I bend the knee.  
My thoughts to thee shall ever rise,  
Where e’er on earth I stray,

Let dark or starry be my skies,  
I'll think of thee all way."

## XXXIX.

Here ceased her song, for on the sod  
A footstep close beside her trod,  
And on her ear distinct and clear  
A voice was heard she loved to hear,  
Yes, I will think of thee, it cried,  
When have all other feelings died;  
When unto dust my form shall turn—  
With love for thee my soul shall burn.  
That love shall all my soul pervade,  
Nor through eternity shall fade.  
The maiden turn'd that voice to greet—  
It came from him she longed to meet,  
And on her love abashed and coy,  
Blushed like the rosy queen of joy,  
As round her all transcendent charms  
With joyous heart he threw his arms.

## XL.

Why lengthen out a closing song  
That is already spun too long?  
By telling all their tender words,  
That there were heard by list'ning birds,  
Which sat the while 'mongst bloomy spray  
And sang at times their sprightly lay,  
As though they there rejoiced above  
The soft and tender tones of love—  
Which from that bright and happy pair—  
Came oft upon the balmy air.  
Of wooing, here 'tis vain to tell,  
For mortals know the task too well,  
It's all the same however done,  
So that the maiden's heart is won,

Her lover's love to her is true,  
And ne'er will cause her love to rue.  
Is true to her while pleasures glow,  
And through all peril, pain and woe.  
Of wooing there are many styles—  
As many as there are of isles,  
Each kind some maiden's heart beguiles,  
Through it upon some lover smiles,  
The savage, or the brutal clown—  
Who often knocks his sweet-heart down,  
In her will find as fond a bride,  
As ever graced knight-errant's side.  
The felon, or the out-law grim,  
Who never breathed a prayer nor hymn,  
Who woos with only curse and threat,  
The maid on whom his heart is set,  
Will win a bride whose spirit glows—  
As anxious of his weal or woes—  
As ever yet beneath the sun—  
The noblest song or poet won.  
But the wooing of this happy pair—  
Was soft and sweet as balmy air,  
Which from off its flowery lair—  
Doth unto fevered brows repair,  
While earth is bright with noon-day's ray,  
And sweet Æolian organs play.  
And ere a fleeting month had flown—  
Hymen had another wedding known,  
A bride stood by Hunyadi's side,  
And fair Ianthé was that bride.

\* \* \*

PREFACE.

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In the following Poems, which are all based on Historical Subjects, the Author speaks not in his own person, but in the persons of Ancient Minstrels, who know only what an Athenian, Spartan, Carthaginian, or an old British Saxon, born in those rude ages, may be supposed to have known, and who were not above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation.

To these imaginary bards, blood-thirsty hatred for their enemies must be attributed. They delighted (as we may suppose,) to mingle in the clash of arms and the work of slaughter. For they were not men of song only, but heroes of matchless physical courage. Like Æschylus, Alfred the Great, Ossian, Regner Lodbrog and Harold Hardrada; all of whom were the first poets of their day, as well as being the most formidable warriors of their age, who amidst the lull of battles sang their songs at the feast, or over the tombs of their friends and foes. Who sang their songs while marching to confront their enemy, and shouted them amidst the din of battle. Often upon the prowess of their single arm hung the fate of an army. When the contending hosts were rolled together in the shock of battle and the air grew black with the clouds of dust and sand, raised from the earth by the rushing infantry and the tramp of charging cavalry; bright through the gloom, where raged the hottest fray, would beam forth the helmet of a bard, like a sunbeam through a cloud. Amidst the onslaught his sword would drip with the gore of foes the reddest. His spear, flashing through the conflict as lightning through a cyclone, would pierce the deepest through plates of steel and breasts of men. His ponderous axe rise the fastest and descend the most terrific, cleaving at every blow morion or buckler in twain; while his own he held over some fallen friend firm as a roof of rock, shielding him from the hissing shafts and the flying missiles of battle.

Not only amidst the shock of contending armies are these bards supposed to delight, nor take on themselves as their sole cause of existence, to be always instilling into the spirit of their age and nation sentiments of the highest bravery and contempt

of death. They breathed into the races a reverence for their gods. Taught them that all human glory came direct from some Supreme Being, and was unstable without divine support. Nor does history show us a real bard that was an atheist, wherever existed any knowledge of a God. They delighted in the sublimity of nature. They were the most prominent characters in times of peace. Their advice was eagerly sought and strictly adhered to by their kings and potentates. Through them the arts came to life, grew up and flourished. Through them the art of bringing together different races of mankind under one ruler and keeping them in harmony and prosperity was taught, instead of discord and faction. Though in times of war they breathed through the ranks a ferocious spirit, in peace it was the reverse. Through them was war declared and through them was peace regained. Through them pure love, esteem and reverence for woman was breathed into the spirits of the races of men. Through them she was made the pride and glory of the youthful warrior, the glowing star that guided him to renown, the sunlight of the soul of both young and old. For her cities were sacked and given to flame and slaughter. For her weal no danger was considered too great! no deed too desperate! She was the iris that glorified the troubled spirit of man. Like the rainbow that spreads its arch across the world and divinely beams over the rage of the storm below.

Palmyra, New-Jersey, 1857.

## THE BATTLE OF MARATHON,

A lay sung at Athens, about time Xerxes  
invaded Greece.

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## I.

Artaphernes and proud Datis  
Came spreading terror round ;  
O'er all the bright Ægean isles,  
Unto their furthest bound,  
Fast flock'd their conquering files,  
Razed cities to the ground.  
And to Eubœa's rocky coast,  
They led their vast array,  
By them Eretria's towers  
A heap of ashes lay.  
Like swarms of locusts o'er the lands,  
The wasting hordes pour'd on ;  
O'er Attica's plains they march'd,  
And camp'd at Marathon.

## II.

Wide o'er the dusky plains that night  
Their countless tents were spread,  
And far around the solid earth  
Was rocked beneath their tread.  
And loud upon the midnight air  
Their savage pæans rang,  
As around their glowing fires.  
The crowded thousands sang.

## III.

By Pentelicus' height that night  
All our army lay,  
And in silence kept their watch,  
Until the East grew gray.  
Then each Grecian bosom burn'd  
Impatient for the fray ;  
Oft they grasped the steel as they watch'd  
For beams of coming day.

## IV.

Proud and majestic as a god,  
Upsoar'd the Eastern beam,  
And robed with glorious light  
Mountain, plain and stream.  
'Twas then with secret dole we saw  
The foemen's mighty host ;  
For miles around it hid the ground,  
And throng'd the ocean's coast.  
Far along the trembling fields,  
As human eye could scan,  
In bright and terrible array,  
Was stretched their mighty van.  
And to the glowing beam of morn,  
So bright their armor shone,  
It seem'd a flood of fire waved o'er  
The plains of Marathon.  
And o'er that blazing field of steel,  
Ten thousand banners stream'd ;  
Aloft in air like sheets of gold,  
The haughty ensigns gleam'd.

## V.

In the midst on a lofty mound,  
Within their shining car,  
Datis and Artaphernes sat,

Viewing the ranks afar.  
Two score thousand hardy spear-men  
Were marshall'd on their right,  
On their left two score thousand men  
With bills and axes bright.  
And in their glittering rear  
Ten thousand horsemen rode,  
And foremost of that great array,  
The countless archers strode.  
And with them came Hippias,  
Proud Athens' King of yore,  
Cased in steel the exiled tyrant strode  
Right haughtily before.  
To make a feast for Grecian birds,  
He led on his haughty train,  
And of that mighty Persian host,  
But few went home again.

## VI.

Meanwhile the brave Athenians  
Their sturdy power show'd,  
With sword and spear and helm and shield  
Each serried phalanx glow'd.  
A thousand brave Plateans came  
And joined the gallant band;  
Bringing with them a stern resolve,  
To die or keep their land.  
Old Greece, I ween, has seldom seen,  
So brave a band of men,  
As there array'd to meet their foes,  
In all but thousands ten.  
Bold and intrepid warriors,  
Each gloried in the strife,  
Where he could rush to guard his land,  
And for her yield his life.

## VII.

There shone all arm'd from head to heel  
Aristides the Just ;  
Well skilled was he in stubborn fray,  
To give the deadly thrust.  
A matchless chief was he as e'er  
In battle harness stood,  
Famed throughout the isles of Greece for  
Deed of peerless hardihood.  
And by his side that chief of pride  
Themistocles was seen,  
Than his of all the Grecian band,  
There was no sword more keen.  
And there to war, the old and hardy  
Callimachus strode,  
His beard white as Olympus' snows  
O'er his broad breast-plate flow'd.  
With stately pace and smiling face  
He came to his last field ;  
Upon his gigantic shoulders  
Bright shone a five fold shield.  
And o'er his glittering helmet  
High waved a sable plume ;  
In his right hand he held the brand,  
That oft had filled a tomb.  
He left his name enroll'd with fame  
And deeds of solid worth,  
So bards of coming times might  
With his prowess charm the earth.  
And by him shone Gynægeirus,  
Euphorion's war-like son,  
Who oft for Greece in times of strife  
Had deeds of valor done.  
With them came Ameinias,  
The daring and the strong ;

And with them stately Æschylus,  
The bard of martial song.  
There tower-like Stasileus,  
All clad in armor strode,  
But high above them all the helm  
Of Miltiades glowed.  
As the god of war when to strife,  
He guides his own dark wing,  
So dazzling glowed, so fiercely strode,  
Proud Chersonesus' King.  
But, oh, what muse could name them all  
The heroes of that time,  
Or tell all the deeds of prowess  
They wrought for their own clime.  
These and all our bravest  
Were in the van arrayed,  
And with their ample bucklers  
A wall of steel they made.

## VIII.

With banners spread and measured tread,  
Fast towards the foe we drew ;  
Loud was the clang of sword and targe,  
And loud the warhorns blew.  
But when the base Hippias was seen  
Before the Persian van,  
A cry of "down with base Hippias,"  
Through all the army ran.  
And then right straight a deadly hate,  
Fired the Grecian throng,  
And forth upon their foes they rush'd  
Like mountain torrent strong.

## IX.

Still as a mighty forest,  
When not a zephyr blows,

So still the Persian army stood,  
To meet their rushing foes.  
But when we met them, from the host  
A mighty shout arose :  
And fast the hissing arrows came  
From forty thousand bows.  
Right fast, and thick they flew in clouds,  
And darken'd o'er the field ;  
Still shower on shower they came,  
And rung on helm and shield ;  
But through the storm we rush'd  
And back the bowmen bore,  
And many a gallant archer,  
Writhed in dust and gore.  
And East and West they fled like sheep,  
When howling wolves pursue ;  
And to his ranks of bristling spears  
The base Hippias flew.

## x.

"Now on, my gallant men," he cried,  
"Rush on them with the spear,  
Charge on those haughty Greeks with me  
And they shall fly like deer."  
Forth rushed the spearmen in a mass,  
With mutters fierce and dread ;  
Ensigns wildly o'er them waved—  
Earth shook beneath their tread.  
But like the whirlwind on their van  
The warlike Grecians dash'd ;  
And as the furious armies met,  
Bossy shields by thousands crash'd.  
And swords and spears to splinters went,  
As that fierce battle grew,  
And all along the dreadful van,

Like sparks in air they flew.  
So together at murky midnight,  
Upon the stormy deep,  
By contending tempests driven,  
Two mighty billows leap.  
As they meet high to heaven,  
Is dash'd the sparkling foam,  
And all the wraiths of ocean shriek,  
Above their warring home.  
So the angry armies met,  
And blow and deadly thrust,  
And shriek and groan, and battle cry,  
Roar'd midst the clouds of dust.

## XI.

While to and fro the battle rock'd  
And piled the field with slain;  
Through the thick fight to Hippias,  
Stasileus rush'd amain.  
"Now die," he said, "thou cursed wretch,  
Thou traitor to thy land,"  
With that right through Hippias heart  
He drove his gory brand.  
One moment stood Hippias,  
And whirled his blade in air,  
And down through Stasileus' neck  
It went in full career,  
Fast from each hero's ghastly wound  
The blood gushed warm and red,  
And like blasted mountain pines  
Those chieftains fell down dead.

## XII.

Then Callimachus with a shout  
Straight 'midst the Persians went;  
And like reeds before the tempest

The foes to earth he sent.  
Ay, many a stately Persian  
By his good broad-sword bled ;  
And o'er the slain Stasileus,  
He threw a pile of dead.  
But thicker still the foeman  
Encompass'd him around ;  
His shield they pierced, his helm they cleft,  
And roll'd it on the ground.  
And towards him flew a storm of darts  
That gave him many a wound,  
Then forward on his shield he bent,  
And bled at every vein ;  
And dead, but on his feet he stood,  
Supported by the slain.  
Unclosed in death his eyes still glow'd  
Like coals of living fire ;  
He grasped in his hand his broken brand,  
All smear'd with gore and mire.  
About his ample shoulders  
The wind toss'd his hoary hair,  
Like some tall snow-capp'd rock he stood  
Among that carnage drear.

## XIII.

Meanwhile, most of the Grecian army  
In two strong wings had form'd,  
And on both of the Persian flanks  
With utmost force had storm'd.  
But while we thundered on their flanks,  
And dyed the fields with gore,  
Backward fast our centre line  
The Persian vanguard bore.  
As a strong and stately ship  
With all her masts and sails,

Whose shining prow cuts boldly on  
Through billows and through gales,  
Though oft her huge and groaning sides,  
The foaming surges hide,  
Yet headlong she dashes on  
Amidst the boiling tide,  
So the Persian army came  
Driving through our van ;  
And fast across the dismal moor  
The blood in torrents ran.

## XIV.

Then just at that dreadful hour  
There came a mighty sound,  
As if ten thousands trumpets blew ;  
And tempests rose around.  
O'er the Grecian van descended  
A cloud all streaked with flame ;  
And as it neared the gory ground,  
From it two figures came.  
Two figures as of men, who strode  
To Aristides' side ;  
Round the body of the foremost  
Was wrapped a lion's hide,  
And a strong and mighty club  
He shook in his right hand ;  
Gloomy as night the other looked,  
And bore a shield and brand.  
And louder than the roar of war  
Their voices rose on high.  
" Forward, ye Greeks, upon your foes,  
And conquer them or die."  
Then out spoke brave Aristides,  
" Say, who ye strangers be ?  
For ye are gods, not mortal men,  
That all too well we see."

## XV.

“Mortals call me Hercules, I freed  
The world of monsters fell;  
And by Eurystheus’ order  
Tore Cerberus from hell.  
From high Olympus mount just now,  
I view’d the unequal fray;  
And for my own dear native land  
I come to fight to-day.”

## XVI.

“And I am he called Theseus,  
Proud Athens’ king of old;  
I slew the dread Minotaur,  
And the Phœa fierce and bold.  
And took fair Hippodamia  
From the strong Centaur’s hand;  
And now I come with Hercules,  
To fight for my own land.”

## XVII.

So answered those two mighty gods  
And rushed upon the foes;  
And from all the Grecian army  
A shout of joy arose.  
And as rolling flood of fire  
By tempests bore along;  
So on the mighty Persian mass  
Rush’d on the Grecian throng.  
And ’midst the thickest carnage,  
With Theseus by his side,  
Was seen that god that bore the club  
And wore the lion’s hide.  
And fast the Persian footmen  
In mud and gore were thrown;  
And loud o’er all the field was heard

Their shriek and dying groan.  
And one fiery charge we made,  
And from the seas of gore,  
We bore the foes both horse and man,  
Three furlong's length and more.

## XVIII.

And just then ten thousand horsemen  
Rushed from the Persian left ;  
The plain beneath them groaned and shook,  
As though by earthquakes cleft.  
Darker than night the clouds of dust  
From earth to sky arose ;  
So o'er the Arabian land  
Comes the black storm of dust and sand,  
When the fell whirlwind blows.  
Then shouted Cimon's god-like son,  
" Now haste, my spearmen, form,  
Be ready every Grecian spear,  
To meet yon roaring storm."

## XIX.

At once two thousand spears were set,  
Two thousand men crouched low ;  
And on them like the mighty shock,  
Of ocean plunging on a rock,  
Dash'd on the foaming foe.  
To earth the foremost ranks were sent,  
Down went both horse and man ;  
And form'd a ghastly pile of dead,  
Along the Grecian van.  
Onward fast their followers came,  
Staggering o'er their dead,  
But ere they reached the Grecian spears,  
Like a flock of startled hares,  
They turn'd and wildly fled.

And the footmen and the horsemen,  
And all the Persian might,  
Before us towards the ocean fled, ,  
In one wild stream of flight.  
They flew like the foam of ocean  
Before the howling gale ;  
And on their rear the arrows rain'd  
Thicker than winter hail.  
By thousands unto the ocean  
And towards the reedy fen,  
In wild confusion fast they fled  
To 'scape the Grecian men.

## XX.

Then by thy sword brave Æschylus.  
The Persian blood did flow ;  
And by thee, Ameinias,  
Slain was many a foe.  
And thy good blade Aristides  
With foemen's gore was dyed ;  
And on went proud Themistocles  
And slaughtered by thy side.  
And before his conquering host  
The son of Cimon shone ;  
But like two consuming fires  
Those two strong gods flew on.  
And fast fierce Gynægeirus rushed  
O'er ghastly piles of dead,  
And many a head and helmet  
Was mashed beneath his tread

## XXI.

Datis and Artaphernes  
In their car before him sped,  
And safe within their stately ship  
Those haughty Persians fled.

Then headlong plunged the steel-clad Greek  
Within the swelling tide,  
And fast unto the vessel swam,  
And mounted up its side.  
As he neared the deck his right hand  
From off his' wrist was cleft ;  
Ponderous fell the axe again,  
And sever'd off his left.  
But still unto the vessel's side,  
The Greek hung by his teeth ;  
'Till fell the axe once more and sent him  
Within the flood beneath.

## XXII.

Then terrific grew the slaughter,  
Along the dismal shore,  
And the heaving waves of ocean  
Were red with human gore.  
Many ships we set on fire,  
All crowded full with foes,  
And as the wind bore them from land,  
The wail of death arose.

## XXIII.

And seven ships we took, all fill'd  
With marble and with gold,  
And many works of Persian art,  
Right glorious to behold.  
Then shouted Cimon's daring son,  
" Ho ! call the gods to see ;  
Those gods, who with us fought to-day  
To keep this nation free."  
With haste we looked o'er all the fen,  
And searched along the shore ;  
But by all the Grecian army  
Those gods were seen no more.

Which way, or when those gods had gone  
No Grecian tongue could tell ;  
But some one said a cloud had been ;  
(A cloud all dreadful to be seen,  
Fill'd with horrid sounds, and robed with  
flame,  
Like that in which those heroes came ;)   
Beside Macaria's well.  
And swifter than a flash of light,  
With thunders dread, it took its flight  
Towards high Olympus' fell.

## XXIV.

Then rose from all the Grecian host,  
A shout that rent the sky,  
And out spake brave Aristides,  
" Now all ye Grecians hie,  
And thank those gods who fought to-day,  
And made your foemen fly.  
And unto those eternal gods  
Let's build a stately tower ;  
And may they evermore be near,  
To aid us with their power.  
And unto fair Nemesis  
We'll build an ample dome ;  
And may she still redress our wrongs,  
Through all years that o'er us roam."

## XXV.

Fast o'er all the Grecian lands  
The news of triumph spread ;  
And to hail their conquering youths  
The maids from Athens sped.  
And hoary men, and matrons old,  
Pour'd fast from out the towers ;  
And before the conquering host,

The road was strew'd with flowers.  
And loud the songs of triumph rung  
Through Athens all that night,  
In honor of those valiant Greeks  
Who broke the Persian might.  
Who trod the Mede in gore and mud,  
And broke the Lydian spear;  
And made the plains with foeman's blood  
Look like a gory mere.

## XXVI.

So terrific was the battle,  
That memorable day;  
So thick within the swamps of blood  
The slaughter'd foemen lay;  
So thick along the dismal shore,  
And in the ghastly fen,  
Were strew'd in mire and in gore  
The limbs of Persian men;  
That now at night, when storms arise  
And sweep o'er Marathon,  
The peasant swears the noise he hears  
Of armies rushing on,  
In eager madness to engage,  
And spread their carnage round;  
And well he hears the crash of spears,  
And swords on helms resound.  
He hears the rally charge and rout,  
He hears the warhorn's tone,  
He hears the slayers' haughty shout,  
And hears the dying groan;  
Mid Cimmerian gloom they sound,  
But when the East grows gray,  
Then from the field gigantic forms  
Arise and glide away.

## XXVII.

And now again the Persian hordes  
To Greece are marching on ;  
So rise ye sons of Greece once more,  
And give them what they got of yore,  
At crashing Marathon.  
Yea, rise, arise, ye sons of Greece,  
Arise ye one and all ;  
Take sword in hand and guard your land ;  
To war, the trumpets call.  
Come gather fast, ye gallant Greeks,  
Think of your old renown ;  
Haste and form the glittering van,  
And tread proud Xerxes down.  
For now within old Greece there are  
Ten thousand men and more ;  
Who for her right till death will fight  
And wade through swamps of gore.  
And never shall one inch of Greece  
By victor foes be trod ;  
Till every Greek lies cold in death,  
And blood has drenched the sod :  
And long as strong Alpheus sends  
His waters to the sea,  
And long as bless'd Olympus stands,  
All Greece shall still be free.

## THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

A lay sung forty-five years after that battle, at a feast held in the tower erected in memory of Leonidas at Sparta.

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## I.

Xerxes, Persia's haughty king,  
One lovely morning swore,  
That Darius' mighty name  
Should suffer shame no more ;  
Marathon's glorious battle  
Rushed before his sight ;  
He thought how Cimon's son had put  
The Persian hosts to flight.  
He would avenge proud Sardi's fall  
And dye all Greece with gore ;  
And bring her 'neath great Persia's rule,  
By Mithra's beams he swore.  
At night he said beside his bed  
A stately warrior stood ;  
With armor smear'd o'er with gore,  
In hand a broad-sword good.  
" Go forth, go forth, my son," he said,  
" And never think of peace,  
Till thou hast bowed beneath thy yoke  
The haughty isles of Greece."  
So he spake, and then swift bent down  
And kissed the monarch's face ;  
And with a dreadful clang of steel  
The gory phantom fled apace.

## II.

So forth his heralds fast he sent  
To tower, to town, and glen,  
To sound the stormy note of war,  
And call up all his men.  
Round Ecbatana's towers  
The warlike thousands throng'd ;  
And Xerxes was o'erjoyed to see  
Such hosts to him belong'd.

## III.

Abrocomas, Ariomardus,  
Darius' warlike sons ;  
A hundred thousand warriors led,  
From where Choaspes runs.  
From where Laodicea's towers  
Look o'er the reedy fen ;  
Arzanes and Bardine the bold,  
Led forth ten thousand men.  
To win a kingdom in old Greece  
They joined proud Xerxes' ranks ;  
And left their countless flocks to roam  
On sweet Mœander's banks.  
Fair Thasis and Choas, the loves  
Of all proud Antioch's maids,  
To join the rugged sons of war  
Left Daphne's laurel shades.

## IV.

From Bactriana's sunny fields  
The thousands came amain,  
And rocky Paropamisus  
Pour'd forth his hardy train.  
And from Cossea's fertile realm  
Came mighty hordes of slaves ;  
And many were the savage bands

That poured from Taurus' caves ;  
And Hyrcania's mighty realm  
Sent forth her warlike clan ;  
And the fishers left their nets to dry  
Upon the shores of Van.  
Fast from Scythia's distant lands  
The hosts came pouring in ;  
They came from Zagrus' snow-clad hills,  
And from far Moschin.  
And from Niphates' hoary crags,  
Where wolves at midnight howl,  
And from Arbages' winding banks,  
Where bears and tigers prowl.  
And from Chalybonitis  
The land of figs and wine ;  
From Faz, where Anacondas hiss,  
As horrid coils they twine.  
They came from Phacusa's towers,  
And from Persicum's fen,  
And all the lands 'neath Persian rule  
Sent up their hordes of men.

## V.

His footmen were one million  
Eight hundred thousand men ;  
His horsemen were eighty thousand  
Eleven score and ten ;  
His ships of war three thousand  
Eight hundred and two score ;  
And these by his high command  
A million warriors bore.

## VI.

With his host were throngs of women,  
And mighty herds of kine ;  
Flocks of sheep, and laden asses,

And roaring droves of swine.  
And with them came the stately camel,  
That groan'd beneath its load ;  
And the dread monster beasts that shook  
The strong earth as they strode.  
The beasts that have between their tusks  
The serpent for an arm,  
That rush upon the serried hosts  
Spreading slaughter and alarm.

## VII.

And for this mighty multitude,  
To gain the Tracian shore ;  
He bridged the foaming Hellespont  
With trees and vessels o'er.  
Seven long days and nights it took  
His beasts and mighty host,  
Though they were flogged and scourged  
along,  
To gain the Tracian coast.

## VIII.

To them proud Doriscus yielded,  
With all her warlike race ;  
Halmydessus threw wide her gates,  
And all the towns of Thrace.  
Like a deluge o'er the lands they pour'd  
Nor spared they shrub nor tree,  
Nor house, nor tower, from Hebrus  
To the bounds of Thessaly.

## IX.

Meanwhile, throughout the isles of Greece,  
The news of war had spread ;  
The sons of Athens and Sparta,  
Were armed from heel to head.

And Thespia and Plataea  
To aid them their warriors sent;  
Vainly to them the Persian heralds  
For earth and water went.

## X.

Far as Laconia's rocky coast,  
Coreyra sent her fleet;  
Argos refused to lend her aid,  
So did the isle of Crete.  
And many a warlike city  
Basely did its aid refuse;  
And idly stood with all his host  
Gelon of Syracuse.

## XI.

All the wisest men of Athens  
Then met in high debate;  
To choose a leader for their host,  
And ruler for their state.  
And loud throughout the crowded halls  
"Epiccydes" they cried.  
Epiccydes! Epiccydes!  
The ample roofs replied.

## XII.

Then out spake brave Themistocles,  
"Give ear to what I say,  
We must choose a chief, whom the state  
And army can obey.  
Not a man like Epiccydes,  
Who can be bought or sold;  
But a chief indeed, an able chief,  
And proof 'gainst Persian gold.  
Any sailor can guide a ship,  
When the air is calm and warm;

But it takes an able captain  
To steer her through the storm.  
So in times of great peril, a state  
Must have an able chief;  
Unless she soon will sink, o'erwhelm'd  
In ruin and in grief.  
So before you choose a leader,  
Right well your wisest scan;  
But take ye not Epicydes,  
Nor any reckless man.

## XIII.

"First call home all the banish'd lords,  
With them, Aristides;  
And if ye find no abler man,  
Then choose Themistocles.  
Athenians, we must put aside  
All rancor, and all hate;  
And like brothers toil together,  
And prop the sinking state.  
Make me your leader, and I pledge,  
My lands, my life, my head,  
Each Persian ship that faces us,  
Shall sink to ocean's bed.  
Let's give to Eurybiades the fleet,  
The army follow at my will;  
And all the realms around shall know,  
Greece is her mistress still."

## XIV.

"Good is thy counsel, Themistocles,"  
So all the wise men spake,  
And all the people straight came forth,  
To him their leader make.

## XV.

While thus within the crowded halls  
Was clamor and wild din,  
All pale with rage and haste and fear  
A scout came rushing in ;  
" To arms," he cried, " to arms, ye Greeks,  
Make ready with all haste,  
For Xerxes' hordes are marching on,  
Laying the country waste."

## XVI.

Then out spake brave Leonidas,  
Sparta's glorious king,  
" Themistocles, to Eubœa  
Haste all thy forces bring.  
And with thy ships keep off the foe,  
And chase them through the sea ;  
I with three hundred Spartans  
Will guard Thermopylæ.

## XVII.

" Though 'gainst each thousand of the foe  
We send a little band,  
Yet it is all that we can give,  
To guard our native land.  
For if all Greece's children  
Were gather'd in one host ;  
They would not equal half the foes,  
Now upon our coast.  
But how can Greeks die better,  
Than for the land that gave them birth.  
To save the altars of their land,  
Their wives and all their cherish'd band,  
That cluster round each hearth.

## XVIII.

“ Now be this our firm resolve,  
Where e'er our blood be shed ;  
Where e'er we fall, let it be  
On piles of Persian dead.  
So when to Pluto's dismal realm,  
Each Grecian soul shall go,  
Each shall drive before his path  
A crowd of shades below.”

## XIX.

So spake our glorious king,  
And braced his armor on ;  
And soon with him all cased in steel,  
Three hundred warriors shone.  
All Lacedæmon's bravest sons,  
Had gathered in that throng ;  
There Dieneces, Eurytus glow'd  
And Agron bold and strong.  
And there upon his haughty steed,  
That pawed the dusty field,  
The brave Aristodemus sat,  
Behind his ample shield.  
But far before that proud array  
The king of Sparta rode ;  
And by his side Menestheus,  
A sable steed bestrode.

## XX.

By the eternal gods, it was  
A glorious sight to see ;  
That glittering warlike band,  
Riding towards Thermopylæ.  
The plumes waved right gayly o'er,  
Their helmets of gold and steel ;  
The horses neigh'd, the trumpets bray'd,

With many a deafening peal.  
And many a haughty banner  
Was o'er their heads unfurl'd ;  
And loud the clang of armor rang,  
And on their chargers hurl'd—  
Swift as the thunderbolts great Jove  
Sends flying o'er the world.  
As like a blast they onward pass'd,  
By hamlet, tower and town,  
Young lads and maids came forth and  
cheer'd,  
And men with age bent down.

## XXI.

But paused not Lacedæmon's king,  
Nor paused his warriors true,  
Until right at Thermopylæ,  
Their chargers' reins they drew.  
Then straight they vaulted down with haste,  
And drank from Chytri's rill ;  
Chytri, that chrystal stream that flows,  
From Æta's holy hill.  
Æta, from whence in days of yore,  
Great Jove in wrath had hurl'd,  
His furious thunderbolts,  
And rocked the solid world.  
And taught affrighted sons of earth  
His dreadful rage to know ;  
And Pluto trembled on his throne  
In his drear realms below.

## XXII.

Now while the sons of Sparta  
Stood in the narrow way,  
Marching along the coast they saw  
Proud Persia's vast array.

And nearer still, and nearer,  
Unto the pass they drew ;  
And fiercer still, and fiercer,  
Their dreadful clamors grew,  
Two thousand trumpets sounded loud  
Just as that great array ;  
With serried shields and livelled spears  
Halted at the narrow way.

## XXIII.

Forth from the crowd two warriors sprung,  
To earth their weighty spears they flung,  
And loud their brazen armor rung,  
As dash'd upon the plain.  
And with snow-white flags in their hands  
Right on they came amain.  
Unto our bold king they came,  
To him a message bore ;  
A message from their haughty king,  
Who thought mountains from his path  
    should spring,  
And in the sea their summits fling,  
And storms for him should cease to sing,  
And ocean cease to roar.  
He thought to stay time's restless wing,  
And rule each mute and living thing ;  
And thought the isles of Greece to bring  
Beneath base Persian law,  
And his proud name alone should ring  
O'er Greece eternal awe.

## XXIV.

Before our king the foremost knelt,  
And thus his message said ;  
But as he knelt and as he spoke,  
He shook from heel to head.

“ Persia's monarch bids thee yield to him  
And be his friend for aye ;  
And all the isles of Greece shall be  
Beneath thy kingly sway.  
All of them to thee he'll freely give,  
Though weal or woe betide ;  
If thou wilt pass beneath his yoke,  
And own him thy lord and guide.  
For he seeks not the sons of Greece  
To slaughter and destroy ;  
And if to him ye yield up tamely,  
Ye'll peace and life enjoy ;  
But if ye'll not obey his wish,  
And work his sovereign will,  
This narrow pass he will right soon  
With Grecian corpses fill.  
This message bear I from my king,  
To whom all nations bow ;  
Say, will it please thee king of Sparta,  
To send thy answer now ? ”

## XXV.

“ Go back, and tell thy haughty king,”  
The dauntless Spartan said,  
“ We Spartans scorn to be his friends,  
Of him we have no dread.  
Tell him, there is no mortal man,  
Can mount the Grecian throne,  
Unless aided by the sons of Greece,  
And by the gods alone.  
Tell him, we're not a land of slaves,  
Like those base hordes he rules ;  
We are a race of free-born men,  
And bred in martial schools.  
We scorn his gifts, we scorn his love,

And hear, if he will stay  
On Greece's coast, his countless host  
Shall be the vulture's prey."

## XXVI.

He ceased, and the other herald,  
Bowling, made reply,  
"Should we to the king thy answer bear,  
Thou shall most surely die.  
If thou wouldst act a wise man's part.  
Though thou may'st show a coward's heart,  
Yield up thy arms to Persia's king,  
And earth and water give ;  
Rouse not his dreadful wrath, if thou  
Another day wouldst live."

## XXVII.

Fierce on his speech the Spartan broke,  
With eyes like coals of fire ;  
His blood rushed boiling through his veins,  
And shook his form with ire.  
"Fly, away to thy servile king,  
Go, thou base cringeing slave ;  
Nor think that thy insulting tongue  
Can ever fright the brave.  
Hence, fly with speed, or thou shalt feel,  
The deadly force of Spartan steel.  
Go, tell that haughty fool thy king,  
Hence from Greece his hosts to bring,  
Back to their native strand ;  
His threats, his tortures, I defy,  
All my warriors and I will die,  
Before he wins this land.  
What, we, disgrace our native earth,  
And those dear forms that gave us birth,  
With aught of dastard fear ?

By heaven, no, this arm shall throw  
Thy king for dogs to tear.  
Long as Leonidas shall live,  
My country shall be free ;  
Nor shall we earth and water give  
To tyrants such as he.  
Tell him to come and take my arms,  
If he my arms doth crave ;  
But if the despot dare come forth,  
He or I shall fill a grave."

## XXVIII.

Fast, fast, each Persian herald flew  
To tell the king his tale ;  
And when the haughty despot heard,  
He trembled and turn'd pale.  
And with a low, deep murmuring  
That mighty Persian mass,  
Drew back, and camped upon the moor  
Before the narrow pass.

## XXIX.

The shades of night came hasting down,  
And wrapped the hills in gloom ;  
But the Persian army lay that night  
As silent as the tomb.  
And in the pass the Spartans stood,  
And watched their sleeping foe ;  
For with their countless camp fires  
The midnight sky did glow.

## XXX.

Twice rose in all his loveliness,  
Yon Persian god, the sun ;  
And twice beneath the Western waves  
His daily course he run ;

Yet by neither hostile army  
Was deed of battle done.

## XXXI.

The third morn came and *Æta*  
That day a sight did see,  
Such as he never saw before,  
And ne'er again will be.  
For marching to the narrow pass  
The Persian squadrons came ;  
The valleys echoed far and wide  
Unto their wild acclaim ;  
And loud their gilded armor rang  
That shone 'neath the sun like flame.

## XXXII.

"Now on, now on, my gallant men,"  
So spake the Spartan king,  
"Let's to the birds and dogs of Greece  
These vile intruders fling.  
If the gods have doomed our fall,  
And us the foe o'erwhelm,  
Then let us all like Spartans die,  
And sup in Pluto's realm."

## XXXIII.

So he spake and drew his sword  
And on the foes he rush'd ;  
And by one blow a stately foe  
To earth the hero crush'd.  
And straight through the Persian throng  
An ample path he hew'd ;  
And wheree'er the wrathful monarch strode,  
The earth with dead was strew'd.  
Pierced through the throat right swift he  
laid

Ariomardus dead.  
And far amidst the Persian throng  
He cast that prince's head.  
Then next in Abrocomas' thigh  
A horrid gash he made ;  
And side by side those stately youths  
Two gory corpses laid.

## XXXIV.

Meanwhile, behind their leader came  
The dauntless Spartan band,  
Hurling down the foes and treading them  
Amidst the gory sand.  
Then one mighty rush they made  
And through the pass they bore ;  
The struggling Persians backward,  
Far out upon the moor.  
And at the entrance of the pass  
They stood and shook their brands ;  
And shouted forth defiance bold  
Unto the Persian bands.  
“ Come on, come on, and feel our steel,  
Come on ye Persian knights  
And your forms shall fat our dogs,  
And feast the Grecian kites.”

## XXXV.

Then with loud shouts and trumpet sound,  
From out that vast array,  
Ten thousand haughty Persians rushed  
To take the narrow way.  
Arzanes and Bardine the bold  
Headed the mighty charge ;  
Sternly each gigantic leader strode  
With blazing sword and targe.  
Arzanes met Eurytus,

And pierced the Spartan through ;  
And Eurytus smote Arzanes,  
And cleft his head in two.  
And dead those stately heroes fell  
'Midst the gore and mire ;  
While o'er them the battle raged  
With redoubled ire.  
Bardine met Aristodemus,  
And smote his brazen shield ;  
But Aristodemus laid Bardine  
Breathless on the field.  
And on the haughty Persian's head,  
The Spartan pressed his heel ;  
And fast his gore and brains flow'd o'er  
His helmet of bright steel.

## XXXVI.

Nor idle was thy arm the while,  
Thou dauntless Spartan lord ;  
Through many a Persian's throbbing heart  
Menestheus, went thy sword,  
And slaughtering all before him  
Dieneces onward pressed ;  
And valliant Agron's bloody steel  
Rent many a foemen's breast.  
And all the warlike Spartan band  
On like a tempest drove ;  
And vainly 'gainst their matchless might  
The bravest Persians strove.  
And all around on the gory ground  
The foes were falling fast ;  
When in their rear the Spartan's heard  
A Persian trumpet blast.  
For while the Lacedæmonians,  
In that dreadful hour,

Beat back with slaughter dread the bravest  
Of the Persian power,  
Aided by base Ephialtes  
A secret path they found ;  
And o'er the hills in haste they marched,  
And hemmed the Spartans round.

## XXXVII. \*

Then terrific grew the battle  
And louder rose the din ;  
As at each entrance of the pass  
The foes came pouring in.  
For as the wrathful lions rush  
On their advancing foes,  
So did the warlike Spartans  
With the sons of Persia close.  
And though by thousands fast they fell  
Within that narrow pass,  
Yet by thousands onward swarm'd  
That mighty Persian mass.

## XXXVIII.

Beneath the Spartan monarch's sword  
A corpse proud Thasis sunk ;  
With all his clashing arms he fell  
A quivering headless trunk.  
And then through Choa's helm and skull  
He sent so dread a thrust,  
That the gallant long-hair'd warrior  
Groan'd in the gory dust.  
And through flashing morion pierced  
Comely Artacæas fell,  
He who in tallness of form did all  
Save Xerxes' height excell.  
Better had those chiefs on that day  
Sported in Daphne's grove,

Or did with maids of Theopolis  
The leavy woodlands rove.  
Next to face the king of Sparta,  
Five stately warriors strode ;  
High o'er Susa's lofty walls  
Tower'd their fair abode.  
But ne'er again shall their eyes behold  
That city's ample walls ;  
And ne'er again shall their forms be seen  
Within their marble halls.  
For the first to earth a corpse he sent,  
And soon the second fell ;  
And the third pierced through and through,  
Died with a savage yell.  
The fourth by one furious blow  
He hurled beneath his heel ;  
And the fifth through the breast-plate thrust  
Writhed on the Spartan's steel.  
And o'er their quivering forms,  
Fast fell the Persian band ,  
As grain before the sickle falls,  
They fell before his brand.

## XXXIX.

While thus the king of Sparta fought,  
And round him piled the slain,  
Right on his head was hurl'd a stone,  
That broke his helm in twain.  
And thick around the fair-hair'd king  
The arrows pour'd like rain,  
And right at him with levelled spears,  
The foemen dashed amain.  
Yet all undaunted, in that hour  
Freedom's champion stood ;  
Beat back or down the surging foes,

And plied his broad-sword good ;  
Rose up like a towering rock  
Amidst a raging flood,  
And many a spear he cut in twain,  
And shed its master's blood.  
Though at him hosts of Persians came,  
Yet earth with them he strew'd,  
And shouting, 'midst their ranks he rushed,  
And right and left he hew'd.  
All the foes around him trembled,  
To face him was to die ;  
When hissing came a feathered shaft,  
And pierced the warrior's eye.  
And down the king of Sparta fell,  
Amidst the dirt and gore ;  
And in his corpse the foemen drove  
A dozen spears and more.

## XL.

Then the furious trumpet's swell  
From earth to heaven arose,  
And that glorious Spartan band  
Slaughtering met their foes ;  
And like the dreadful mountain storm,  
That lays the forests low,  
So with one shout the Spartans rushed  
Upon their yielding foes.  
Down fast the foes were trod and slain ;  
As round their slaughtered king ;  
That glorious Spartan band,  
Closed in a red, stern ring.

## XLI.

Then fearful round the gory corpse  
The roar of battle grew ;

Shields rung on shields, and swords on  
swords,  
And darts on helmets flew.  
So thick o'er head the missiles sped,  
No Greek the sun could scan ;  
And all along the narrow pass  
The blood in torrents ran.  
And loud was heard the Spartan shout,  
The Persian groan and yell ;  
Mingling with the deafening clash of steel,  
And the warhorn's maddening swell.  
As tigers war to guard their young,  
So for their king they strove ;  
Their swords destroyed the Persian host  
As lightnings waste the grove.  
But louder still, and louder  
That mighty battle roar'd ;  
And thicker still, and thicker  
On Greeks the Persian's pour'd.

## XLII.

O'er his king, bold Agron fought,  
Nor one foot would he yield ;  
And fast with his good sword he hew'd  
To earth both man and shield.  
And he died on the king's corpse  
His arm had kept so well ;  
A bloody spear in fierce career  
Pierced Agron's head from ear to ear,  
And on a horrid mound of slain,  
All covered o'er with gory stain,  
Down dead that hero fell.

## XLIII.

In the foot prints of his slaughtered friend,  
Brave Menestheus strode,

From that warrior's ghastly wounds  
The blood in torrents flow'd.  
Yet long he stood and slaughter'd  
And hosts of foes defied ;  
And to move that hero, long  
The bravest Persians tried.  
'Till through his shield a spear they drove,  
And pierced deep the warrior's side ;  
Dead on his friend the Spartan fell,  
Blood splashing far and wide.

## XLIV.

As some giant oak that rear its head,  
High o'er the groves around,  
So 'midst his foes Dienees rose,  
And hurl'd them to the ground.  
'Till o'er worn with toil and wounds  
Could wield his sword no more ;  
And down that hero sank and drown'd  
Amidst a lake of gore.  
So falls within the foaming sea  
A tall and stately mast,  
Borne down by the axe-man's ringing  
    strokes,  
And by the mighty blast.

## XLV.

But like a bickering fire,  
Driven before the gale,  
That lays the stately forests waste  
Along the winding vale,  
Untiringly right on it goes,  
And spreads from hill to hill ,  
Long as the forests stand before,  
It flares and bickers still.  
So once more the Spartans rush'd

By Aristodemus led ;  
And rank on rank their foes they slew  
And heap'd the pass with dead.  
And down on the ghastly piles  
One by one the Spartans fell,  
So o'erworn with toil they could  
No more the foes repel.

## XLVI.

Beneath the glowing Western waves  
Roll'd down the smiling sun ;  
The shades of night spread thick around,  
Nor was the battle done ;  
For some few hardy Spartans  
Who still had strength to stand,  
A furious combat waged  
Against the Persian band.  
But fast around those bleeding Greeks  
Gathered that mighty mass ;  
By thousands still the Persians rush'd  
To win the narrow pass.  
Long those few hardy Spartans stood  
Gainst that o'erwhelming tide ;  
And when Freedom's champions fell,  
Without a groan, they died.

## XLVII.

The dreadful roar of battle ceased,  
But loud the groan and wail  
Of dying foemen went forth  
Upon the midnight gale.  
For twice ten thousand foes that bow'd  
That morn to hail the sun,  
That night lay in the narrow pass,  
Their days of rapine done.  
No more o'er Persia's sunny plains

They'll chase the bounding deer ;  
And never more 'gainst Greeks in war  
They'll lift the bloody spear.

## XLVIII.

One lovely eve at Sparta  
As sunk the sun at rest,  
Wounded Aristodemus came  
In gory armor drest.  
But the warrior's speech was slow,  
His look was sad and pale ;  
As around him throng'd the people  
To hear his gloomy tale.  
" Of all the three hundred Spartans  
Who went to guard the pass,  
I alone return, the rest lie dead  
Around Leonidas."  
So he spake, and here he lived  
A year of care and woe ;  
Then bravely at Plataea died  
'Midst thousands of the foe.

## XLIX.

Heroic spirits of the dead,  
Who at Thermopylae bled,  
Say, did ye not rejoice that night  
When down to Pluto's coasts,  
Ye drove in haste before your path  
Such crowds of Persian ghosts ?  
For to swell those mighty droves,  
Near Erboea's coast that day,  
We met the foes upon the sea  
And won a noble fray.  
With their blood we dyed the waters,  
And sunk ships fill'd with dead ;  
With them the monsters of the deep

That day we amply fed.  
Rejoice, rejoice, ye stately shades,  
As through your halls ye stride ;  
Rejoice, rejoice forever more,  
Not unrevenged ye died !  
For at Plataea's strife, with foes  
We fill'd the shores of hell ;  
At the battle of Plataea  
Three hundred thousand fell.

## L.

Hail, hail to the mighty dead  
Who for their country died,  
Hail, hail to dead Leonidas,  
Sparta's boast and pride.  
Aye, unto us his name shall sound,  
And every freeborn soul ;  
As the war-horn's blast that calls to us,  
To make the battle roll.  
For in the day of battle,  
He was the mountain storm ;  
But in peace the sun of heaven,  
All bright, and calm, and warm.

## LI.

Unto the brave Leonidas,  
Pausanias built this dome ;  
And the three hundred bold who went,  
To drive the foemen home.  
And here within this tower  
Let Spartans throng each year,  
And hold a feast in memory  
Of those we deem so dear.  
And let the maids of Sparta,  
Come from their shady bowers,  
And deck our hero's tomb

With laurel boughs and flowers ;  
And then let Lacedæmon youths,  
In solemn order pass,  
Around the stately sepulchre  
Of brave Leonidas.  
Then let them join in manly sports,  
Beside our hero's grave,  
While banners of proud Sparta  
In glory o'er them wave.  
And all the while let trumpets sound,  
Their loudest war-notes pour ;  
Such as we hear when they call the brave  
To guard their native shore.  
While Lacedæmon's daring sons  
The gory brand can wield ;  
While in the battle's noble van  
They bear the bossy shield ;  
To our hero's memory  
Great homage we shall yield.  
Yes, to Leonidas and all  
Who, at Thermopylæ,  
'Gainst thousands bravely fought and died  
To keep their county free.  
And let us ever, night and day,  
Almighty Jove adore,  
May he guide us in war and peace,  
As in the days of yore.

## LII.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Sparta,  
Land of the brave and bold—  
All nations, hearing of her deeds,  
Shall wondering behold.  
Hurrah ! for her warlike sons—  
Their foes before them fly ;

When for their land they draw the brand,  
They conquer or they die.  
And hurrah! for Sparta's maids,  
By each charm of nature blest,  
They are, of all the maids on earth,  
The fairest and the best.  
The noblest, grandest in their form,  
The truest in their heart,  
Whose soul form virtue's highest walk  
No force, fraud, nor wile shall start,  
Though fenceless in the fray they stand  
And every friend depart.

## LIII.

Persia's maiden weeps, when the trump  
To war her lover calls—  
The Roman mother grieves and mourns  
When her son in battle falls;  
But the Spartan mothers rejoice  
When to war their children go;  
They smile when for the nation's weal  
They see their red blood flow.  
They never wish to see their sons,  
If vanquished, they return;  
'Tis only when they flee in strife  
That Spartan mothers mourn.  
"My son," the Spartan mother says,  
"Go to the battle-field,  
And return to me a victor,  
Or dead upon thy shield."

## LIV.

So with the Spartan maid—she bids  
Her youth to battle go,  
And fight to guard her lovely form,  
And crush her country's foe,

If on his shield he's borne to her,  
She falls upon his breast,  
Without a tear, or groan, or sigh,  
Sinks into dreamless rest ;  
Or else, aye true to him she lives,  
And comes at evening hours,  
When all the world is still around,  
And decks his tomb with flowers.

## LV.

When this gigantic tower falls,  
And blends with desert sand,  
And each proud monument lies low  
By time's all-wasting hand ;  
And o'er the dismantled nation  
Other races shall arise,  
And no mark is left to show the spot  
Where Sparta's monarch lies,  
Here slaves will dig, and from the ground  
Some bulky bones may fling ;  
And little think they form'd a part  
Of Sparta's godlike king.  
Yes, little he will think the while,  
They form'd the arm and hand  
That fought so well in the narrow pass,  
To guard its native land.  
Who amidst the din of battle  
Was-conceived and had his birth,  
And in the van of dangers reared  
Had no fear of aught on earth.

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## THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ,

A lay sung at Carthage, on the day Mago  
arrived with the news of victory.

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## I.

Ho! people of Carthage, awake!  
And hear the song to-day;  
For we sing of great Hannibal,  
And Cannæ's glorious fray.  
And all around let trumpets sound  
Their war-notes near and far,  
While along our shouting streets,  
Brave Mago drives his car.  
And be no sound of work to-day,  
Throughout the country wide—  
Let all but feasting, mirth and joy,  
To-day be set aside.  
Let the banners of triumph wave  
Unto the freshening blasts;  
Let them wave from all the towers,  
And Byrsa's lofty masts.  
The knights to-day, upon their helms,  
Shall wear their gayest plumes,  
And all the maids to-day, shall leave  
Their dyeing-vats and looms—  
The ox, unyoked, at liberty,  
O'er the fair meads shall stray,  
And every Carthaginian slave  
Shall rest and feast to-day.  
For to day proud Rome is trembling,  
And all her strong allies;

And nought is heard throughout their lands,  
But wailing and loud cries.  
Mothers are rushing through their streets,  
And rave and rend their hair;  
And hoary men are weeping fast,  
Above their children's bier!

## II.

How nobly has our hero strove  
To win his city fame;  
And left her on the page of time  
A never-dying name.  
How can we e'er forget those deeds  
He wrought for us in Spain—  
See how Saguntum's stately walls  
He levelled with the plain,  
And left her strong and lofty towers,  
All wrapped in smoke and fire;  
And see how Catalonia's hosts  
Fled before his ire.  
And see the toils and sleepless nights  
Our mighty hero bore;  
All while he led our armies  
The Alpine mountains o'er.  
See how nobly he won the fight,  
Where Ticinus' waters flow;  
And see how by Trebia's banks  
He crushed the mighty foe.  
See how o'er the Appenines he march'd,  
'Midst storm and snow and rain,  
And at strong Placentia made  
Sempronius fly again.  
And see how o'er the Tuscan bog,  
That ever dismal fen,  
For four long days and sleepless nights

He led his gallant men,  
To where Arretium's towers  
Look o'er a fertile field ;  
And where Fesulæ guards the hills  
That fruitful harvests yield.  
To where the bright Arnus wanders  
Through corn and wheat and vines ;  
To where Cortona lifts to heaven  
Her ever waving pines.  
And by dismal Thrasymentus,  
A mighty deed he wrought ;  
There was slain proud Flaminius,  
And all who round him fought.  
And where e'er our hero went,  
Rome's hosts before him flew ;  
Umbria and Picenum yielded.  
And proud Apulia too.  
At last he met the haughty Roman  
At Cannæ face to face we came ;  
There won the thrice glorious fight  
And left on earth eternal fame.

## III.

It was a noble sight that day  
To mount the stately towers,  
And gaze on the field below,  
And view the hostile powers.  
To see the bravest sons of Rome,  
All cased in armor sheen ;  
To hear their glorious trumpet sound,  
And see their sabres keen ;  
For far as the human eye could view  
That mighty host was seen.  
And all the spacious plains below  
With flashing helm and targe,

With gleaming spears all ranged a row,  
And swords that gave a blending glow,  
Did such a dazzling picture show  
As when the sun-set embers flow—  
And all their trembling glory throw  
On a river broad and large,  
That ripples 'neath the flashing light,  
Until all glows divinely bright  
O'er all from marge to marge.  
There, there Terentius Varro  
His fiery steed bestrode;  
And in front of that vast array  
Proud Servilius rode.  
There Æmilius Paulus shone,  
With his golden helm and shield;  
There did Fabius and Minucius  
Their two-edged broad-swords wield.  
They who thought at Casilinum  
To make our hero yield;  
But he laid the strong city low,  
And wasted every field.  
And Vulturius with Roman gore  
Flow'd on warm and red;  
Yet still to war they led their bands,  
With haughty look and tread;  
And all the Roman host came on,  
Like an ocean, fierce and large,  
Loud was the neigh and tramp of steeds  
And clang of sword and targe.

## IV.

Meanwhile, the host of Carthage,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Stood shining to the morning sun,  
Like moving sea of gold.

Rank behind rank their spears bristled,  
Like a broad grove of pines  
That boldly bide the coming storm,  
Upon the Appenines.  
Proud Mago, of the five-fold shield,  
Was posted on the right,  
With twenty thousand hardy Gauls,  
And all the Spanish might.  
And far on the left, with the horsemen,  
Brave Maharbal was seen ;  
All cased, the stately giant was,  
In brazen armor sheen.  
Brave Maharbal, whose lofty towers  
Frown o'er that dismal brake,  
Where Regulus, the bold Roman,  
Slaughtered the mighty snake—  
The mighty serpent that wasted  
Bagrada's fields and coast ;  
And sent to Pluto's dreary realms  
Many a gory ghost ;  
And in front of his strong array  
Where shield was lock'd on shield,  
Hannibal shook his flamy brand  
That few but he could wield.  
The sword that brave Hamilcar bore  
To many a stubborn fray ;  
And through the Spanish phalanx made  
A broad and gory way.  
And right before his ample breast  
A beamy shield he bore ;  
And o'er his helmet of pure gold  
A lofty plume he wore ;  
Majestic as a god he shone,  
And moved with kingly pace ,  
The comeliest knight of Carthage,  
The bravest of her race.

## V.

But ere the warlike hosts engaged.  
Or the field with blood was red,  
Unto his glittering army  
The daring hero said :  
“ To-day we must put the foe to flight,  
As oft we’ve done before ;  
For to-day shall decide if Rome  
Or Carthage be no more.  
And though the foe is so mighty  
They cover all yon field,  
Yet, warriors, if ye follow me,  
To us they soon shall yield.  
And yon host that looks so mighty  
Shall be the vulture’s feast ;  
And ye shall dwell in these fair lands  
From toils and war released.  
And ye’ll have all those piles of gold  
That shine in every dome ;  
And all the wealth that decks the shrines  
Within the walls of Rome.  
The Seven-Hill’d City you shall have  
To plunder at your will ;  
Soon as my standard waves upon  
The Capitolian hill.

## VI.

As he speaks, amidst clouds of dust  
Front to front and feet to feet,  
With crashing spears and sounding shields  
The frantic armies meet.  
The heavens echoed to the crash,  
Earth shook beneath the jar ;  
And two thousand trumpets pour’d forth  
Their loudest war-notes near and far.

So from lofty Alpine mountains  
To a deep vale below,  
Two huge and mighty avalanches  
Together thundering go.  
But louder still and still more loud  
The din of battle rose,  
Like the noise of the bursting pines  
When the fell tempest blows;  
And vindictive thunders boom the while  
And sound from pole to pole;  
And on the tall and hollow cliffs  
The waves of ocean roll.  
And fiercer still and still more fierce  
Roar'd each leader's savage shout;  
As o'er the gory field was heard  
The rally charge and rout.

## VII.

And in that dark and horrid van  
Did brave Hannibal fight,  
Around him slaughtered lay many  
A Roman chief and knight.  
And by his side that chief of pride  
Mago the bold and strong,  
Through the bravest ranks of Rome  
Hew'd a gory path along.  
Then Servilius spied Hannibal  
Far o'er the cumbered plain,  
And just like a famished tiger  
Rush'd at the chief amain.  
"Hail Hannibal, Servilius  
Has sought thee many a day,  
Sought thee in times of peace and mirth,  
And many a bloody fray.  
Now, brave Hannibal, I warn you

Unto Servilius yield ;  
Or you, or I, or both to-day,  
Shall straight die upon the field.”  
He said, and at brave Hannibal  
Let his strong broad-sword go ;  
But our hero's beamy shield  
Right nobly turn'd the blow ;  
And then he smote Servilius  
Through helmet and through head—  
Out burst the Roman's brain and gore  
In a torrent large and red.  
And the proud Servilius fell  
On earth, to rise no more ;  
And 'neath the heel of Hannibal  
He writhed in mud and gore.  
He fell as falls the stately oak  
Beneath the levin brand,  
That long has braved the storms and waves  
Along old ocean's strand.

## VIII.

When Æmilius Paulus saw  
Servilius was dead,  
Unto Terentius Varro  
In haste that hero said,  
“ We must not see Servilius  
Stripp'd of his armor bright,  
For he was ever a friend to us,  
And Rome's most comely knight,  
And what e'er at council and at board  
The warrior's faults have been ;  
Yet in the field against Rome's foes  
His sword was strong and keen.”  
He said, and mounting on his steed,  
He sent his spurs in gore,

And like a flash of flame he flew  
Across the bloody moor.  
And right fast behind him rode  
A fiery Roman band ;  
But they came, as come the angry wave  
Against the rocky strand.  
And as autumnal leaves are strew'd  
Before a Northern squall,  
So thick, so fast before our men  
Rank on rank the foemen fall.  
And soon the slain Servilius  
Was lost and covered o'er,  
With dread mountains of the dead  
All reeking with their gore.  
And the wounded steeds were plunging,  
And groaning with their pain ;  
And midst the gore and mud they trod  
The dying and the slain.  
And no more Æmilius Paulus  
Was seen upon the field,  
No longer in the van he shone  
With his bright helm and shield.

## IX.

But like the waves of ocean,  
That cannot cease to flow,  
While the sky is dark above, -  
And while the tempests blow,  
But in their dread frantic ire  
They foam and burst and boil,  
And untiring dash on rocks,  
And roar in fierce turmoil ;  
So while the clash of steel is heard  
And while the trumpets bray,  
Those bold and warlike bands of Rome

Must mingle in the fray.  
Now on in one vast mass they come.  
Rank behind rank they shine,  
With flags and swords and bristling spear,  
And targes all in line.  
Right onward fast they rushing come  
With glorious trumpet sound,  
And well nigh by their mighty shouts  
The clang of steel was drown'd.

## X.

Soon Hannibal's all-piercing eye  
Had view'd the coming blast ;  
"Soldiers, stand firm with me," he said,  
"This charge shall be their last.  
And haste thee, gallant Mago, haste,  
Yon snow-white charger take,  
And fly, fly with all the speed  
The fiery beast can make ;  
Tell Maharbal, I bid him charge  
The Roman flank and rear,  
To rush, with all the force he has,  
Nor leave an idle spear.  
See thou that all the horsemen go,  
And make them slay and slay ;  
For if ye fight, and fight like men,  
We soon shall end this fray."

## XI.

As flies an arrow to its mark  
From a strong hunter's bow.  
So swift to the ranks of Maharbal  
Did the proud Mago go ;  
And right in front of that bold chief  
He drew his charger's rein.  
"Now Maharbal—Now !" he cried,

“Dash on the foe amain.  
On the Roman flank and rear  
Make all the haste you can;  
For Hannibal with but a few,  
Keeps back their mighty van!”

## XII.

With clashing steel, at that command,  
Ten thousand swords were bared,  
And towards the foe, on tenthousand steeds,  
Ten thousand warriors dared.  
Ten thousand steeds, as proud and strong  
As ever trod the green—  
Ten thousand knights, and brave  
As e'er the sun has seen.  
Thick and fast the clouds of dust arose,  
And darken'd overhead;  
And like a murky storm they rush'd,  
With clamors fierce and dread.

## XIII.

Though rank behind rank the bristling  
Roman spears were set;  
Yet vainly on that day they stood,  
That mighty charge to let.  
Down, down their haughty banners fell—  
Down, down their cohorts went;  
And thousands, and ten thousands,  
In mud and gore were sent.  
So, from the mountain's hoary crown,  
Comes down the ice and snow  
To the vales, with a mighty sweep,  
Laying the strong forests low.  
Loud rung beneath the horse's hoof  
The clang of breaking steel;  
And soon both horse and man in gore

Were smear'd, from head to heel—  
And soon the neigh and tramp of steed  
And the trumpet's stormy breath,  
And all the noise of war was drown'd  
Amidst the wail of death.

## XIV.

But not tamely, on that dreadful day,  
Were slain the sons of Rome ;  
Not unavenged they fell, amidst  
The seas of blood and foam—  
For soon they rallied once again,  
And Varro led the charge ;  
And Fabius and Minutius  
Rode up with sword and targe.  
Then the horsemen and the footmen met,  
And fast the warriors died ;  
Then proved was Carthaginian strength,  
And Roman power tried.  
Loud rung upon the crashing helms  
The mighty storms of blows ;  
As, hand to hand, with gory brand,  
The Romans met their foes.  
Upon his foes, with deadly hate,  
Proud Varro dash'd amain ;  
By Fabius and Minutius  
Was many a hero slain.  
Like a thunderbolt, upon his foes,  
Maharbal flew, sword in hand ;  
And through many a Roman's skull  
He sent his reeking brand.  
And Mago smote down Lucius,  
All Rome's great boast and pride—  
Lucius, whose stately mansion shines  
On mount Aventine's side ;

And down Mago sent Lepidus,  
Who led his hostile powers  
From where, o'er the dark waves of Tiber,  
Arise Fidenæ's towers ;  
And Hannibal hurl'd down Piso,  
Etruria's bravest man ;  
Then at the Carthaginian  
Fiery Drusus ran—  
Through haughty Drusus' shield and breast  
He drove his weighty brand,  
And by Piso's side proud Drusus died,  
Amidst the bloody sand.  
And then, pierced through by Hannibal,  
Stately Claudius died ;  
Strong Claudius, the boldest knight  
Of all the Claudian tribe.  
And down went Blæsus, who sprung  
From the proud Fabian line,  
And across his corpse brave Marcus  
Fell, stretched in death supine—  
Marcus, who won sweet Julia,  
The fairest maid of Rome—  
Long that fair maid shall look for him,  
Who shall never more go home !  
And fast around, on the gory ground,  
Fell Roman chiefs and knights—  
A feast was spread that day for all  
Campi Diomedis' kites.  
And loud the glossy ravens croaked  
Above the ghastly slain,  
As to and fro that battle rocked  
Along the cumber'd plain.

## XV.

But vainly on that day the blood  
Of Roman consuls flow'd ;—

Vainly to break our serried lines  
The Roman praetors rode.  
Within the slippery swamps of blood  
They found their ghastly bed,  
'Till terror whelm'd the Roman hosts,  
And from the field they fled.

## XVI.

Then into raging Aufidus  
The ranks of Rome were hurl'd  
Before that cavalcade, like reeds  
On storms that sweep the world.  
By thousands, horse and foot, they went  
That fatal stream to ford,  
And soon against a dam of skin,  
The waters foam'd and roar'd.  
Hard the pent waters raging dash'd  
Against the bank of dead;  
'Till, with a mighty rush, they came,  
And o'er the dam they sped.—  
Away—away the waters rush'd,  
Rejoicing to be free,  
And corpses stiff, and groaning men  
Went rolling to the sea.

## XVII.

Meanwhile, each of our footmen  
Stood resting on his targe;  
And, all amazed, they silent gazed  
At that terrific charge.  
E'en Hannibal wondering stood,  
Would scarce believe his sight,  
When he saw that mighty Roman host  
Roll down the stream of flight.  
Long—long the footmen silent stood,  
The tumult to desery;

At last from all a shout broke forth—  
“Hurrah!—the Romans fly!”  
But when our noble hero saw  
How the furious flood  
Of Aufidus was choked with dead  
And crimson'd o'er with blood,  
Right 'midst the fighting ranks he rushed,  
And shouted, loud and clear,  
“Ho! warriors, stop the work of death!  
The vanquished foemen spare!”

## XVIII.

As the mighty billows of the deep,  
When tempests cease to roar,  
Roll back to ocean's troubled breast  
And leave the shatter'd shore,  
Surge behind surge they rolling go,  
Far out for many a mile,  
And seem to laugh and smile in triumph  
At the lone and wasted isle,  
So from the ruin'd host of Rome,  
Each hardy, warlike band,  
Rank behind rank turn'd back from strife  
At their chief's command.  
And from the bands a shout burst forth  
That shook all Cannæ's towers—  
“Thanks to the everliving gods,  
Who made this triumph ours!”  
Those who dwell in Cannæ start as if  
They heard a whirlwind's blast,  
And swift o'er their tottering walls  
Look'd out pale and aghast.

## XIX.

Just as the work of slaughter ceased  
Across the dismal plain,

A gory steed and rider made  
At Hannibal amain.  
“Haste thee, Hannibal!” he cried,  
“Be ready to die or yield;  
It ne’er shall be said Minutius  
Fled any battle field!”  
But ere he couched his spear, on earth  
His weary charger sank,  
And headlong the wounded Roman fell,  
And the earth his red blood drank.

## XX.

While the Carthaginian bands  
Were shouting o’er the plain,  
And stripping the golden armor  
From off the thousands slain,  
Alone our Hannibal stood  
Gazing o’er the field of dead,  
At Fabius and proud Varro  
Who towards Venusia fled.  
“Farewell—farewell, brave foes!” he cried,  
“To haughty Rome no more  
Ye’ll bring the joyous news of triumph,  
As oft ye’ve done before!”  
While thus our warrior spake  
He heard a mournful sound,  
He turn’d, and on a pile of slain  
The wounded Paulus found.

## XXI.

“Now haste thee, Hannibal!” he cried,  
“And slay me with thy brand,  
So future years may tell that Paulus  
Died by a noble hand.  
Yes, haste thee, my generous foe,  
And rid me of my pain;

For am I sore with wounds and gore,  
And ne'er shall rise again.  
But, by the gods! had I the power  
Once more within my form,  
To mount the steed for one bare hour,  
And ride 'mid battle storm—  
Then where the slaughter'd thickest lie,  
And tumult fiercest roar,  
There would I shout my battle cry,  
And draw the sword once more.  
One rally more. and Paulus there!  
One blast from my war horn  
Might retrieve this bloody day.  
And made proud Carthage mourn!"

## XXII.

As he speaks, from his ghastly wounds  
The dark, red torrents flow.  
"Ne'er will I," said Hannibal,  
"E'er slay a vanquish'd foe;  
Live, Paulus, live! nor think of death,  
Although all Rome I hate,  
Have loathed her from my youth, and still  
Shall loathe, what e'er my fate.  
Yet, when I see her mightiest  
Before me lying low,  
I feel that compassion in my breast  
That mortals to mortals owe."

## XXIII.

"Cease!—think not to solace me;  
Thy words are all in vain;  
Æmilius Paulus shall soon  
Be number'd with the slain!  
Hannibal, had it been my lot,  
When the war was raging wide,

To have met thee in single fight  
And our valor tried ;  
Yes, warrior, had my greatest wish  
Been only gratified ;  
Then thou, yes, thou ! great Hannibal,  
By this Roman arm had died !  
Then Paulus would have been a name  
To every Roman dear,  
Even had Carthage won their battle  
And Paulus fill'd his bier.  
Yes, in palace, hall and tower,  
I'd been remember'd long ;  
I would have gone to future years  
In story and in song.  
But that wish was vain—I fall forgot,  
And sleep with friend and foe ;  
Like a chieftain brave let it be—  
The gods have will'd it so.  
But if some friend could take my sword  
And hang it in my hall,  
And bid my sons in future years  
Avenge their father's fall ;  
If only that wish could be done,  
Contented would I die ;  
And leave this world of care and woe  
Without a groan or sigh.  
But, Hannibal, leave me not here  
To rot like a common slave ;  
But grant a dying warrior's wish—  
Give me a soldier's grave."

## XXIV.

He ceased—and death's last agony  
Then came and past away ;  
And there Rome's wisest Consular

A gory carcass lay.  
Long, long the daring victor  
Stood gazing in his face ;  
“ Farewell, farewell,” at length he cried,  
“ Thou bravest of thy race ;  
Proud Rome will seek, but seek in vain,  
A bolder chief to find ;  
Sleep on, brave chief, the ceaseless sleep—  
So ends all human kind.”

## XXV.

The shades of night came hasting down,  
And hid the field from sight ;  
The field where seventy thousand foes  
Had sunk beneath our might.  
Then round their glowing camp-fires  
The conquering heroes throng ;  
And merrily they pass'd the time  
With feasting and with song.  
Till Phœbe climb'd the silent sky  
And o'er the fields of dead,  
In unclouded loveliness  
Her rays of glory shed.  
Then, by her glowing light, right soon  
The Carthaginian brave,  
With his good broad-sword, for Paulus  
Dug an ample grave.  
Gently he laid the warrior down,  
With armor red with gore,  
To slumber out the weary years  
'Till nature is no more.—  
The sleep that all mankind must sleep,  
The coward and the brave ;  
Upon that cold and lonely bed  
Within the silent grave ;

Nor force, nor prayer, nor fight, nor fear,  
That horrid doom can save !

## XXVI.

Ho ! ye mothers of Capua  
And maids of haughty Rome,  
Weep, weep and rend your hair for those  
Who shall never more go home !  
Weep, weep, and with maddening anguish  
Gaze o'er your stately walls,  
For those whose voice nor tread shall sound  
Within your marble halls.  
Weep, on ! for all the howling wolves  
Have left their mountain lair,  
And screaming birds of prey come forth  
Their gory flesh to tear !  
Mourn on, proud Rome, and send to heaven  
Thy countless tales of woe,  
And let the everliving gods  
Thy cause of sorrow know ;  
And at the dead hour of midnight,  
When murky tempests rise,  
And robe with thickest gloom profound,  
The earth and sea and skies,  
Thy sons shall quake with terror dread,  
At the roar of every squall,  
And think the Carthaginians  
Are thundering at thy wall.

## XXVII.

Hurrah ! hurrah for Carthage !  
First city of the world ;  
A few more days, and her banner  
O'er Rome shall be unfurl'd !  
Huarah ! hurrah for Hannibal !  
The bravest chief alive ;

Vainly the foes of Carthage  
Against her hero strive !  
To him Græcia Magna yields,  
With Tarentum, proud and great ;  
And humbly to the conqueror  
Capua opes her gate.  
And to all who dwell from Clanis  
Unto the roaring Nar,  
The name of mighty Hannibal  
Sounds like an earthquake's jar.  
Hurrah ? hurrah for Hannibal,  
The generous and the free !—  
Hurrah ! hurrah, for Carthage,  
Empress of land and sea !

## XXVIII.

Sweep on, all-wasting time—  
Roll on, roll on, ye years ;  
Yet to mankind their names shall sound,  
Till away all nature wears.  
Yes, in palace, hall and bower,  
And the poor shepherd's bield,  
Long the warlike songs shall sound  
Of Cannæ's bloody field.  
When winter snows are on the earth,  
And night is closing in ;  
And the strong storm roars fierce without,  
And louder roars the linn—  
In silence round their blazing hearth  
Young lads shall often close,  
While their sire tells how Hannibal  
Wasted his country's foes.

## XXIX.

Now here, in Carthage, let us build  
A fair and lofty tower,

For him who conquer'd warlike Spain  
 And broke the Roman power.  
 And when, with captives and with spoils  
 Our hero comes from Rome,  
 We'll lead him up the shouting streets  
 To his own stately home.  
 On that day, come, all ye people,  
 To your own Carthage throng,  
 And send away the happy day  
 With feasting and with song.  
 And first to the immortal gods  
 Who rule all earth and heaven,  
 Let our bounteous sacrifice  
 And heartfelt thanks be given.  
 Ay, ever in peace and battle,  
 Let them remember'd be ;  
 And Carthage dictates to the world—  
 Her ships sail every sea.

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### THE CHARGE OF ODDUNE,

A lay sung by his followers.

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#### I.

All dark and dismal was the night,  
 And hard the rain did pour,  
 And from their wild and lonely heights,  
 We heard the torrents roar.  
 And from the windows wide we saw  
 Terrific lightnings glow ;  
 And booming over head we heard

The thunders come and go,  
And all mute and motionless,  
We sat in Kinwith hall;  
Each warrior's sword, and shield, and helm,  
Were hanging on the wall.  
Each brow was sad, each cheek was pale,  
But not through dastard fear,  
There sat men that night who had fought,  
In many a carnage drear.  
We thought of all our many wrongs,  
Wrought by the ruthless Dane;  
Of parent, child and wife, who lay  
Unburied on the plain.  
These were the thoughts that roved our  
    breasts,  
When lo! bold Oddune rose,  
And spoke with voice as strong and high,  
As the loud storm that blows.  
"Warriors and chiefs, come brace on arms,  
For yonder is the foe,  
I hear them shouting in their camp,  
I see their torches glow.  
Come, while the storm is raging wild,  
And glooms the midnight sky,  
Avenge the life of child and wife,  
Or let us with them die.  
Far better to fall in battle,  
Among the bold and brave,  
Than linger out a load of years,  
And be a despot's slave.  
Fiery Hubba lies afar,  
With full two thousand men;  
So let us issue from this tower,  
And drive him from his den.  
Honor'd be they who fall in fight,

Smear'd with the gore of foes ;  
Eternal fame be their's who free  
Their country of its woes."

## II.

Just as he speaks each warrior springs,  
And soon from head to heel,  
The hardy sons of war are cased,  
In their glittering steel.  
A glorious sight it is, I trow  
To see that gallant train,  
As they issue from that tower,  
And marshall on the plain.  
A thousand sturdy men are there,  
Who ne'er were known to yield ;  
Men who have fought the warlike Danc,  
On many a bloody field.  
All arm'd each trusty warrior is,  
With axe, and spear, and bow ;  
And when their leader says advance,  
They rush upon the foe.

## III.

As the hungry wolf that all night  
Has slept mid snow and rain,  
Rises at the cry of coming foes,  
So leaps in wrath the Dane.  
"To arms, to arms," they cry, and soon  
With sword, and spear, and targe,  
Like the roar of a mighty storm  
They thunder to the charge.  
Sword meets with, and spear with spear,  
And man is met with man ;  
And loud the bossy bucklers sound,  
Along each serried van.  
But louder still and still more loud,

That mighty battle roars,  
Like the noise of the raging deep  
When the fell tempest pours.  
And fiercer still and still more fierce,  
Sound the stern shout and yell,  
Mingling with the neigh and tramp of steeds,  
And with the warhorn's swell.  
And now onward and now backward,  
Reels horribly the fight;  
And all save when the lightnings flash,  
Is robed in utter night.  
Through the pools of blood all masterless,  
The snorting chargers go,  
And oft beneath their hoof there sounds,  
A groan of madden'd woe.

## IV.

The golden hues of morning come,  
And robe the world in light,  
Yet hand to hand with spear and brand,  
Like warriors stern we fight.  
And as the ponderous anvil,  
Doth 'neath the hammer ring,  
So o'er the field clangs helm and shield,  
As down the sword we bring.  
Who is he on that haughty steed,  
Smear'd o'er with human gore?  
He shakes in his hand a reeking brand,  
And guides the conflict's roar?  
Who but Oddune, the bold and brave,  
"Now, now," he cries, "my men,  
On to yon wing where Hubba fights,  
On to the lion's den.  
On to where yon gay banner waves,  
And his be honor, power,

Who brings that banner of the Danes,  
To Kinwith's stately tower "  
As he speaks the war bursts out anew,  
Fresh vigor now seems given—  
To every arm, and the trumpet's bray,  
Roars up from earth to heaven.  
And round their magic banner,  
The Danes a phalanx make.  
And soon the earth beneath their feet,  
Looks like a gory lake.  
For fast we sternly close around,  
To crush the dauntless foe.  
But still the Dane doth meet us,  
Man for man, blow for blow.  
And in the van fierce Hubba stands,  
As solid as a rock;  
And all splash'd o'er he is with gore,  
And bides the battle's shock.  
"Sons of Denmark, fight on, fight on,  
Ye who in battle fall,  
Shall live in everlasting joy,  
In Oden's sacred hall.  
In bless'd Valhalla ye shall sport,  
And ride the roaring wind;  
And combat hand to hand with ghosts,  
And hunt the shadowy hind.  
In Asgard, eternal Asgard,  
Is nought but pleasure found;  
There ye'll feast and the fair Valkyries,  
Shall deal the nectar round.  
So still fight on, ye warriors, fight,  
On, for know bless'd Bifrost,  
Is trod by hero's souls alone,  
And by no coward's cross'd.  
Fight on, beat down the foe—who fears

To fill a hero's tomb,  
When he dies shall dwell in grief, and roam  
The realms of snow and gloom."

## V.

So Hubba cheers his band, and grasps  
His flag and waves it round ;  
And leaps like a tiger on his foes,  
And hurls them to the ground.  
Now right, now left, his path he hews,  
And to his flag he clings ;  
That flag wove by his sisters three,  
The pride of Denmark's kings.  
That flag his blue-eyed sisters wrought,  
With many a strange device ;  
Which he and Hinguar bore to war,  
From Sevo's realms of ice.  
But lo ! an axe has split his head,  
A spear has pierced his breast ;  
And Hubba falls in gore and mud,  
To everlasting rest.

## VI.

Instantly o'er the cumber'd field,  
A fearful yell arose ;  
And sternly round their slaughter'd king,  
The sons of Lochlin close,  
But vainly, round their slaughter'd king,  
The sons of Lochlin die ;  
Vainly for their reeling banner  
The sturdy blows they ply.

## VII.

Hark ! how through helmet and through  
head  
The sabres crashing go ;  
And see how, from the dying chiefs,

The ghastly torrents flow.—  
See how fearlessly they meet,  
And on Thor and Oden call ;  
And see how fast on either side  
Godlike champions fall.  
Hark ! how on breast-plate and on shield  
Clubs, spears and axes ring ;  
And see how the fell battle rocks  
Around the fallen king.  
Fierce Harold and brave Sigurd fall,  
Who left their stately home  
Near where the roaring Torno leaps,  
Amidst the Bothnic foam.  
And warlike Torquil never more  
Shall chase the bounding roe  
Over Suecia's rugged plains,  
Or Sevo's head of snow.  
And Arno eviscerated lies  
Beneath his bleeding steed,  
Arno, who led his stately bands  
From the banks of roaring Tweed.  
And haughty Suran laughing dies,  
Pierced by a Danish spear—  
Suran, whose lofty towers frown  
O'er the dark waves of Wear.  
But fast as before the reapers  
Doth fall the ripen'd grain,  
So us before, in swamps of gore,  
The foes are trod and slain.  
Hurrah for the ponderous axe !  
Hurrah for the gleaming sword !  
Hurrah for the stalwart hands that  
With them clear their passage broad,  
That hurl down all within their path,  
Proud sea-king, prince and lord !

## VIII.

Let trumpets sound a note of joy,  
And let the people know  
That we have won the day, and ta'en  
The banner of the foe.  
Rejoice! ye young and old, rejoice!  
All our foes are dead,  
Save haughty Rafno, Norway's king,  
And he from battle fled.  
On the broad waters of the deep  
He spreads his sail alone,  
And fast he back to Lochlin hies,  
Who came to win a throne.  
And mourn, ye sisters of Hubba!  
At midnight's silent hour  
The flag ye wove, for which we strove,  
Now hangs in Kenwith's tower.  
Ay, weep, ye three bright eyed sisters!  
Regnar's blooming daughters,  
For Hubba's sails shall no more shine  
O'er the dark, blue waters;  
For here, 'mid gore, to rise no more,  
Doth sleep your red haired king:  
O'er him the hungry raven croaks  
And flaps his glossy wing.  
Oh, all ye birds of heaven mourn,  
And all ye beasts of prey,  
For ample feasts he spread for ye,  
When flashed his sword in fray.  
Mourn all ye monsters of the flood,  
That grim through oceans swim,  
For well he feasted ye with blood,  
Quivering form and limb.

## IX.

Who is she on yon stately rock,  
That frowns o'er the roaring sea?  
Her eyes are bright as stars of night  
Her step is light and free;  
She seems a spirit, God to earth  
For one short season sent,  
That man might wondering behold  
What charms on high are blent.  
Her heaving breast is like the foam  
Of roaring waves below;  
O'er that breast, in glorious folds,  
Her long, brown tresses flow.  
Her arms and neck are white as snow,  
When Lapland's nights are long;  
And with a voice like seraph's sweet  
She chants an ancient song.  
A form more gentle and more fair  
Ne'er trod trod this world below;  
A heart more generous and kind  
Ne'er mourn'd o'er others' woe.  
Her blushing cheeks like Lochlin's snow,  
When by a sunset dyed—  
Such is Minona, Rafno's child,  
And Hubba's gentle bride.

## X.

“Say, father of Minona,  
Why returns the king alone?  
Where are all thy warriors, and he  
Minona call'd her own?  
Thy sad look tells that he is low,  
That he'll return no more;  
And has my hero fallen, then  
On Britain's distant shore?”

Ah! say, will he return no more,  
 And cheer me with a smile?  
 Say, does the grass wave o'er my love,  
 In that far lonely isle?  
 Speak, father of Minona, speak!  
 Say, did my hero die?  
 Alas! I know it must be so,  
 For tears now dim thine eye?  
 And can I live, now he is dead!—  
 Ah! no: long, long ago  
 I promised him to die with him;  
 So farewell, all below!  
 Shade of Hubba, hail! I come to join  
 Thee in thy starry home!"  
 She said, and like a Naiad dived  
 Beneath the milk-white foam.  
 The foam flowed on, but never more  
 Rose from those waters wild—  
 The lovely form of Hubba's bride.  
 Or Rafno's blooming child.

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## THE BATTLE OF EDDINGTON,

A song of Alfred's followers.

I.

Oh! glory be to God on high,  
 From whom all glories spring!  
 And glory unto brave Alfred,  
 Our heroic king!

This day let all the church bells chime,  
All throughout our isle ;  
Let the loud notes of triumph swell,  
And mirth and gladness smile !  
Gather, ye warriors, young and old,  
The feeble and the strong ;  
And come, all ye mourning daughters,  
And join the dance and song !  
For now the one we've long thought dead  
To us has come again ;  
And he, by God's especial grace,  
Has overthrown the Dane.  
So, glory be to God on high,  
From whom all glories spring !  
And glory unto brave Alfred,  
Our noble chief and king !

## II.

Oh, how our hearts were beating  
With anguish, all yestreen,  
As we saw the fierce Dane debark,  
And camp on British green !  
We heard their loud shouts, and their threats  
Of rapine and of blood,  
We knew how all those had served us  
That had crossed the briny flood :  
So we cried unto the holy God  
Who rules the battle field,  
To aid us 'gainst the ruthless foes,  
And force the Dane to yield.  
So, glory to the Lord of Hosts,  
Forever may he reign !  
For He, indeed, has seen our need,  
And overthrown the Dane !

## III.

All that night, from tower to tower,  
Right fast the couriers sped ;  
They warned our Saxon brothers, all,  
Of the hordes, by Guthrum led.  
They told our king was living yet,  
And e'er of day the dawn,  
He bade us, with all our chiefs,  
Meet him on Brixton's lawn.  
That was one night of wild delight,  
Such as is seldom seen ;  
And soon eight hundred knights were cased,  
All in their brazen armor sheen.  
And long before the dawn of day  
We met upon the green.  
But when we saw our Alfred there,  
Alive and sound in limb,  
All hearts beat loud with boundless joy,  
All eyes were fix'd on him.  
Then rose amidst our ranks a shout  
(That made Selwood forest ring,  
And made the fair-hair'd Alfred smile),  
"God save our noble king!"  
"Now, hark ye, chiefs," bold Alfred said,  
'The Danes, this day, I fight!  
So come, my men, and aid me through ;—  
Let God defend the right!  
But let all those, if such there are  
Amidst this gallant show,  
Who would not for their homes with me,  
Beat down the ruthless foe,  
Let him come forth, and go at once,  
From out of my array ;  
For in sooth of all ye who fight,  
Will see a bloody fray.

But now behold to-day I wear,  
This broad and shining shield,  
Let it be the guiding star to-day,  
To light you o'er the field.  
And when I ride amidst the tide,  
Where sound the keenest blows,  
Press hard behind your king, my men,  
And aid him 'gainst the foes.

## IV.

“Hurrah! Hurrah! the foes are coming,  
Right swift across the moor;  
See how proud their shining squadrons  
move,  
Their bravest all before.  
Hark to their laugh, their shout, and song,  
Hark to their trumpet sound,  
Hark how their heavy measured tread,  
Now shakes the solid ground.  
Now, now, ye Saxons, by the forms  
Of those ye deem most dear,  
I charge ye fight and follow me,  
Nor dream of flight nor fear.”  
Eight hundred horsemen are spurring,  
Along that level field,  
Eight hundred men are riding close  
Behind that shining shield.  
Eight hundred men as bold and brave,  
As e'er were cased in steel,  
Or faced the horrid front of war,  
And forced a foe to reel.  
And on amidst the foes they plunge,  
Their blows are stark and keen;  
But far amidst the thickest fight,  
That shining shield is seen.

Like a meteor it flames afar,  
Amidst the fiercest foes ;  
Where e'er that shining targe is seen,  
Are heard the ringing blows.

## V.

High on his dark brown charger  
The stately Guthrum rides,  
And half the brunt of that fell flight,  
The gallant hero bides.  
Now on he goes amidst his foes,  
And slaughters all around ;  
And loud upon his shield and helm,  
The swords and axes sound.  
“Fight on, my gallant men,” he cries,  
“Fight on, heros, one, and all ;”  
While he cheers, fast on either side,  
The axes rise and fall.  
Far to the right he Alfred spies,  
Amidst the carnage drear,  
And towards him like an eagle strong,  
He darts in fierce career.  
Hurrah ! for both those mighty kings,  
By which those hosts are led ;  
Both born and reared in dangerous van,  
To all toils of battle bred.  
Hurrah ! for their gleaming armor,  
And limbs of giant girth ;  
Hurrah ! for their dauntless souls  
That fear no force on earth.

## VI.

Behold in stern and mortal fray,  
Now meet the burly kings ;  
And fast on either shining helm,  
Each flashing broadsword rings.

Fierce Guthrum sends one mighty thrust,  
Right through the Saxon's shield;  
But Alfred smites the haughty Dane,  
And hurls him on the field.  
Down from his steed the Saxon leaps,  
To slay the Danish king,  
But faster the Danes around their chief,  
Close in a dark, stern ring.

## VII.

Now behold, with tenfold fury,  
The dreadful battle grows;  
Down from their steeds the horsemen  
spring,  
And hand to hand they close.  
As foes to foes on foot they close,  
The maddening trumpets sound,  
And steel unceasing rings on steel,  
And carnage deepens round.  
But lo! look to yon leftward wing,  
Where hundreds tug and strain,  
Guthrum is on his feet once more,  
And the kings now meet again.  
With flashing brands they meet like clouds,  
Driven by contending storms,  
When they come surcharged with thunder,  
And lightnings robe their forms.  
But fast the sheets of dust arise,  
Spread round their sable shrouds,  
And that fiery combat hides,  
Within a night of clouds.  
But through the horrid dust of war  
Flashed bright helm, sword and shield,  
Like meteors in stormy skies  
Gleamed o'er the darkened field.

All wrapped in clouds of dust profound,  
The mighty battle roars,  
Like the raging waves at midnight,  
When toss'd on rocky shores.  
Like the noise of crashing forests,  
When through them the whirlwind goes,  
So loud, so fast amidst the gloom,  
Resound the storms of blows.  
Loud sounds the shouting of the slayers,  
And loud the dying groans;  
And loud crash beneath the horses' hoofs,  
Beaking mail and hero's bones.

## VIN.

Hark! Hark! the cry is "Alfred,"  
And loud each roaring trumpet blares,  
And from the scene of dust and strife,  
The warlike Saxon king appears.  
Tall as the giant form of Thor—  
Fierce as that god he seems—  
When victor from the strife he comes,  
Wading through gory streams.  
Gloomy as night, the god appears,  
With dust and blood smear'd o'er;  
And from his clanging armor drop,  
Great clots of human gore.  
His hair is stiff with gore and mud,  
His eyes are balls of fire;  
So comes that god from strife, and such  
Is Alfred in his ire.  
Guthrum with hands bound fast with  
thongs,  
Close by his side he leads,  
And as he moves from ghastly wounds,  
The Danish giant bleeds,  
Grimly frowns the grisly Dane,

As far across the moor,  
He sees his warriors fight and fall,  
And hears the battle roar.

## IX.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the day is ours,  
See how the Northmen fly;  
See how they shriek, and groan, and writhe,  
As 'neath our steel they die.  
See how the field is piled with horse,  
And spears and broken mail;  
See how those warriors lie around,  
That from o'er the deep did sail.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Alfred the bold,  
The generous and free,  
Hurrah! for Alfred! hear it well,  
Ye rovers of the sea.  
Ay, stately Guthrum, hear it well,  
As o'er corpse encumbered field,  
We put your men to death and flight,  
All those who will not yield.  
Ho, ye lovely maids of Denmark. weep,  
Ho, mothers, rend your hair,  
For those who never shall arise,  
From off their gory lair.  
The sight of their sails shall no more spread,  
Terror through our isle;  
Nor their ruthless deeds shall turn to tears  
A British maiden's smile.  
And when ye Danish warriors come,  
To fight on British green,  
Know our hearts are bold, our arms are  
strong,  
And mind, our swords are keen.  
Know our Alfred is the chief,

To scatter and to slay,  
And never shall ye conquer here,  
While Alfred leads the fray.  
Our Alfred ever shines in peace,  
His people's guiding star ;  
And when their troubles gather round,  
He drives them back afar.  
His like the world ne'er saw before,  
And ne'er again shall see ;  
A bold protector of his throne,  
The valiant and the free.  
Ho, blow ye winds, and waft his praise  
To all the realms around !  
For long as this old world shall stand  
His mighty fame shall sound.

## x.

"Now let the work of slaughter cease,  
No more the foes pursue ;  
And gather round, my gallant chiefs,  
That I my loss may view.  
And let the joyous feast be spread  
For friends and foemen all ;  
And let the notes of gladness swell  
In bower, grove and hall.  
Come, gather fast, my sturdy men,  
The mourning and the sad ;  
Come, all ye weeping maids and mothers,  
And let your souls be glad.

## xi.

"Guthrum, there's a tear upon thy cheek,  
Thy heart is sad, I know ;  
Thy grief is great, because Alfred  
Thou couldst not overthrow !  
Why didst thou leave thy native land

And come to conquer me?  
To Lochlin's realm I never went,  
Nor ever injured thee.  
Safe in Denmark's groves of pine  
Thou stretchedst thy limbs, at ease;  
And never once to trouble thee  
Did Alfred sail the seas—  
Yet thou comest with fire and sword,  
To lay my kingdom low;  
And half my land in ruin lies,  
By thee, my conquer'd foe!  
Now might I slay thee with my brand,  
But no— I bid thee live  
And be my friend.— Northumberland  
To thee I'll freely give.  
There take thou thy plundering hordes,  
And settle down in peace:—  
I loose thy bands, so twixt us twain  
Now let all hatred cease:  
But if e'er again we meet in strife,  
That meeting thou shalt rue!"  
So Alfred unto Guthrum spake,  
And to his halls withdrew.

## XII.

Lo! from his halls our Alfred comes,  
Ethelswytha by his side;  
Our own dear Ethelswytha,  
Alfred's beauteous bride.  
Hail, courageous Ethelswytha,  
Our most gracious queen!  
The patient sharer of our ills,  
The pious, the serene;  
The fairest of all womankind  
That e'er the sun has seen!

Ho! clear their path, ye British youths!  
Scatter flowers, ye maids,  
And haste to join the merry dance  
Beneath the greenwood shades!  
And glory to the Lord of Hosts,  
From whom all glories flow!  
For by His gracious aid alone  
The Dane we overthrow.  
Oh! praise ye the Eternal God,  
Who gave us life and blood!  
Aye, honored be His holy name,  
Alike on land and flood!

SONG OF THE ENGINEER TO HIS  
ENGINE

while conveying President Garfield from  
Washington to Long Branch

Put forth your speed my iron steed  
With limbs that heed no toil,  
Your joints of steel no wear can feel  
While oiled with best of oil.  
Round choicest coal your flame shall roll,  
And make your furnace glow  
With fire red as ever bred,  
Or earthly flame can show.  
Send feelings warm through all your form  
And to your boiler flow,  
And make its flood like living blood  
Life to each limb bestow;  
As a thing of thought with vigor fraught  
For any deed to do,  
Speed on your course my iron horse  
With force forever new,

O'er brake and dell, o'er moor and fell,  
By hamlet, town and tower,  
With deathless speed leap forth my steed  
Full sixty miles an hour.  
Round bend and curve with steady nerve,  
And eyes that swerve not ever  
From off your course, my iron horse  
I'll force, guide and fail you never.  
From Washington we journey on  
To where the Atlantic rolls.  
So swift we flee we scarcely see  
The line of telegraph poles,  
And railroad ties beneath mine eyes  
Seem ever into one combined,  
And rock and tree we scarcely see  
Ere it is left leagues behind !  
Unmatched in flight, with peerless might  
You speed the rails along,  
O'er miles you bound ere I can sound  
A single line of song.  
Swift as the wind of sultry Ind  
When Siroccos rise in wrath,  
No stop nor stay, pursue your way  
'Long your sounding iron path.  
At early day you took your way,  
And have safely travelled through  
Maryland fair and Delaware,  
And Pennsylvania too,  
And reached the sand of Jersey land,  
Although it is scarcely noon,  
The Atlantic shore where billows roar,  
Aha ! we will see it soon !  
A mile a minute, we shall win it  
Long ere shall the clock strike two ;  
And the wide space of ocean's face

Our President shall view ;  
May God restore his health once more,  
Heal the grim assassin's wound,  
And may the breeze from out those seas  
Him with soothing airs surround.  
By many a crowd with sorrow bowed,  
And grim and silent grief,  
In vast array they throng your way,  
And mourn for their stricken chief,  
With hats in hand all mute they stand,  
Gaze upon yon speeding past,  
Mile after mile in ceaseless file  
They throng round by thousands vast !  
May every prayer they're breathing there  
For welfare of our chief—  
Yes, every word by Him be heard  
Who giveth joy as well as grief!  
Pride of the breeds of iron steeds  
Your task is almost done,  
Lo, yonder lies before mine eyes  
The ocean glowing to the sun !  
Another stroke and puff of smoke  
That forms your tawny mane,  
And we shall view the ocean blue  
And see his billows plain.  
Aha, my horse, you've run your course,  
Still all life is in your breath,  
Yet, like mortal mould you'll now grow cold,  
And rest still as man in death !

\* \* \*

#### THE DROUGHT of 1880.

A prayer for rain.

No sign of rain is seen on high  
By either day nor night,

The earth is thirsty, parched and dry,  
And turning strange through blight.  
The grass has lost its glowing green  
And donn'd a yellow shade,  
On plant and tree the drought is seen  
Where e'er the eye pervade.  
The withered fruit falls from the stem  
Drops on the burning sand ;  
The blasting drought doth overwhelm  
The grain throughout the land.  
No coming harvest doth appear  
Where corn and wheat were sown,  
The blade grows sear and black the ear,  
Ere it is half way grown ;  
No longer flows the crystal rill,  
The brook is gone and dry.  
And over moor and dale and hill  
No sign of rain is nigh.  
Save smoke from distant, burning towns,  
And blazing forests vast,  
And flame wrapt grass of withered downs  
Borne on the sultry blast,  
That spreads a darkness o'er the spheres,  
And bloody turns the sun,  
No other sign of rain appears  
Across the heavens dun !  
Oh, Lord Almighty ! God of all,  
Of heaven, earth and space,  
By whom the sun and spheres shall fall,  
Or ever keep their place.  
The boundless and eternal Lord,  
Of every race and clime,  
The awed, the worshiped and adored  
Through past and coming time.  
Oh, Lord, God ! hear Thou our prayer

And pity our distress !  
Oh, cease this drought so long and drear,  
With rain once more us bless !  
Let clouds once more the skies spread o'er,  
Let fall their rain on earth,  
The flowing rill and brook restore,  
Let moisture cease its dearth.  
Let floods of gentle rain, oh, Lord,  
These arid regions bless,  
This very night let it be poured,  
And comfort our distress !

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## THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

I sing the fight, the dreadful fight, at  
Charleston harbor done,  
When Northern iron-clads by Southern  
ramparts dared to run.  
The day was beautiful and bright, the  
winds had sunk to sleep,  
The Northern fleet for miles around lay  
basking on the deep ;  
All gay with flags and loaded down with  
joyous human freight,  
They lie on ocean's breast and for the  
battle signal wait.  
Far away in grim array with bristling can-  
non crown'd,  
In dark and awful solitude the Southern  
ramparts frown'd.  
As slowly up the channel came nine mon-  
sters huge and black,  
The Keokuk ahead, the rest were plowing  
in her track.

All smeared with slush and grease, all  
void of shape and ghastly grim,  
They looked like barren, naked isles, all  
gloomy, foul and dim.  
With puff of steam and clouds of smoke  
they stemmed the shining tide;  
Onward in stern procession came a na-  
tion's hope and pride.  
Little they thought those monsters grim  
with all their boasted power,  
Should shattered fly from the foes, with  
the strife of one short hour.  
But hark, there comes a sound as of ten  
thousand peals of thunder,  
The ocean groans, and earth seems with  
an earthquake torn assunder,  
And broad, terrific sheets of flame flash  
from the forts to sky,  
And screaming through the air a thousand  
burning meteors fly.  
As the crash of avalanches down Alpine  
wastes of snow,  
So on those iron monsters grim the fla-  
ming steel bolts go.  
Loud and fast the iron plates with all their  
giant timbers crash;  
High the bullet beaten waters of the ocean  
dash.  
Fast with storms of shot and shell Fort  
Moultrie's mortars fill the air.  
The guns of Cumming's battery roar, while  
Sumter's cannons blare.  
But hark, to the guns of the iron clads far  
across the waters,

Boom, on boom like deep volcanic notes  
    peal their mighty mortars !  
Vast their huge artillery roars in sounds  
    unknown to time,  
And midst the waters of the deep those  
    monsters look sublime.  
Now does the ocean roll around in floods  
    of milk white spray,  
As the foam that flies for leagues around  
    in Biscay's stormy bay.  
O'er the waters white flying, burning  
    bombshells send a passing glow,  
Swift, bright as flashes from Northern  
    lights cast on virgin snow.  
And o'er the land and heaving deep sulphureous  
    gloom is cast,  
Dark as that o'er Nubian wastes, when  
    comes the howling blast,  
And solid darkness reigns supreme above  
    the stirring land,  
And air is filled with tumult dread from  
    whirling of the sand.  
But broader soon becomes the blaze, and  
    louder still the din,  
And faster from the forts is heard the  
    roaring culverin !  
Now all silent on the rolling surge the  
    iron monsters lie,  
While fast from forts upon their sides the  
    vollied thunders fly.  
Hark, how their iron turrets crash as balls  
    go driving through !  
And hark, to the smash of decks and sides  
    Of wood and iron too !

The guns awhile their thunders pause, and  
steel bolts cease to rain,  
The breeze lifts up the solid gloom that  
hid the forts and main,  
And shows once more the iron clads, lo,  
balls have left their print.  
Their turrets and their sides all battered  
are with many a dint,  
But see the Keokuk, her ghastly wounds  
are gaping wide,  
She lies indeed a helpless wreck on ocean's  
tossing tide.  
Like all the rest her force was tried and  
she was wanting found,  
She steers from out the dreadful fray with  
ghastly glory crown'd.  
She and all the rest with all their vaunted  
strength and power—  
Shattered, ruined moves away, with the  
strife of one short hour.  
With broken, battered decks, and turrets  
all to ruin hurled,  
Forlorn she looks and all the rest that  
erst defied the world.  
Behold, she totters and she reels upon the  
tossing wave!  
Down forever goes the Keokuk into her  
yawning grave!  
Thus brothers met in deadly fray, thus  
brothers grimly fought!  
And the astonished world gazed on the  
ruins that they wrought.

## To Lizzie.

Oh, Lizzie dear with golden hair  
And cheeks so fair to see!  
And sparkling eyes like starry skies,  
And yet so full of glee,  
I love thee so no words I know,  
Mongst all the tongues on earth  
That could tell thee, how I love thy snowy  
    brow,  
And face so full of mirth.  
I would forgo all girls I know  
Both east, west, north and south,  
If I could kiss that fount of bliss  
Thy rosy little mouth,  
Those ruddy lips just like a rose  
In the bright, warm month of May,  
That on a dewy morning blows  
Beneath the warm sunshine's ray.

---

## To May.

Sunshine of my soul, joy of my heart,  
Oh, could we but meet and never part!  
Till eternity shall sow its years,  
Until being fades and disappears!  
I cherish, yea, more than worship thee,  
All, all my thoughts thine ever be!  
Bright maiden with the laughing face,  
Earth shows no sweeter mongst all its race,  
No fairer form, no brighter eye,  
No cheeks with purer rainbow dye,  
No brighter, truer, kinder soul,  
O'er all its space from pole to pole.

---

## To Em

Oh, thou idol of my soul!  
Thou cherub of my heart,  
With thee I am perfect, whole,  
Without thee I am only part.  
Oh, yes, I love, I love thee so,  
No words on earth that love can tell!  
And thee I'll love through weal and woe,  
Long as on earth I dwell.  
I'll hug thee to my loving heart,  
And press thee to my breast,  
And when from this being we depart—  
I'd hug thee in the grave's long rest.

---

## My Yankee Maid.

My Yankee maid, my Yankee maid,  
Oh, she was fair as fair could be!  
The lily with its charms arrayed  
Was not one mite so sweet as she,  
I met her in the distant North,  
'Mongst the green hills of fair Vermont,  
One sultry day as I roamed forth  
Beside a panting, crystal font  
I learned to love her from the first  
Most deeply, tenderly and true,  
I thought my loving heart would burst,  
So wild, so deep my passion grew.  
One eve I told her of my love,  
How my heart for her was riven,  
And asked her if she'd be my dove,  
And make for me this earth a heaven;  
Then grasped her hand, but kissed her glove,  
Which was white as snow when driven,  
But she pointed to the sky above,

Saying, ne'er sweeter eve was given!  
 If earth could from her children run;  
 (Thus unto her again I spake,)
 Or leave the seasons, leave the sun,  
 And heaven leave, and God forsake,  
 Then only could I cease to love,  
 And worship e'en the ground she trod;  
 Still she pointed to the sky above,  
 Saying, man should only worship God.  
 I told her that I craved a kiss,  
 I was sure she had one for me,  
 She said, she'd not refuse me this,  
 But give not one to me would she.  
 I told her ample wealth I had,  
 And it to her should all be given,  
 If she through life with me should gad,  
 And ease the heart that she had riven!  
 She smiled, then sighed and dropped her  
           head

Upon my aching, throbbing breast;  
 I saw her blush like scarlet, red,  
 As close to mine her cheek she pressed,  
 I saw the tear start to her eye,  
 And trickle down her rosy cheek;  
 Yes, I'll be thine she made reply,  
 In accents clear, distinct, though meek!

—     —     —  
 CHARADE.

No. 1.

My first to earth Pandora brought,  
 When for Prometheus she sought.  
 And o'er the whole wide world 'tis known,  
 From pole to pole, from zone to zone,  
 And here it will bide forever more

On every sea, on every shore,  
 Where ever breathing things are found,  
 Where e'er the human race is bound,  
 Dwell 'midst holiness and crime,  
 'Till nature's death knell God shall chime.

My second was in Eden found,  
 And there with perfect beauty crown'd.  
 It charmed completely woman's soul,  
 And it doth still her heart control,  
 And still until her race shall end,  
 Her love will towards my second tend;  
 And in return 'twill solace her,  
 Though oft it may against her err,  
 And though it may her spirit break  
 She'll never wholly it forsake.

My whole, nature from her treasures vast,  
 Ere on her fell death and sorrow's blast—  
 Her best elements together brought,  
 And on the shrine of beauty wrought,  
 A something with all glory fraught  
 Of charms beyond the seraph's thought,  
 The choicest thing she e'er could plan,  
 And gave that grandest thing to man,  
 To fill his soul with light and love,  
 And fit him for the spheres above.

#### No. 2.

Fly from my first, poor mortal child,  
 When nights are dark and tempests wild,  
 For men of every clime and age—  
 Know well how terrible its rage!  
 Hail to my longed for second, hail!  
 Let gladness Sarah's soul assail,  
 For it she prayed both day and night.

'Till it blest her Abraham's sight !  
As round their cycles ages roll—  
They will forever bring my whole.  
Yes, as times flies with lightning wing,  
It will my whole forever bring.

## No. 3

My first is sought by all mankind,  
It cheers their heart and soothes their mind,  
And makes them unto toil resigned,  
If good and plenty they can find.  
And every breathing thing on earth  
It needs the moment of their birth  
Whether it comes in form of air,  
Or art or nature it prepare.

Hail to my next, where ever found,  
In sandy soil or rocky ground !  
Fast towards it o'er the barren waste—  
Both weary beasts and mortals haste.  
For it poor Hagar longing lay  
With Ismael on her lonely way.  
Woe, to the dreary desert, woe,  
That never shall my second know.

Oh, breathe my whole in whispers low,  
Let it be said in joy or woe,  
For in it lies the saddest sound—  
'Mongst all the syllables yet found ;  
Go, breathe it o'er the loved one's bier—  
Whose voice you never more shall hear—  
'Till comes the Judgment trumpet's roll.  
And man takes back that guest, his soul !

## No. 4.

My first is wrought by storm and blast,  
And from the clouds o'er earth is cast ;

Shields well the ground with fleecy robe  
From Winter storms that sweep the globe.

My second oft on battle plains  
Disturbs the air when havoc reigns,  
And brings many a soldier brave  
Unto a grim, untimely grave.

My whole is a flower, sweet and fair  
As ever waved in morning air ;  
'Tis found where choicest flowers grow,  
Is white as foam, or drifting snow.

## No. 5.

My first, may every race and creed  
Forever find in time of need ;  
And may it always faithful be,  
As is the shadow to the tree.

Still safely may my second go,  
Wherever rippling waters flow ;  
Uninjured still, by flood and storm,  
Forever keep its stately form.

Oh, may my whole forever live,  
While God shall life to mortals give ;  
And may it fill each human soul,  
And all the living things control.

## No. 6.

My first is the name of a tree  
Oft in the land of Egypt seen,  
Whose fruit alike on land and sea,  
Is loved by human kind, I ween ;  
For out of it a drink they make,  
Which seldom men refuse to take.

My second is a well-known thing  
Which oft is used by mortal kind,

That frequent in the floods they fling,  
When living things they strive to find,  
Which, when caught, add to their food,  
And satisfy their hungry mood.

My whole is an article of dress,  
By lovely maids and women worn,  
Which, when well shaped, all men confess  
Do well the gentle sex adorn ;  
Which no maid, you well may doubt,  
Would be seen in church or street without.

## No. 7.

When stars are shining mild and bright,  
I love my first the best,  
For then I sit beneath their light  
And after thoughts I quest.

I seek for lightnings in my verse,  
And thunders in my rhyme,  
There, majesty, loftiness disperse,  
And mingle thoughts sublime.

My next all comely is of form,  
When treated kind and well,  
And oft help'd men through shine and storm  
O'er mountain and o'er dell,  
And ever kind and gentle still,  
If men will be the same.

My next will pass o'er dell and hill,  
The mountain's craggy frame.  
Still always keep me from my whole,  
Wherever I shall be,  
The thunder in its wildest roll,  
The plunging of the sea,  
Swift falling from the giddy height,  
Grim earthquakes stirring round,  
And every demon of affright,  
Within my whole are found.

## RIDDLE.

## No. 1.

Though discord and terror I ever have stirred,  
 And loud in the roll of the thunder been heard,  
 Without me no banner was ever unfurled,  
 And the lone wold I changed into a world.  
 I dwell in the earth, the whirlwind and storm,  
 Ride through the carnage, when slaughter is warm.  
 In the roar of the strife I always am found,  
 And though in its rear, with glory I'm crowned,  
 In the courts of monarchs I ever reside,  
 Am found in their purple and seen in their pride.  
 With the fair virgin, all rosy and grand,  
 I, with her lover, at the altar do stand.  
 I dwell with the virtuous, righteous and true,  
 And the poor sinner's misfortunes I rue.  
 Without me no tyrant yet brandished a sword,  
 I shun sin and folly, and dwell in the Lord.  
 I roam with herds over deserts afar,  
 Dwell in the fire and live in the star.  
 Without me the nun may smile in her joy,  
 And with her beads and candle may toy ;  
 But in all her mirth, her praise and her prayer  
 I'll mingle, and in her grief and her care,  
 Prop her when sorrows around her shall crowd,  
 Depart at her death, but be seen in her shroud.  
 With me the sailor o'er waters shall roam,  
 But I cannot guide him back to his home.  
 I dwell in regions of darkness and wrong,  
 And in the grim warrior's errors I throng.  
 I start religion and end every war,  
 Begin with the rich and close with the poor.

## No. 2.

I flow with the waters and swim with the whale,  
 Roam with the wretched, when sorrows do swale.  
 Crawl o'er the wall with the wreath of the vine,  
 Come with all wrong from the work of the wine.  
 Watch with the wicked, the ways of the law,  
 Whisper warnings when their weapons they draw.  
 I lead forth the whirlwind wild on its way.

And its woeful wreck forever I sway.  
I'm seen on the wave and mixed with its swell,  
Am found with waters wherever they dwell.  
Through my aid the weeping willow shall grow,  
And its branches shall wave to winds that blow.  
I'll be seen wherever its twigs are twirled,  
I'll be also at the van of the world.  
I'm found with every sweet little flower,  
Come to it with the dew and the shower.  
Lovely woman I always worship and woo,  
And attend all weddings, willingly too.  
Dwell with the worthy and worthless in wealth,  
But am not found in their pleasure nor health.  
I'm seen with swallows while up on their wing,  
But join I not in the songs that they sing.  
I start every wrong and end every law,  
Yes, journey with those who worship with awe,  
To the world on wings of the wind I sweep,  
And o'er the woes of the wretched I weep.  
I'm in the rear of all sorrow we know,  
Stand forever in the van of all woe.  
I shun all misfortune, and keep out of strife,  
For I always am home, waiting on wife.

## No. 3.

I come with the tempest, tumult and night,  
Glitter o'er earth when the lightnings are bright;  
Terrific strength I bestow to the storm,  
And fade from cloud-land when leven is warm.  
Terror leave to grim error, depart with his horn,  
Before me the earth grows teeming with thorn.  
In confines of death I always am found;  
Without me with breath no mortal is crown'd.  
At the rear of the night, I fly over the land,  
And at the lone tomb, first mourner I stand.  
In scenes of happiness, pleasure and love,  
I never am seen, nor in regions above.  
But midst all gayity, rapture and mirth,  
I triumph in sight and mingle in earth.  
The way to win treasure to mortals I taught,  
For I am the goal and the start of all thought

Through me the ear knows the fall of the tear,  
As I leap from the heart its sound it shall hear.  
Through me every art shall be left for a tart,  
And the bright star from the firmament start.  
To the pen, I fly from folly's vast train,  
And leave it pent in a shower of rain,  
I fly from the tyrant, lo, he is rent,  
And with grim tempest I cover his tent,  
Without me the angler his line shall unroll,  
But I'll be with him when beginning to troll.

## No. 4.

I am found in Beauty and fame,  
And in earth, in heaven and flame ;  
Without me no forest was seen,  
Nor its leaflets ever were green.  
I am found in peace and in love,  
And dwell with the seraphs above.  
Yet in hell and in woe I am found,  
And all evils that beings surround ;  
And dwell with the crippled and lame ;  
Can any one tell me my name ?

## No. 5.

I dwell in the centre of space,  
And if rooted out of my place—  
The planets and heavens would fall,  
And no star would be beaming at all.

## No. 6.

Brightness unto light I give,  
And every thing by me doth live,  
Yet, every thing by me shall die,  
And silent in the grave shall lie.

## No. 7.

On every rugged road I've trod—  
With feet unsaddled and unshod ;  
Though with the devil aye I plod,  
I never yet deserted God.

## IN MEMORIAM, F. B. H.

Calm and fair she lies in her dreamless rest,  
Her small white hands folded across her  
    breast;  
Though her once laughing eye is closed  
    in death,  
Her bosom heaves no more with vital breath,  
Yet death o'er her beauteous features throws  
A steadfast smile of deep and sweet repose,  
She like a holy seraph looks at rest,  
In the eternal sunshine of the blest.  
Ever dreaming of bliss, feeling the while,  
The radiant warmth of its Maker's smile!  
Weep no more for her, for her lot is Peace,  
An heritage of Joy that never shall cease,  
Of Praise and Immortality above;  
O'er her smiles the Eye of tenderest love;  
And underneath ever shielded from harms,  
Sustains her safe the Everlasting Arms,  
She is not dead—her spirit is not dead,  
But to the bosom of her Saviour fled;  
The hiding place of ransomed, happy souls,  
While fixed Eternity its cycles rolls.  
That part of her that was not born to die,  
Is now a laughing angel in the sky;  
Left its earthly prison-house a useless clod,  
For its final home, the bosom of its God!  
Her God has wiped all sorrow from her eye,  
All gloom from her fair soul, banished  
    every sigh.  
For grief has given her peace, for fear,  
    fixed hope;  
And eternal home beyond the starry cope.  
For earth's deceitful cup of bitter woe,  
Rivers of plentiness that sweetly flow;

For storm, for rime, for hurricane and blast,  
 Sunshine where no clouds their dark shadows cast.

At her change, why on seas of sorrow toss?  
 Or make her bright gain, our grievous loss?  
 She's but gone from this world into the next,  
 Soon we too shall go, why fret and be vex?  
 And sorrow o'er the death of those we love,  
 Is but murmuring 'gainst the Will above!  
 Bliss beyond conception, oh, happy hour;  
 To limn its joys, no earth-born words have  
     power,

When bursting from mortality's control,  
 To its loved Maker bounds the righteous  
     soul!

Springs as a giant forth from world like this  
 To unutterable, neverending bliss.

This is the time of joy beyond control,  
 The grand emancipation of the soul,  
 The moment when the galling gyves are  
     riven,  
 And soaring wings are to the spirit given!



#### MORTALS.

Mortal why trouble and grief will you  
     borrow

From your friend as a glorious treasure?  
 Leave him alone with his mountain of  
     sorrow

If you can't change it to gladness and  
     pleasure:

Perhaps far less he had met with sore trials  
 Had he forced on himself more denials.

Mortal banish all trouble and sorrow,  
 Laugh, eat, drink, sleep sound and be merry,  
 For perhaps long ere cometh to morrow  
 Death will come, grim old Charon will  
     ferry

You over the river, unto his regions,  
 Whence you never shall part from his  
     legions!



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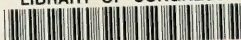
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